

THE
STORY
OF

Abraham Lincoln

OR THE JOURNEY FROM
The LOG CABIN *to*
To The WHITE HOUSE

THIS IS MY HAND AND
PEN; I'LL BE GREAT,
BUT GOD KNOWS WHEN.


A. Lincoln



and the other side of the

F. 367

21



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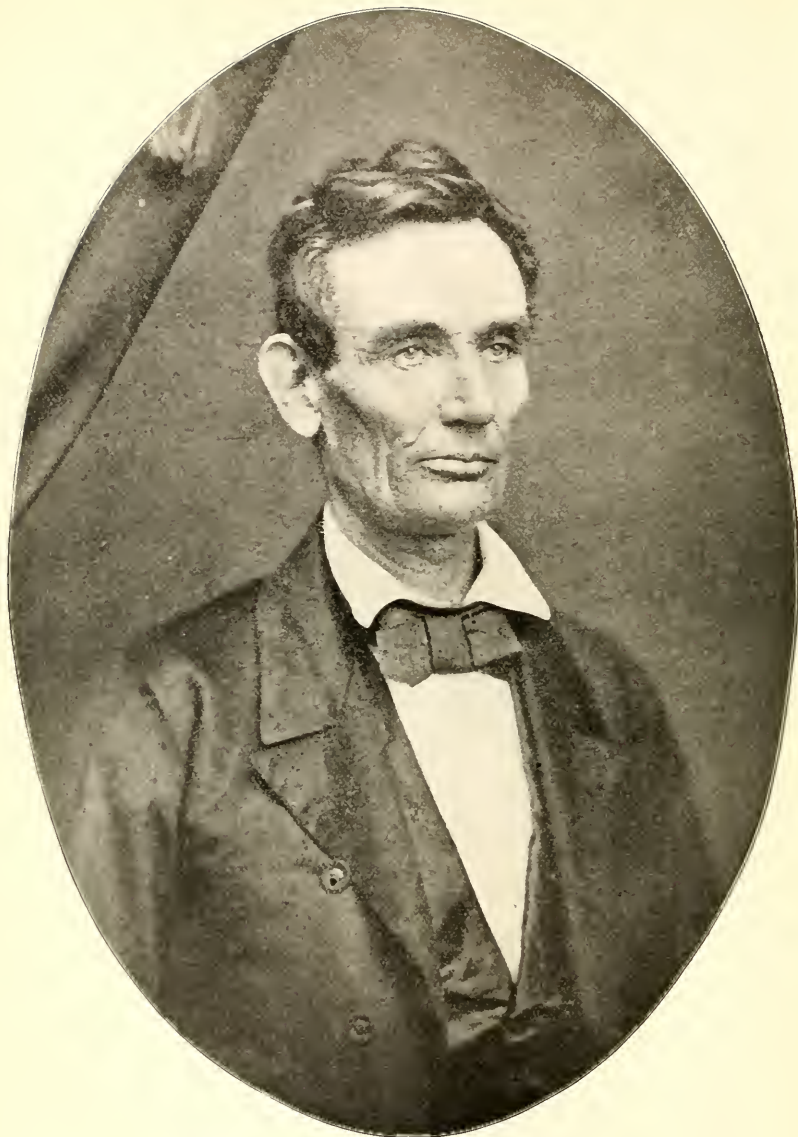
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THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(By courtesy of H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.)

From a daguerreotype taken when Lincoln was about forty years of age;
now owned by his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN—1858.

The original photograph, from which this half-tone is made, was sold by the ladies of the Methodist Church at Wilmington, Ill., and although only cabinet size, brought in excess of one hundred dollars.

The purchaser, an old friend and great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, presented it to Attorney D. R. Thomas of Chicago, through whose courtesy the author is able to reproduce it here. Hon. A. Orrendorff of Springfield, Ill., says "this is the best picture of Mr. Lincoln that has been found to date," and further says, "I can see him just as he sits in the court-room and about ready to argue an important case."



THE
STORY
OF



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

OR THE JOURNEY FROM THE LOG
CABIN TO THE WHITE HOUSE . . .

"You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

—A. LINCOLN

BY

ELEANOR GRIDLEY

SECRETARY OF THE LINCOLN LOG CABIN ASSOCIATION

JUVENILE PUBLISHING CO

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Dedicated

TO

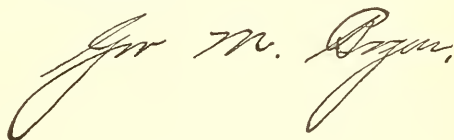
Every American Citizen — man,
woman and child—who reveres the life
of that noble-hearted and matchless
man, Abraham Lincoln.

STATEMENT TO THE PUBLIC

During the summer of 1891 "The Abraham Lincoln Log Cabin Association" of which I was president, elected Mrs. Eleanor Gridley as secretary and literary editor of the organization. She was sent into Coles County, Ills., where the Lincoln family lived, for the purpose of collecting Lincoln relics and of obtaining such authentic and historical facts as might be gathered from relatives, neighbors and associates of the martyred President. During her stay there she boarded with Mr. John Hall, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, and at that time owner of the Lincoln homestead. Here she remained several weeks, in sight of, and making daily trips to the "old log cabin" and spent much time interviewing the people who came from the country about to tell of their acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln and his people.

I take great pleasure in saying that Mrs. Gridley did her work faithfully and to the entire satisfaction of all members of the organization. The unique and original manner in which she has interblended pathetic, humorous and homely incidents in her book, makes the story "From the Log Cabin to the White House" one of great interest and rare value.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. M. Ryan." The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

PREFACE

THE grandest heritage of any nation is the lives and deeds of its noblest sons who have wrought and sacrificed even life itself that the nation might live. Our country's history is rich in the legacies left it by heroic souls who have toiled in every field of human endeavor, but in none more so than in the life story of the subject of this volume.

While many books have been written upon the life of Abraham Lincoln, all of which are good, yet none to my knowledge offers the plain and unvarnished story of his home life and surroundings. They have dealt largely with Lincoln, the statesman, while this volume is designed to set forth Lincoln, the boy, the native man. Here his boyish hopes and hardships, his youthful aspirations and privations, his home life, and his public services are so interwoven in simple story that the reader will follow, step by step, the journey from the Log Cabin to the White House with unflagging interest.

The humble origin and lowly condition of the man is presented for the purpose of strengthening and developing correct ideas concerning the possibilities of the human race, no matter what the early environment or training may have been.

I spent several weeks at the Lincoln homestead, personally interviewing the relatives, friends, neighbors and associates of Mr. Lincoln and his father's family, while those further removed from the old homestead were otherwise communicated with, thus obtaining many incidents and anecdotes entirely overlooked by the ordinary historian. I have tried to make the home life of Uncle Abe, the children's friend, so intensely interesting that not a single family in the broad land will be without it.

The boy's Kentucky home, the young lad's life in Indiana, the man's legal profession and domestic life, the home at the White House, the service to the nation, and the patriot's death will, I trust, inspire other boys to noble endeavor.

I desire to express my thanks to Judge James B. Bradwell, through whose courtesy I have been able to secure copies of original documents and original photographs of valuable relics of Mr. Lincoln; to Mr. Root, whose kindness has furnished me with rare photographs, and to Mrs. John A. Logan, Governor Richard Oglesby, Mrs. Colonel O. B. Ficklin and many other admirers of Mr. Lincoln, whose kindly aid has made my task a labor of love.

ELEANOR GRIDLEY.

AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER

(Written by Myron E. Dunlap of Washington, D. C.)

"My Dear Mrs. Gridley: I need not tell you that I read with much interest and pleasure the chapters you sent me. You have done a good work and have done it well. You give us new views of the great Lincoln. From a new standpoint you show the extreme poverty of his boyhood days and the limited schooling he had in the university of the woods; how low down his beginning and how high up his ending. Fred Douglass used to say of himself that the height to which he attained in his career was not to be wondered at so much as the depth from which he came. Is not that true of Lincoln? Your book shows most vividly the great depth from which he came. But Henry Watter-son holds that Lincoln was divinely appointed for the mission he performed, and that seems to me to be the only satisfactory explanation of Lincoln's great career. Like John the Baptist, he came forth from the wilderness in his raiment of camel's hair, and his meat was locust and wild honey. Did you read my apostrophe to him in the address I delivered in the Confederate cemetery at Appomattox? He deserved all I said of him and more, too. It is my earnest wish that your book may bring to you much praise and joyful recompense and that you may live long to enjoy both."

Very sincerely and truly yours,

MYRON E. DUNLAP.

INTRODUCTION

THE world has become exceedingly familiar with the Abraham Lincoln who filled a great place in the history of the United States, and must remain forever the central point of its national life of freedom. We recognize at a glance the rugged outlines of his strong figure, and thrill as we realize that the open horror of legalized slavery might be among us still, had it not been for his courage and constancy.

There is another Lincoln, however, with whom we are not yet well acquainted. Every great man has his human side, the side which reveals his rearing and associations, and offers frank traces of the environment which had much to do with making him the individual we have learned to know and love, the individual who has become of value to his race. This Lincoln is the man who wore "blue jeans," and split rails, whose name was "Abe," and whose greatness always kept the gentle outline of a loving intimacy for all those who knew him in his youth.

Out of this "Abe" the famous statesman and savior of his country grew. He would never have entered our national life with the clear perception, the giant principle and unflinching self-sacrifice which made him what he was, unless the simple relations of his daily existence had formed the fire which melted and molded the varying constituents of his nature, until gradually the coarse and selfish elements disappeared, to be replaced by those eternal and splendid characteristics which builded in him a hero for all time.

Many people of to-day live far away from the realities which molded Abraham Lincoln into the thinker and statesman, and it is good to be reminded of them. We grow strong in seeing how he helped build the cabin in which he lived, how he constructed the flat-boat with which he earned his first silver half dollar. We think seriously as we realize that no matter how coarse his surroundings, Abraham Lincoln

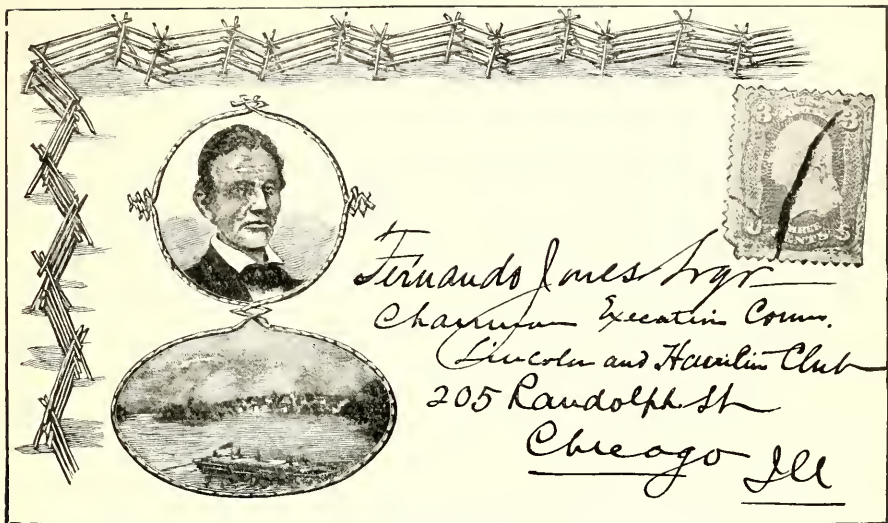
never made a low jest about a woman, or allowed such a thing to pass without reproof, and that wherever he was, in all the country round, he was known as "the homeliest, the gentlest, the strongest and the best-natured fellow."

It is this Abraham Lincoln to whom the sympathetic spirit of Mrs. Gridley has introduced us. Her own varied knowledge of life and sensitive perception, her feeling for the natural and unconventional man have helped her to understand him. Her gift of pure and pregnant English has enabled her to put him before us as he breathed and moved. She has brought us in touch with his native ruggedness and in her pages we become acquainted with Abraham Lincoln as those knew him who were born under the same roof-tree with him.

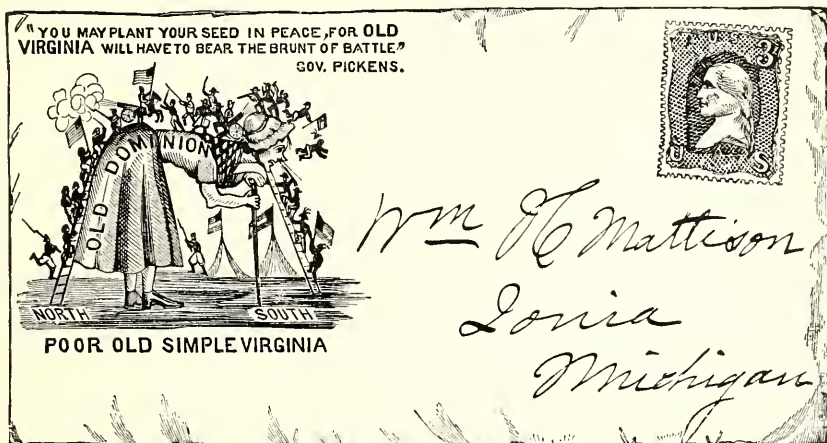
We recognize, perhaps with surprise, that his ideal was never that of thrifty self-advancement; that his family as a rule were pronounced "shiftless," that "Abe" would invariably divide his half dollar with any one who needed it, and that his treasures were always for the service of his friends. He had an old uncle who would stop to philosophize while he stuck a pig, and Lincoln's own energy and push never became too far removed from this spirit of gentle and loving inquiry, which kept him forever in touch with the man who sweats and toils, and the woman whose hands are hardened by the multiplicity of her cares.

To live is to create actively in many different directions, to build, love, contrive and think, and the Abe Lincoln who lived, and through real living became an eternal figure in the national life of his fellows, is the Abraham Lincoln who greets us in these pages, and to whom we never afterward will be willing to say farewell.

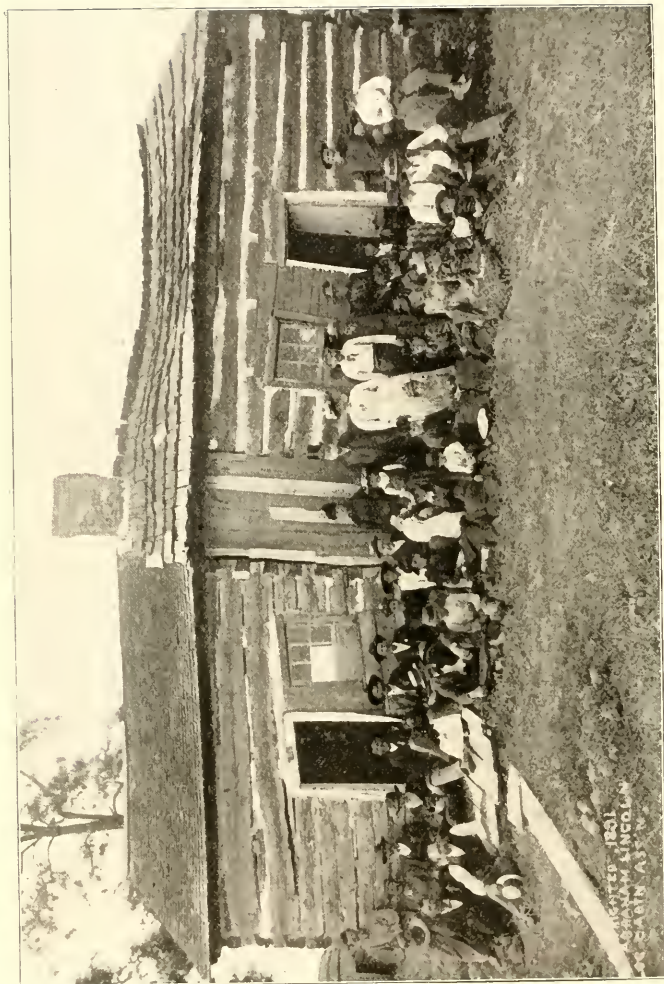
MARY HANFORD FORD.



ENVELOPE USED DURING CAMPAIGN OF 1860.



ENVELOPE USED DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



RELATIVES AND NEIGHBORS.

This picture was taken at the Lincoln Log Cabin just before it was taken down and moved to Chicago.

The man at the extreme left is Mr. Peter Furry, who furnished the author many anecdotes of the Lincoln family. The infant is Abraham Lincoln's youngest relative.

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SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

Mrs. Eleanor Gridley, the pleasing author of this book, and Secretary of the Lincoln Log Cabin Association, was born in Jackson, Mich.

After deriving all the advantage possible from the public schools of her native town, she was sent to college to complete her education, but an early marriage diverted that plan. Later she devoted herself to the care and education of her children. Circumstances arising in the home-life induced Mrs. Gridley to look about for a wider sphere. Ever desirous of progressing in the intellectual realm, and having an ambition to keep abreast with her children's studies, she sought a position in the public schools of her native town, where for seven years she discharged her duties with wonderful ability. The death of her son, a young man of promise, was a terrible blow to her, and in order to escape from the associations that constantly recalled the supreme sorrow of her life, she sought another change, this time going to the great metropolis of the West, and without difficulty secured a position as society editor of one of the leading weeklies of Chicago. Mrs. Gridley very soon became widely known for her clever character sketches. Probably Mrs. Gridley has written as many pen sketches of prominent men and women, if not more, than any other literary woman in our country. Her work during the World's Fair, as editor of the woman's department of the official organ of the World's Columbian Exposition, was strong and forceful, and the character sketches of the men and women connected with the executive board of the Fair were unusually clever and brilliant.

Mrs. Gridley is a versatile writer, handling her subjects with grace and dignity. Her descriptive and biographical work cannot be excelled. For the past twelve years she has been connected with the leading periodicals of our country.

As a traveler, Mrs. Gridley's experience has been wide, varied and practical. Her "Wayside Sketches and Country Rambles" gives her readers a delightful presentation of rural life in Europe.

Mrs. Gridley comes of good old stock, her ancestry in this country dating back to 1633. A loyal Daughter of the American Revolution, she entered this influential society through the lineage of several dis-

tinguished Revolutionary heroes, being a daughter of the late Judge G. Thomson Gridley, of Jackson, Michigan.

Mrs. Gridley does not deny that she is grandmother to three of the sweetest and most interesting children in the United States. The two eldest, little maidens, are so interested and touched with the life of Abraham Lincoln, as told to them by her, that the Great Emancipator has become the children's real, actual friend.

Mrs. Gridley's lectures on the Life of Lincoln, before the public schools, have been the subject of most favorable comments. Among them is the following from Prof. W. G. Coburn, superintendent of public schools, Battle Creek, Mich.: "I wish to tell you how much the pupils and teachers of the Battle Creek public schools enjoyed your lecture on the Life of Abraham Lincoln. We were all delighted with it, and I believe impressions of the goodness and greatness of Abraham Lincoln were left in the minds of the pupils that will remain with them all their lives.

"You touched upon incidents in the life of Lincoln not usually given by his biographers, and incidents, too, that appeal to the young mind in such a way that Lincoln's life seems more real to them. I can heartily endorse your lecture, and can say it is the finest lecture on the life of Abraham Lincoln, for young people, I have ever heard."

Mrs. Gridley has in a series of practical talks enthused and awakened the interest of the young students to such an extent that in many schools a special course including the study of the life of Lincoln has been inaugurated. As Secretary of the Lincoln Log Cabin Association, she needs no better testimonial than the one given by the President of the association, inscribed on page 8 of this book.

G. S.



ELEANOR GRIDLEY.



EARLY CARPENTRY WORK.

The above picture shows the east end of the Lincoln Log Cabin and the rude clapboards that Abraham Lincoln and his father hewed with no other tool than a drawing knife.



REAR OF THE LINCOLN LOG CABIN.

The ox-yoke hanging on the outside wall was used upon the neck of one of the oxen driven by Abraham Lincoln when the family moved from Indiana to the State of Illinois. The wooden maul underneath the ox-yoke was made by Abraham Lincoln when nineteen years of age.

CHAPTER I.

"A TRIP TO THE OLD LOG CABIN"

IT WAS under the patronage of the "Lincoln Log Cabin Association," and by whom I had been engaged to write this story, that on the evening of June eighteenth, 1891, I left Chicago for Farmington, Illinois. With me were the officers of the organization, who had made arrangements that I should stay at the "Old Log Cabin," the homestead of Thomas Lincoln. A cabin so replete with memories of one, who, although of poor and lowly parentage, yet rose to eminence, honor and greatness. From it there came the chosen representative of a mighty people and one of the greatest historical characters of the world, our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

THE EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Our party consisted of four persons, the president, who had formulated the plans of the association; the treasurer, Colonel F. R. Southmaid, a brave and gallant ex-confederate officer; Miss Coleman, a stenographer, who had proffered her services for the privilege of accompanying us, and myself. We were an enthusiastic company, each one deeply interested in the objects of the association. Colonel Southmaid had secured the cabin and the land upon which it stood, and had made arrangements for the removal of the structure to Chicago. My work was to obtain from the relatives and friends of the Lincoln family such facts as would make the records of the society complete. We boarded the train at the Union depot and were soon steaming away across the Prairie State.

MY MOTHER KNEW UNCLE ABE

The night was still and uneventful, the sleeping car was hot and poorly ventilated, but the nature of our visit and its anticipated results

exhilarated us to such an extent that neither my companion nor myself heeded the trip. To mortals, both old and young, all things bad, aye, pleasant, too, must end, and just at break of day we pulled into the little town of Mattoon, nearly two hundred miles south of Chicago, where our journey by rail was completed. A hungrier and more forlorn company never alighted from a railroad train. We walked about the town for some time in search of food, and it was with great difficulty that we finally found friendly shelter and something to eat. We were agreeably surprised and delighted when we discovered a signboard, on which were traced the familiar words, "Eating House." The landlady opened the door in response to our loud and emphatic knock. We told our story, and then asked for quick service. Her face lighted up and she said, "My mother knew Uncle Abe; there isn't anything that I wouldn't do for you all." In a little while a warm and appetizing meal was served. The boy readers of my story will surely appreciate the quantity of good things that were stored away by our hungry party.

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S FATHER

At exactly four o'clock in the morning a turnout, which had been engaged for us by telegram through the courtesy and thoughtfulness of our escort, the superintendent, dashed up to the restaurant. We entered the carriage and were rapidly driven through the streets of the country town and out into the green world where nature was just awakening. The birds carolled, a dewy fragrance filled the air, and the glorious sun sprang into brilliant splendor. We bowled along right merrily. A drive of nearly two hours brought us to a plain little church surrounded by the old-fashioned graveyard. We drew rein and tied our horses for we had been told that the remains of Thomas Lincoln, the President's father, were buried here.

THE FAMILY MONUMENT

Passing through the stile we stepped within the enclosure, and there, nearly in the center of God's acre, stood an unpretentious shaft bearing the following inscription:

THOMAS LINCOLN,
Father of
The Martyred President.
Born
Jan. 6, 1778.
Died
Jan. 15, 1851.

We stood beside it with uncovered heads and silent tongues, each reflecting upon the uncertainty of life, until the stillness was broken by one of the party, who began to speculate upon the character and life of the humble old man, the father of one who became a central figure in our nation's history. But we were soon interrupted by a more practical member of the party, who said, "Time is fleeting and we must proceed on our journey, if we wish to see the Old Cabin to-day."

THE HILLSIDE COTTAGE

A ride of about thirty minutes completed our journey. A small and unostentatious cottage met our view and we were told by the driver that this was the home of Mr. John J. Hall, a nephew of Thomas Lincoln and a cousin of President Lincoln, and now possessor of the old farm and late owner of the historic cabin, where he and his family had lived since the year 1851. Only within the last year had the family moved into the new house. Of course we were all interested and excited, and questions and exclamations poured in from all sides. One said, "Why, I don't see any old log cabin. Where is it?" Another followed with, "How far away is it, and are we going to it now?" We were pacified with the good news that after an introduction to our host he would accompany us to the spot and we should be allowed to enter and view its interior. We descended from our comfortable vehicle and a small but excited procession filed into the little cottage, where we met the inmates of the humble home.

INTRODUCTION TO UNCLE JOHN HALL

Our host, in a quiet and cordial manner, extended the right hand of fellowship and we were invited to make ourselves "to hum." I could not repress my thoughts and at once told him how strongly he

resembled his honored relative. Mr. Hall smiled and said, "Yes, I reckon I du, I've been told that nigh onto a hunderd times."

We were asked if we did not wish a drink of cold water, to which invitation we eagerly and affirmatively responded. Sis, Mr. Hall's daughter, was called to wait upon us, and as she dropped the small iron kettle into the well and drew it up hand over hand we looked at the bare-foot lassie and sighed for her strength and robust youth. She brought up the cooling draught and greeted each one with a pleasant "howdy, howdy, I'm glad to see ye. Take off yer things and stay awhile."

PRESIDENT ADAMS' PICTURE

Glancing curiously about the small front room called the parlor, hoping to find some relic or memento of the great man and his family, I ventured the question: "Have you not something that you brought up from the old cabin?" With a sorrowful shake of the head my host mournfully replied: "No, no! not much; they stole almost all I had. Why, thare wus Tom Johnston, Uncle John D. Johnston's boy, stole een a most all the things that grandpap and grandmarm Lincoln hed. He'd come up to the old cabin to see us after Uncle Abe got to be President, purtendin' all the time to be orful friendly, and jest as soon as I'd go out on the farm to work he'd make off with somethin'. I hed an old copy book of Uncle Abe's whare he use to do his sums. Why, it wus writ all over with Uncle Abe's words and pieters he'd drawed jest as natural as could be. He wus 'awful fond of Henry Clay and John Adams, and he drawed a pieter of Adams with a bald head jest as he use to be. Wall, Tom Johnston took the hull of that book and only left me jest one leaf, which said on it, in Uncle Abe's hand writin' tu, these words:

" 'Abraham Lincoln, his hand and pen,
He will be great, but God knows when.' "

TOM JOHNSTON STOLE THE MISSING LEAF

Why, I tell you, Tom Johnston had a chance to make lots of money out of the things he stole from me, cause Uncle Abe give him a pass

to go all over the army takin' picters and he sold the hull of that book, leaf by leaf. But, I tell yer, folks can't do what is wrong but they get their pay fur it, 'cause yer know it has got to be so. Why, after Uncle Abe was killed and there wus no one to take him up Tom come up to me sick nigh unto death and without a cent. He said he'd spent everything he hed and wus a poor, miserable critter and he'd no whare to lay his head. Wall, I took pity on him and told him he could stay with me. He wus an orful sick man and never did a stroke of work fur two years. I hed to feed him, clothe him, pay the doctor, and bury him."

The old man continued to tell us of the unkind and dishonest tricks that Uncle John D. Johnston's son had played upon him, "upon Grandmarm Lincoln, upon Abr'm tu and the balance of the relative," but we were getting impatient for a sight of the famous log cabin and we asked our host to guide us to the spot. After sitting a few minutes longer he kindly but coolly informed us he "must go to Farmington, and that we could go right on down to the cabin and he'd be along almost afore we got there." When Mr. Hall left for Farmington two or three neighbors, who, having heard of our arrival, had called to see us for the purpose of adding their mite to the fund of information, volunteered to show us the way.

THE OLD LOG CABIN

Our party started across lots and after walking through brush and stubble and meadow we arrived at the old cabin. As we came in sight of it we stopped and gazed at it in wonder. Weather beaten, dilapidated, and pitifully forlorn, it stood before us, a reminder of the hardships, toil, and privations that the poor but honest folk had undergone. Its sad and homely loneliness appealed to our emotions, and before we realized how the pathos of a deserted homestead could affect us, silent and honest tears paid tribute to the memory of this once struggling household. Colonel Southmaid, the confederate soldier, brushing a tear from his cheek, began to repeat aloud a verse of his own composition. We gathered about him, and listened to the following quaint poem:

“In mute but wondrous eloquence it stands,
Inspiring lofty hope and noble aim,
For these rude logs were fastened by the hand
That from a race in bondage broke the chain,
And caused the sun of liberty to shine
On lands made dark by Slavery’s cruel strife.
A noble nation issued from his hand—
A nation’s glory issued from his life.”

“From roof and pane and sill and rough laid floor
A lesson grand its loftiness does show;
Though Lincoln’s voice is still for ever more
(That noble life by treacherous hands laid low),
Still lives this lowly task done by his hands
And to us all this lesson it unfolds;
‘Be true, and there’s no bar to highest stand
Within your country’s gift and love to hold.’”

CHAPTER II.

WHAT THE OLD LOG CABIN REVEALED

THE cabin standing back from the road about eighty rods was situated upon a slight eminence. A good view of the surrounding country was obtained, and as we glanced over the fields of ripening grain we wondered how, from a tract of tangled brush and sturdy oak, so much wealth and beauty could have grown. At this juncture in our investigations and while we were still talking of the change between now and then, we espied our host cutting crosslots, who, upon hearing our remarks, said: "Why, bless ye, ye couldn't imagine the difference. The trees wus so thick when we cum here we couldn't see nowhare. Grandpap and Uncle Abe and Uncle John D. Johnston jest cleared away a little spot right over there, pointing to the cornfield a few rods to the east of us, and purty soon they hed up a right smart house which is the east room of this yere cabin. It stood over there alone for a while, then grandpap and the boys built the west room and moved the other house over here and jined it onto the new part. Why, ye ought to hev been around here in those days; the wild-cats, wolves, panthers, and other varmint wus as thick as bees around a molasses pot. Lots of times we've heerd the wolves chasing the dogs under the house and snarling and snapping at 'em till yer hair would stand on end and the cold chills would run all over ye."

THE RED SKINS

We looked about and imagined that time had turned backward and wondered if the denizens of former days would spring from their long repose and devour us. Pretending to be frightened, Miss Coleman turned to Mr. Hall and in an assumed tone of fear asked him, "Are there any of the 'original natives' around here now?" Our host inquired if she meant the red skins, and when answered in the affirma-

tive he stared at her and said: "Not now, Miss, but there wus plenty of 'em, plenty of 'em, the red devils, back in Kantucky where Grandpap and Grandmarm Lincoln used to live, and some day I'll tell ye how grandpap come near being killed by 'em when he wus a little boy, and if thet had happened, there'd been no Uncle Abe, nuther would ye hev hed him for the President of this yere United States."

THE FAMOUS SHINGLES

Before we ventured into the sacred and deserted cabin an old well was pointed out, while our host sadly reflected upon the happy times when grandpap and grandmarm and the boys were all here. "We were contented and peaceful then," said he, "and we all worked together. Why, only look at those logs made of shaking asp; grandpap and Uncle Abe cut down the trees, hewed and scored 'em, and the shingles what is on the roof of the west room, grandpap made every one of 'em and it took him full six months to get 'em all out."

THE HISTORICAL CANE

As I bethought me of the privations that the Lincoln family had undergone I asked how they got their food and what they had for meat? "Meat, did ye say? Why, plenty of it and the best in the land. Turkey, prairie chicken and deer, lots of deer, wild rabbits and other critters. One time after Uncle Abe hed left hum and hed been gone fur a good while, we heerd somebody come crouching through the woods, and when we looked out of the winder there wus Uncle Dennis Hanks with a rifle over his shoulder and Uncle Abe carrying two squirrels that Uncle Dennis had shot. Uncle Abe hed come up to see us and got off the cars at Charleston, stopped for Uncle Dennis, and they walked over through the woods. This wus after Uncle Abe got to be a big man but he looked jest as he allers did and acted jest the same. After he hed sot and talked with us a little while, he went out and begun to chop wood, and that night he writ a long while, tu. Yer see we were allers so glad to hev him come up fur he'd do jest as he use to when he wus a boy and would make us feel so happy. I hev often seen him climb the saplings and twist the limbs and tie 'em together



HOME OF JOHN HALL.

This cottage on the Hillside is the present home of Uncle John Hall, late owner of the Lincoln Log Cabin.



THE FAMOUS GRIND-STONE.

The above picture is a photograph of the west end of the Lincoln Log Cabin, showing the old grind-stone. Upon this clumsy and rude stone Abraham Lincoln sharpened the axe which split the famous rails that were used in his first presidential campaign.



UNCLE JOHN HALL AND CHILDREN.

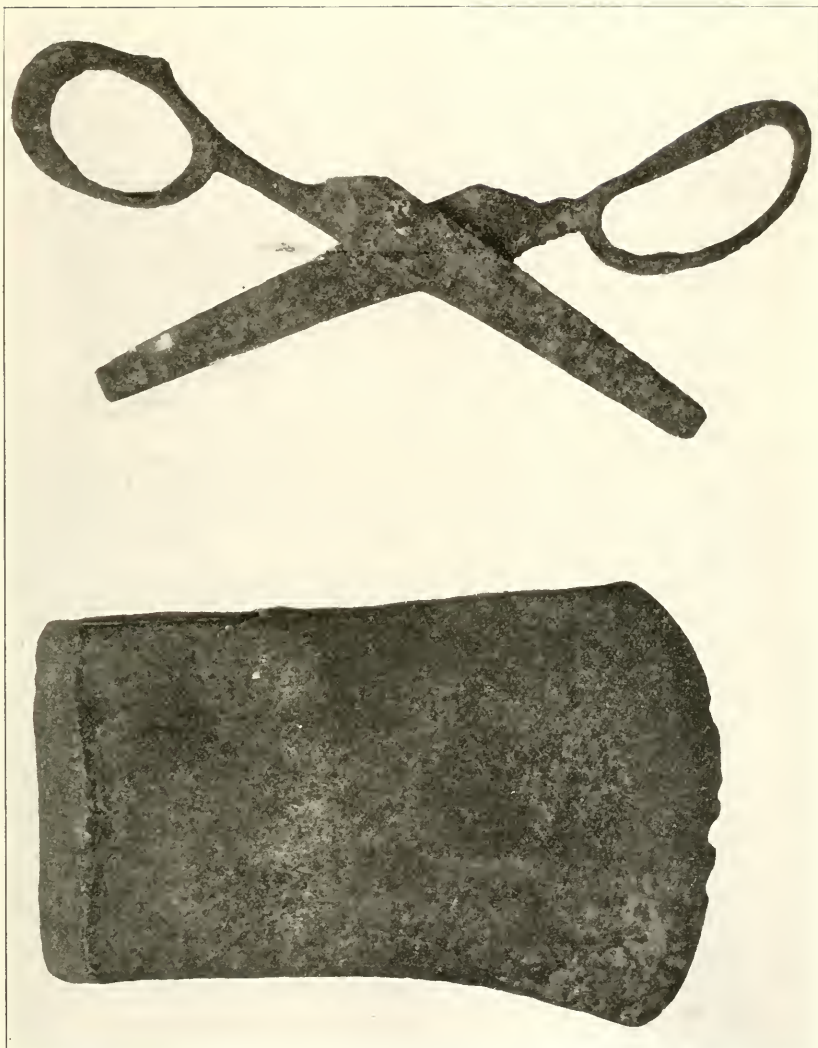
Photograph of Uncle John Hall, Abraham Lincoln's cousin, his daughter, Sis, and his boys, Bud, Abe and Little Joe.



THE AUTHOR AT WORK.

Front view of the Lincoln Log Cabin, showing the secretary of the Lincoln Log Cabin Association, the stenographer, the superintendent and the two architects.

The face at the broken window is Abe Hall, the nephew of Abraham Lincoln.



SHEARS AND AXE WITH A HISTORY.

The above pictures in themselves mean but little, but when you learn that this pair of shears was used for many years by Grandmother Lincoln and found under the floor of the Cabin when the building was taken down, and that the axe was used by Abraham Lincoln in splitting rails near Decatur, Illinois, your interest will become more than ordinary.



FAMILY RELICS FOUND IN THE LINCOLN HOMESTEAD.

The clock purchased in Kentucky was carried to Indiana, thence to Illinois, where it ever adorned the old home. The bureau brought by the stepmother from Kentucky caused much excitement in the Lincoln household.

and say, 'Now we'll see how they'll look when I come agin.' I hev seed him do that lots of times. Shore nuff, when he'd come agin he'd hev a good cane. I believe one of these canes that he twisted wus saved and taken to Springfield."

GRAY'S ELEGY

Mr. Hall now escorted the little party into the cabin, and the absolute homeliness and poverty of its interior struck me so painfully that I was reminded of Mr. Lincoln's own words when asked concerning his young days. "Why," said he, "it is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be put into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Gray's Elegy, 'The short and simple annals of the poor.' That's my life, and that's all any one can make of it."

GRANDMA LINCOLN'S JOHNNY BREAD

We were obliged to stoop in order to enter the low doorway. We paused and looked about the east room. Silent, so silent, and only the twitter of the swallows, which had builded their nests in the chimney, disturbed the stillness. A huge fireplace greeted us, and the few cooking utensils used by the family still stood in their accustomed places. From a long iron hook hung suspended the old pot and near to it stood a cracked and broken tea kettle. In sheer despair I asked if these were all the utensils that the family had for cooking purposes, to which question Mr. Hall proudly and quickly responded. "Oh, no, grandmarm had a nice iron pan which she baked corn bread in. Why, she'd jest stand it up afore the fireplace and as soon as it wus brown she'd slap it right over on tother side, and purty soon we'd hev a cake fit for the king to eat. We allers knowed when we wus goin' to hev corn bread, cause grandpap 'ud take down the corn raker and grate away fur all he wus worth fur a hull afternoon, and then hurrah for the Johnny bread."

My eyes roamed about and a single glance revealed so much that I could not repress the many questions that filled my mind. Mr. Lincoln did not sleep in this room, did he? I asked. "After

he left home and for the first few years," Mr. Hall answered, "he allers slept in the loft, but when he got to be a lawyer he slept on a bunk that we made and put it right over there," pointing to the southwest corner of the new room, "so that he could be near grandpap and grandmarm." Mr. Hall rambled on and told us how "Uncle Abe never did eat much nor had any chise about his vittels. Grandmarm 'ud allers try to fix something defferent for him to eat but he didn't seem to notice as how she had cooked anything onusual. He allers appeared to be thinking and thinking. I remember one time when he come to visit us, after he got to be a big man and wore a high hat, we killed two or three or four hens and a turkey and the old neighbors come in and brought some more things to eat, and Uncle Abe told 'em curus stories but he seemed jest the same as ever and grandmarm said, squeezing her hands together, I reckon Abe 'll be the President of the United States some day, but Uncle John D. Johnston said, "Sho', old woman, your brain is cracked."

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL

We now passed into the west room and looked upon the "very spot" where Mr. Lincoln had often slept after "he got to be a big man." In the further corner stood the bedstead upon which the President's father and mother had also slept and upon which they both had died. An old spinning wheel stood near the bedstead; it was now broken and useless, still and silent, a homely and forlorn object. Its silence was sad and pathetic, but listen! again the whir and buzz of the wheel was heard, and in fancy we saw the dear old lady look up from her work and greet the awkward boy, as he came strolling in and threw himself upon the floor before the fireplace. Could the wheel have spoken and told the story of the days long past, it would have unfolded a tale of pride and joy, for beneath the touch of the mother's hand and the throb of the mother's heart the woof and web of grand apparel was formed.

THOMAS LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE

Mr. Hall broke the spell, and we listened for the wonderful tale, but he simply said: "Grandmarm wus a mighty industrious woman.

She never wus idle no how, but allers a doing for somebody else. Ye know she wus grandpap's second wife and Uncle Abe's stepmother, but she never made no difference twixt the two families no how. Why, grandpap ust to court her afore he married Uncle Abe's mother, but somehow they didn't make a go of it for grandpap married Nancy Hanks and grandmarm she married Daniel Johnston, Uncle John D. Johnston's father. Arter a while, you know, grandpap lost his first wife and grandmarm her first husband, and it warn't long afore grandpap went to see her down at Elizabethtown, Kantucky, and they got married right away. Grandmarm ust to say, 'It jest seems as if Providence intended that Tom and me should be hitched together arter all.' Why, none of us knowed that she warn't Uncle Abe's mother till arter he got to be a man. I hev often heered grandmarm tell how she hed two suits of clothes for her boy when grandpap married her, and to hev Abe as well dressed as her own boys she sewed a piece on the bottom of one of her own boy's pants to make each hev a even suit of clothes, one as much as tother."

THE BILL OF FARE

We discussed the cause of lengthening Uncle Abe's pants and finally settled that he was always "long-geared."

A summons from the house now informed us that dinner was ready. We were very hungry and promptly obeyed the call and hastened to "the little cottage on the hillside," where a plain but bountiful meal was served. Salt pork and corn bread was the first course, corn bread and salt pork the second course, sorghum, hot biscuits and clabber were served as dessert. During the meal I glanced about cautiously and discovered that the room was like the old lady's bag, a receptacle for many things and served many purposes. A large old-fashioned stove stood in the further corner and added more than ten degrees to the summer temperature. As I had promised to remain at the home of Mr. Hall and seek from the old neighbors and friends anecdotes of and incidents relating to Mr. Lincoln's early life, there rose before my mental vision the lurid glare of the July sun and the torrid midsummer atmosphere, and I felt inclined to beat a hasty retreat.

A glance over my shoulder revealing a bed which stood in the corner opposite the stove, untidy and soiled in appearance, did not assist my appetite, and when Sis informed us that "Little Joe and paw slept there" silence reigned, and neither comment nor remark was made by either guests or host.

THE COUNTRY GIRL'S TRUE POLITENESS

At three in the afternoon two of our party departed. My companion, the "pretty typewriter," and I were left alone with the prospect of a three weeks' stay. However, before good-byes had been said, we exacted a promise from our friends that they would keep us in reading matter. We watched their retreating figures from the brow of the hill, and with a sense of anticipated loneliness approached the house and sought the companionship of the household. No doubt we looked as we felt, for Sis, the host's daughter, said: "Don't look so sad, I'll do all I ken fur ye all." Miss Coleman and I looked at each other. Shame crept up into our eyes and burned our cheeks. This poor, uneducated girl, with no advantages, no comforts, even lacking the ordinary necessities and delicacies of life, never having been ten miles from her home and always at work from early morning until late in the evening, proposed to comfort us. Surely here was an example of innate culture at last. So we smiled and thanked her, and in our confusion made poor work in trying to tell her that we hoped to make her happy during our stay.

FEBRUARY 12, 1809

The afternoon dragged its quiet hours along. Miss Coleman lay upon the cool grass, under the shadow of the spreading oak, and fell asleep, while I reverted to a period long past when there came into the world a little baby boy, born on the twelfth day of February, 1809.

I wanted to talk about this baby boy, and was impatient to interview Mr. Hall, who no doubt could tell me something of the circumstances of his baby days and early boyhood.

Time passed and the shadows were lengthening and still Uncle John did not return from his errand at Farmington, whither he had gone directly after the departure of our Chicago friends.

I strove to recollect all that I had ever read concerning Abraham Lincoln and his early life, but the accounts were meager and homely, and I knew that Mr. Hall would tell me something that had no doubt escaped the historian.

Mr. Hall tarried, and my impatience became so great that I rose and walked about the little yard with rapid step. Realizing that such foolish behavior was unbecoming and unwise I ventured within the house and sought out Sis, whom I found hard at work in the hot kitchen.

NO TIME FOR FOOLIN'

I entreated her to come out of doors, into the fresh, pure air, and try to find rest and comfort. Sis refused, but gave no plausible excuse. Again I besought her, and this time impressed her with the idea that she could interest and entertain me. Again she refused, and I insisted that she should give me a reasonable reason.

Twisting about on one foot and turning her face away, she finally said, "I h'ain't got no time for to be foolin'. Paw said I must get some good vittels for the city folks." I looked at the poor, distressed girl, who was tired, hot and embarrassed. She had no conveniences or comforts, and with no assistance this young woman was striving to make her guests satisfied and contented.

I could not turn away from so much distress and discomfort. Catching sight of an apron lying across a chair I put it on and told her that I should wipe the dishes and continue to help her until her work was finished and she, too, could come out into the cooler atmosphere and pleasant surroundings.

The pile of dishes soon disappeared and the remainder of the afternoon's work was accomplished. The tired and exhausted girl could now take time to breathe.

Our short intercourse of work and conversation had given me an insight into the girl's homely but good-natured character. Sis had told me of her beau, of the new calico dress that she was going to have for the picnic down at Berryville, of her hard and lonely labor, and of her desire to go to Charleston, where Uncle Abe used to try his lawsuits.

Then I asked her if she did not feel glad to know that Mr. Lincoln, the President of the United States, was a relative of hers, though a distant one. Looking at me she said: "Wall, I low that I never thought about that. Paw is allers talking about him, but that's 'cause he seed him. I never did, and I low I wouldn't know him if he should come right inter that door."

Evening was coming on, and the master of the house had not yet returned. Miss Copeland rejoined me and Sis re-entered the house and began preparations for the evening meal.

Down the road some distance there appeared two figures. They approached and halted at the gate. Entering, the men, whom we now discovered were Mr. Hall and a stranger, came over to rustic seats that had been placed in the front yard, under the one oak tree, and greeted Miss Copeland and myself.

A FRIEND OF LINCOLN

Mr. Hall introduced the stranger. He was an aged farmer, who lived about a quarter of a mile north of the old log cabin, and had been a friend of Grandpap Lincoln.

Now my opportunity had arrived, and I thought that what the younger man did not know about Abraham Lincoln's early childhood days and his forefathers the older man might know. To my surprise and delight the old gentleman's father and mother had moved from the same locality in Kentucky from whence Thomas Lincoln and his family had emigrated when they came to Indiana. The caller informed me that he had often heard the old people talk over together their early days, and he would be glad to tell me all that he could remember.

From Mr. Hall's homely record of the life in Kentucky, which had been handed down from father to son, no doubt losing many particulars, and the neighbor's recollection, I framed the following account of Abraham Lincoln's babyhood and boyhood and his ancestors' history.

CHAPTER III.

FAMILY INCIDENTS GATHERED FROM RELATIVES

IT WAS down in Kentucky that this baby was born, in a rude and homely cabin. This little baby boy came to live with his father and mother and little sister Sarah, but two years older than himself. His father's father and his mother's father with their families had moved from away "down East in Virginny" some years before and had undertaken to establish homes in a wild and unbroken country. Their fathers before them had also joined the march of immigration, leaving England and seeking a home in the New World, where they might find better and freer conditions. They settled in Massachusetts and lived for some time in New England. Again the ancestors of this poor baby boy sought another new home and they moved to Virginia, where they lived for a period of years. Later the spirit of unrest came upon them, and with friends and neighbors and relatives they journeyed to the then far West, Kentucky, where they met with such hardships and privations as they had never before encountered.

THE HOME IN THE WILDERNESS

The daring and courageous leader of this later day pioneer company, Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the baby boy, Abe, secured a few acres of land on Floyd's Creek in Bullitt County, Kentucky, and a cabin was built near a stronghold called Fort Beargrass, now the city of Louisville. The country at this time was an almost unbroken wilderness and very few families had settled in that locality. These early pioneers were brave, hardy and venturesome people, for there were many savages in this region, who roamed through the forests; a constant terror and treacherous enemy. The red man was now becoming unusually irritated at the white man, whom he thought was taking his land from him, and so sought to stop the white stranger from settling

by killing him; therefore the Indians made single attack upon the unguarded man or fierce onslaught upon the little settlements.

THE MURDER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GRANDFATHER

The family of Abraham Lincoln, grandfather to President Lincoln, consisted of two daughters and three sons, Mordicai, Josiah and Thomas. With his young boys' assistance the father began to cut down the trees and break up the ground. In the second year of the settlement, Abraham Lincoln was at work in the forest and little Thomas was standing near, when an Indian suddenly appeared and attacked the father.

Believing that the readers of this story will be interested in a relative's recital of the tragedy, I quote Uncle John Hall's exact but homely words.

UNCLE JOHN HALL'S EXACT WORDS

"Ye see grandpap came nigh being killed tu when he was a little feller; that was when the family lived down in Kantucky. He was out in the woods with his father and his Uncle Mordicai, who was a splitting rails. The little chap was only six years old and was running around picking flowers when he looked up and seed a big red Injun looking him right in the face. The little feller yelled, and grandpap's father started to run for him, when the Injun shot him dead on the spot. Uncle Mordicai seed what had happened, and run for the house, carrying little Tommy with him, getting in just as the Injun was ready for another shot, but he wus tu quick for him. He shet the door and fired from the winder but never knowed whether he killed him or not. The Injun clared out and when Uncle Mordicai went down to the fort to tell the news he follered a track of blood for a long distance, and that wus purty good evidence that somebody had been hurt, anyhow."

LINCOLN'S FATHER GOES TO ELIZABETHTOWN

The poor widow was now left to care for a family of five fatherless children; the times were hard and poverty oppressed the whole country. History tells us that the family moved to Elizabethtown in Kentucky



Andirons bought in Kentucky and brought by Thomas Lincoln and family to Indiana and later to Illinois, where they were used in the old log cabin.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BABYHOOD.

where relatives and friends were living. In these small settlements there were no schools, and had there been, the family was too poor to obtain even the meager school advantages of those early days. The children were poor, ignorant and squalid and Thomas Lincoln grew up literally without education. He could neither read nor write, nor did he care to acquire any knowledge. Lazy and shiftless, though a good-natured boy, he consequently did not become an industrious nor enterprising man. As a sort of makeshift, he tried to learn the carpenter's trade, but even at this he made a poor living and was always a working man, only serving others. So the years went by until he reached his twenty-eighth year, when he married a girl named Nancy Hanks, as poor as himself, whose people had also moved from Virginia and settled in Kentucky at about the same time that Thomas Lincoln's father did.

MARRIAGE OF NANCY HANKS AND THOMAS LINCOLN

There was no announcement of the engagement as there is to-day. Neither were there wedding guests nor bridal festivities, but the two were simply married and went to housekeeping in a dilapidated and miserable log cabin which stood on a small tract of land in La Rue County, Kentucky. The log hut overlooked a bright little stream called Nolin's Creek, a pretty place, for the natural scenery was picturesque and beautiful. Thomas Lincoln did not improve with age nor with increasing responsibilities. He was still the same kind and genial "fellow," but grew more and more shiftless and good for nothing as the years rolled on. The farm was "rocky and weedy and scrubby," and he did not cultivate the soil nor "fix up" the old shanty. He was a carpenter without a trade, a farmer without any crops, and a man without energy or ambition. He loved to tell stories, to make the boys laugh, and thus his precious and valuable time was wasted and lost forever.

THE NEW BABY BOY

His wife was really a superior woman for those days. She could read and write and was sweet and gentle in her manners and speech. She loved the woods, the singing birds and the running vines and fragrant flowers. Her household duties were so few that no doubt she

spent many hours communing with nature, talking to the birds and flowers and longing for a different, a sweeter, a better and a more joyful life. One day there came into her life a baby girl, and now the poor, sad-eyed mother had something to love. The little one came to cheer and comfort, although its lot was hard and uncomfortable. The times grew harder and money scarcer, and still the father did not strive to lift the burden or assist his wife in her household cares. The miserable cabin was falling down, and even unfit for a stable, when one cold February day, but a little more than a year after the birth of the first child, a baby boy came to the miserable home. The homely little stranger was given a hearty welcome and no doubt the sick mother, as she clasped the new-born baby to her tender bosom, pictured the future years, and saw him a fine grown man, her pride, her comfort and her support. Some day this birthspot will be the mecca towards which thousands and thousands will journey to pay homage to the memory of the great emancipator, the nation's chieftain and the Martyred President.

DENNIS HANKS SEES THE BABY

The news went back to the little berg of Elizabethtown, and the neighbors and relatives hurried out to see Nancy Hanks' "little red baby boy," as his cousin, Dennis Hanks, called him. The child seemed quite a wonder to his relatives, for at a very early age he gave evidence of unusual attractiveness for even his baby homeliness and infantile uncouthness commanded attention.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOY ABE AND HIS ANGEL MOTHER

A BRAHAM LINCOLN never forgot his mother, and his earliest recollection of her, was of sitting at her feet with his sister Sarah and listening to the tales and legends which she either read or related to her little family. His most vivid impression of his mother was her life of hardship, of toil and of unremitting anxiety. Yet in her restricted way she did everything for her family. She could handle a gun as well as a man, and many a time she brought down game, either bird or animal, which she skinned and dressed and cooked for her children's food, while the skins of the larger game were cured and made into clothing for her family. The boy loved and revered his mother and thought that she could do everything, and so she did. With all the monotony of homely toil and daily labor she found time to teach her boy, "Little Abe," to read, and gave him daily instruction from the Bible. While she was working herself to death, and she and her family suffering for even the bare necessities of life, yet she was laying for her little son the foundations of that truth and honor and goodness and sympathy which ever after endeared him to the hearts of his family, his friends, his neighbors, and his associates, and the nation mourned when their beloved joined the procession of Silent Witnesses.

THE NEW LOG CABIN

When Abraham Lincoln was about four years old his father, in some way which no one has been able to explain, obtained a much larger and better farm. It was only a few miles distant from the poor little patch of ground that the family had formerly occupied. It was even more beautifully located than the old place and was situated upon the banks of a stream called Knob Creek, at a point where it joined another small stream, called Rolling Fork.

A more substantial log house was built, and Mrs. Lincoln hoped that this tract of land would be worked into a good farm, but alas, Thomas Lincoln did not cut short his story telling hours nor cease to engage in his hunting trips; so only a small portion of the land was cleared and merely enough food raised to sustain life.

ABE'S FIRST SCHOOL

Surrounded by these hard and comfortless conditions, Abraham Lincoln grew into boyhood. He had received no advantages; had had none of the childish pleasures that make the child-home seem to men in after years a castle of delight and ever-recurring joy. There was a little log school house quite eight miles distant from the home of Abraham Lincoln, and although his mother was discouraged and nearly broken down with labor of the roughest and severest kind, yet she insisted that her children should go to school, and thus deprived herself of their oftentimes helpful assistance. The scrawny, half-fed little fellow and his sister trudged off through the forest to the rude and comfortless school house, with nothing but corn bread to eat. The journey was tiresome and the instruction that the children obtained from the untutored schoolmaster of that day, and that rough, unsettled country, was very unsatisfactory. This kind of schooling was all that Abraham Lincoln ever received, and all put together would not comprise twelve months. The boys of to-day who have so many advantages, opportunities and comforts, can hardly understand how Abraham Lincoln became the great lawyer, the distinguished statesman, the nation's ruler and the kindly gentleman, that graced the executive mansion; whose strong and forceful character made him dictator over distinguished statesmen; whose pitying soul urged him to liberate an enslaved race; and whose wisdom and prudence and integrity and honesty of purpose enabled him to restore to peace and prosperity and reunion a divided country.

ABE PLAYS TRUANT

This queer and curious little fellow living on Knob Creek did not have any amusement or entertainment except such as originated in his own mind. He had naturally inherited some of his father's traits

of character, and did not really like to work, consequently often concluded to lay off. Then he would stray away into the woods and watch the birds and animals and all the life that fills a great forest; by so doing he worried and frightened his poor mother, who was often obliged to hunt him up.

LITTLE JOE

As the clock struck seven we were called to supper, where the former bill of fare was duplicated, with the addition of cherry pie for a wind-up. During the evening meal the door was unceremoniously opened and in walked the eldest son, named Squire for his Grandfather Hall, but called "Bud" for short. We exchanged greetings; the stalwart young fellow was hardly seated, when in came the baby of the family, "Little Joe," a stripling of fourteen years of age, who told us that he intended to "see something of the world, and was coming up to visit Chicago some day."

YOUNG ABE

Again our meal was interrupted by another arrival, and a quiet lad with solemn mien entered and silently sat him down. Our host introduced us and said to the boy, "Abe, speak to the ladies." We soon discovered that this sixteen-year-old boy was the namesake of his illustrious ancestor, but after carefully scanning every feature and lineament, we failed to trace the slightest resemblance. Nothing seemed to indicate the relationship, except the lad's awkward and clumsy manners.

MILKED DRY

Retiring from the supper table we went into the front room, where the entire family had gathered to listen to the tales that their father might relate concerning their revered relative. In answer to my questions, Mr. Hall politely and kindly responded, and when I suggested that he might have heard from old Mrs. Lincoln some anecdotes of the President's childhood he said: "So many writing people have been around thru the country that I reckon the family and relatives are all milked dry," but without further objection he pointed to a picture of Mr. Lincoln, in a very cheap and homely frame, hanging on

the wall, and said: "He is a purty solemn looking feller, ain't he?" The question rather surprised and puzzled me. I admitted the fact that he was a serious looking man, but suggested that Mr. Lincoln no doubt played and frolicked like other little boys when he was a child.

THE PRAYER MEETING

"I reckon not," Mr. Hall answered, "for grandmarm said, 'even when he wus a little feller he wus allers odd and quiet and curious, and onct when he wus a very little boy he got holt of a sermon book, and when he wus out with the childern he carried the book with him in his pocket and proposed to the childern to hev a little meetin', and so he got on a log or a stump and preached out of the book. Then he'd call on his step-sister to sing, after he hed preached, jest as they do to church; and then he would pray to God to give the chickens shoes and stockin's fur their little feet, because he wus affeared they would freeze.'

HOW THE PRESIDENT WAS SAVED

"I hev heerd Grandpap Lincoln tell many a time that after he got a little older and begun to read some, he'd never play with the other childern, but allers wanted to be readin', and was not satisfied either till he know'd how to write, and that Uncle Dennis Hanks showed him how to write with a pen made from a buzzard's quill, that some of the men down in Kantucky had shot. Uncle Dennis also said, 'that the feller that taught school down near Uncle Abe's home didn't know much more than them that couldn't teach school, and so most of the boys played hookey, Uncle Abe with the rest, though he was a little feller.' One day when Uncle Abe was about seven years old he thought he'd play in the woods instead of going to school, and when it was about time for school to let out Uncle Abe started for hum alone, and of course had no one to help him cross the creek, which wus between his father's and the school-house. It was a warm summer afternoon and Uncle Dennis was picking some berries, when he looked up, and who should he see but little Abe a tryin' to go across the log over Knob Creek. Uncle Dennis has often told me many a time about it, and he allers said: 'I made up my mind to watch him, 'cause I knowed he wus

goin' to fall off that log, and the creek was mighty deep and swift, so I laid still and waited, and shore nuff, up went his heels and down went his head plump into the water. I jest jumped into the creek and pulled him out and ran with him in my arms to Aunt Nancy's, and told her to roll little Abe on her knees till he puked up the water that he'd swallowed. It was a good while before the water come up, but when it did he wus all right.' Then Uncle Dennis would laugh and say, 'If it hadn't been fer me the United States wouldn't have hed Abe Lincoln fer a President.'"

A RELATIVE OF LINCOLN'S

At the close of the recital of this little anecdote concerning the rescue of the "President," I asked Mr. Hall how Uncle Dennis was related to President Lincoln? He thought for a while and then said, "Wall, I believe Uncle Dennis' mother and Uncle Abe's mother wus sisters."

Mr. Hall's family, as well as Miss Coleman and myself, were so interested in the homely stories, which so pathetically depicted the severe and lonely and uncomfortable life that came to Mr. Lincoln and his parents, that we continued to call for more anecdotes, but Mr. Hall refused and said, "poor folks have to go to bed early and get up with the sun."

The clock struck the hour of nine, and my host commanded the boys to retire, while Sis informed us that breakfast would be served at five o'clock next morning. My companion glanced at me in dismay, but I advised her to look upon all the vicissitudes of life with calmness, and begged her to believe that all things work together for good.

CHAPTER V.

MORE ANECDOTES

AT HALF past four the family began to stir about and at five o'clock we were told that "breakfast was ready and on the table." Our food was a repetition of the day before.

Mr. Hall's absence was commented upon, and before I had ceased speaking a voice saluted us. Looking about I discovered an old man's head just emerging from under the coverlid. In response to our good morning and are you not feeling well, Mr. Hall said, "Wall, no, not right smart," and "little Joe" offered the information that "Paw allers drank his coffee in bed and didn't get up with the chickens." I did not appreciate the force of the remark until a little later.

THE DOOR-YARD FAMILY

From this time on and during the entire visit we had company, and plenty of it, too; always at meal time. Although unbidden, our guests were not abashed, and when we unceremoniously (for we all joined in) tried to drive them out, there seemed to be no hard feeling, for our visitors continued to make strenuous attempts to enter. I am now speaking of the door-yard family; geese, ducks and chickens walked boldly in, and the continuous efforts of the family to keep them out suggested the thought that some one with a gigantic brain might have utilized our proceedings, and perpetual motion would have been a verified fact.

PAYING THE INTEREST

The delightfully cool morning enticed us out of doors and we went out into the fresh sweet air. All nature was astir, and we delighted in the early rising; a lovely sight greeted our vision. My eyes roamed over the beautiful landscape, and in fancy I saw a young man crossing



ABE'S FIRST LECTURE—CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



THOMAS LINCOLN MOVING.
Abe wades back and rescues the dog.



ABE STRIVING TO GET AN EDUCATION.



THOMAS LINCOLN'S MONUMENT.

Monument erected near Farmington, Ill., to Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham Lincoln.



GRAVE OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN.

This tombstone was erected to the memory of Lincoln's mother by the late Hon. P. E. Studebaker, who purchased the Lincoln Farm in Spencer County, Ind.

the fields. His head was bowed, his gait was awkward, and he did not pause, but seemed bent upon a purpose which brooked no delay.

My dreaming was interrupted by Mr. Hall, who came up beside me. I volunteered a question, "I suppose Mr. Lincoln has stood many times just where I am now standing?" "Why, bless ye, of course he has," said Mr. Hall. "He has roamed all over these fields. He allers walked right across here when he went to pay the interest for Grandpap Lincoln, who had borrowed from the school funds, and Uncle Abe use to come down every six months and pay off the interest. A heap of times he would walk from the cabin up to the head of Indian Creek, about six miles away, and see that the interest was paid. He done that until he hed money enough to pay the hull debt, and kept up the interest, tu."

THE FAMOUS HOUSE AT FARMINGTON

We walked about the yard for some time, I questioning and Mr. Hall answering, until at last my host, pointing to a little cluster of houses about half a mile down the road, said, "That's Farmington," and singling out a particular house, gave me the interesting information that Mr. Lincoln had made a speech there "after he got to be the President of the United States."

I begged him to tell me all about the occasion, but to my astonishment he declined. After a few moments of silent thought he brushed his hand across his cheek and said, "I'll take ye down there some time and then I'll tell ye what Uncle Abe said to the wimmin folks, but not now, not now."

LIKE THOMAS LINCOLN

The sun had steadily climbed into the blue sky, not a cloud obscured its face, its hot and fervid rays were scorching the already dry and parched earth. Uncle John Hall, as I was already learning to call him, suggested that we had better get "inter the shade" saying, "Let's go into the house and rest a bit. I reckon the boys can do the chores and tend to the crops." In this he was like Thomas Lincoln! His manner attracted my attention and a searching look at the old man revealed a startling similarity to that illustrious relative. He did indeed resemble Abraham Lincoln.

THE MIXED-UP FAMILY

Since becoming an inmate of Mr. Hall's family I had learned that he was a grandson of Abraham Lincoln's step-mother, but knew that connection could not make him a relative of the dead President. When I recalled my first greeting I smiled to think how my imagination had clothed him with a resemblance to Mr. Lincoln, who was simply a connection. After having questioned him regarding this matter, Mr. Hall said, "So I am related to Uncle Abe, tu. My father wus his first cousin, but just how it came about 'twould take a lawyer to tell, for our family is so mixed up," and then he talked of his father's and mother's life with the Lincolns, and how he "allers" lived with Grandmarm Lincoln, until interrupted by the approach of unexpected visitors.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS

A gentleman and two young women entered the cottage and were introduced to me, by Mr. Hall, as Dr. Williams and his daughters, Mary and Ellen.

The father was the physician who lived in the little town of Farmington just north of Mr. Hall's residence, and learning the cause of my visit, came to tell me that he and his family occupied the "very house in which Mr. Lincoln dined on that eventful day in December, 1860, after his election to the Presidency—and where he addressed the neighbors and all the people round about."

The doctor and his daughters extended a cordial invitation "to come and see for yourself," an invitation that was quickly accepted, and thus the promised story was not to be related until we both went down to the now historical house at Farmington.

BILL WATKINS

As they departed, Sis called to her father from the adjoining room, saying, "hurry up, for Bill Watkins wants you to come to the back door." The old man did not offer to move, and said in an undertone, "Bill's sweet on the gal and won't be disappointed if I don't put in a show."

The temperature was steadily increasing and the flies were about

the room in perfect swarms. From the kitchen came a strong and odorous scent suggestive of burning grease. Mr. Hall had fallen asleep in his chair, which was tilted back against the rough and unpapered wall. A broken looking-glass hung between the windows, and a yellow cur lay on the weather-beaten doorstep.

DAD, WAKE UP

Sis tip-toed into the room, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, her dress unfastened at the neck and her cheeks aflame. She paused before the plain, old-fashioned deal table that stood underneath the looking glass and quietly pulled out a shallow drawer. A small package was taken out and laid upon the stand, then the girl pulled down her sleeves, smoothed her hair with her hands and pinned together the band at the neck of her dress. Unfastening the bundle, she tied a flaming red ribbon about her throat. Turning around she punched her father and called out in a loud voice, "Dad, wake up." Then, with a smile and with a toss of her head said, "Bill's going to stay for dinner."

We filed out into the hot room, where we found Mr. Watkins looking as sheepish and guilty as Sis looked red and conscious.

The meal was begun in silence, only the rattle of dishes and the buzz of insects disturbed the stillness. It seemed almost impossible that such uncomfortable conditions, such a total lack of necessities could exist at the present time, and we could hardly imagine a much more wretched and cheerless situation; yet Mr. Lincoln's childhood and manhood were passed amid scenes of much greater poverty and squalor.

His vicissitudes and uncomfortable surroundings were those of an earlier and ruder time, in which there seemed no chance of improvement. A time when a bare living was hard to get, when the comforts of home and the advantages of education were almost undreamed of.

It was these very hardships and sacrifices that laid the foundation of his greatness. The lack of pleasure, the dearth of books, the absence of a comfortable home, made him struggle to secure what the pampered and wealthy boy often throws away, and achieve what the idle and worthless young man can never accomplish.

CHAPTER VI.

NO BARRIERS TO GREATNESS

BACK to the old Kentucky home let us go and find out still more about little Abe and his parents.

We must never lose sight of the fact that though Thomas Lincoln was shiftless and idle and lazy and poor, and his wife hard-working and no doubt a very plain and unpromising woman, yet they both had taught their little children the moral code; to tell the truth, to be honest, faithful and fearless in right doing.

LITTLE ABE WOULD NOT TELL A LIE

It was told to me by Mr. Hall that Grandmam Lincoln had related to him a story that some of the family had told her about Mr. Lincoln when he was a very young boy. "It seems that," as Mr. Hall tells it, "onct grandfather wus tellin' a story about somethin' that happened one day, when little Abe spoke up and said, 'Paw, that wus not jest the way it wus,' and then his father turned around and slapped him. It made the water come out of his eyes in tears like, and he went out and did not come back for some time; then some one said, 'Where is Abe gone?' and they all looked out and seed him a peakin' through the fence and whistling. They all expected to find him cryin' and sniveling, but no sir, you see he had good grit even when he was a little shaver."

THE LIFE OF A ROVER

The every day life of the Lincoln family was homely, uneventful and exceedingly monotonous. Thomas Lincoln was always working for others, neglecting his family and his own interests. The push and energy of his forefathers seemed to have deserted him and he never engaged in any enterprise that showed self-reliance or venture, beyond the idea of simply starting out and leading the life of a rover—hunting and fishing, and so the days went on.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE

At last, however, he ventured, and, securing a small boat load of produce, undertook to try his hand at taking the raft down the creek to the Ohio River, where he hoped to dispose of his cargo. He loaded up the small, rude raft, fastened it to the shore and decided to wait for another day before starting out on his unknown journey. He arose early the next morning and went down to the creek. Did his eyes deceive him? There was nothing to be seen. His craft and its load had disappeared. He did not suspect any of his friends or neighbors, for in those days our pioneer fathers did not rob one another—they assisted and befriended each other. Finally his wife suggested that “maybe the raft had sunk,” and after a thorough search, there the old scow was discovered at the bottom of the roaring creek, a total wreck and its load ruined. Thomas Lincoln did not repine, but simply said, “Luck is agin me.”

After a year or more, in some unaccountable way the spirit of emulation again came over him, and he either forgot all about his lost vessel and its contents or else he concluded to reap the reward of experience. At any rate he was determined to follow the example of one of his relatives who had just returned from New Orleans with a “fortune.”

A PAIR OF SHARPERS

Mr. John Hall told me the following incident of Thomas Lincoln's life, which he said Abraham Lincoln had related to him at a time when he was on a visit at his old home and after he became a member of Congress. Mr. Lincoln, in substance, said: “Father often told me of the trick that was played upon him by a ‘pair of sharpers.’ It was the year before we moved from Kentucky to Indiana that father concluded to take a load of pork down to New Orleans. He had a considerable amount of his own, and he bargained with the relatives and neighbors for their pork, so that altogether he had quite a load. He took the pork to the Ohio River on a clumsily constructed flat boat of his own make. Almost as soon as he pushed out into the river a couple of sleek fellows bargained with him for his cargo, and promised to meet

him in New Orleans where they arranged to pay him the price agreed upon. He eagerly accepted the offer, transferred the cargo to the strangers and drifted down the river, his head filled with visions of wealth and delight. He thought that he was going to accomplish what he had set out to do without labor or inconvenience. Father waited about New Orleans for several days, but failed to meet his whilom friends. At last it dawned upon him that he had been sold, and all that he could do was to come back home and face the music. Now came the most disastrous turn in my father's life, for he was obliged to sell his place to pay for the pork that he had secured from the relatives and neighbors. This unfortunate affair was the cause of our removal to Indiana, where we all suffered such extreme hardships and privations."

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE

Mr. Hall and I talked for some time of the misfortune and poverty that came to the family, and I gathered from the conversation that Thomas Lincoln would never acknowledge that his misfortune and ill-luck was the natural result of his own indolence and thriftlessness; but would always excuse himself by saying: "'Twas the hand o' Providence laid upon me," and then he would quote from the Bible, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "Many a time grandpap has said to me, 'Why, everything that I ever teched either died, got killed or was lost,' and then he would tell of poor luck and misfortune by the bushel.

THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A HORSE

"He also onct told me that when he lived in Indiana they got so poor that they hadn't anything to feed their horses with, and grandpap turned them out to browse, but when he went to look for 'em, there wus one hangin' up in a tree stun dead. Somehow in kickin' fles his hind foot had got caught in the branches and there it hung with not a atom of life in it." I relate this story as it was told to me, but must let my little readers judge of its truthfulness.

Pausing and looking up at me, Mr. Hall questioned in a dreamy and mysterious manner, "Do you believe that some folks

is born to ill fortune, because their father's before 'em did something they hadn't ought to?" He did not wait for my reply, but crossing his long legs and tipping his chair back against the wall, he looked me straight in the face, and seemed to be answering his own question. "Uncle Abe once said to me, 'John, I am almost inclined to believe that the curse of God rests upon my family.'"

NOTHING BUT POVERTY

The many sad and unpleasant tales that had been related to me by Uncle John Hall divested life of its pleasures, and I longed to discover some funny incident or romantic story concerning the Lincoln family. When I suggested to my host that he had overlooked the humorous side of the family history, he shook his head and said, "Thare wus nothing but poverty and work and misfortune for our family. Don't you remember what Uncle Abe said to a writing man that came to Springfield to make a book of Uncle Abe and his family after he was elected the President?" Having forgotten, I asked to have my memory refreshed. Mr. Hall reached for the *Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln*, and again I read the quotation, from Gray's *Elegy*, "The short and simple annals of the poor," that Mr. Lincoln gave to the historian.

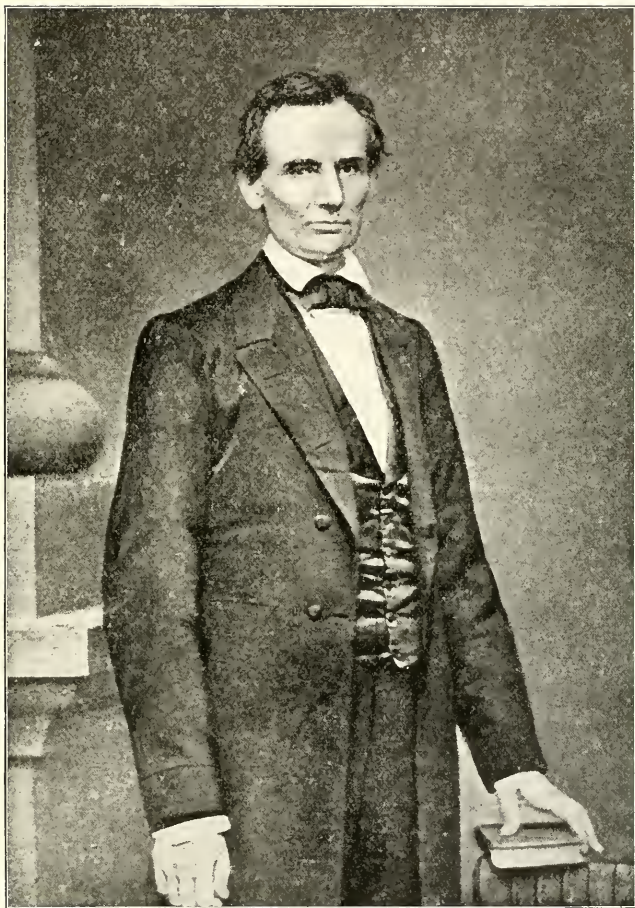
CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW HOME-VISIONS OF PROSPERITY

A VERY unfortunate and disastrous circumstance came into Thomas Lincoln's life when Abraham Lincoln was about nine years old. The farm was sold and the family were without a roof of their own. Thomas Lincoln concluded that he would leave Kentucky altogether and try to find some place where he could get a better living. The spirit of unrest and adventure was now upon him. He set to work with little Abe's help and built a raft, which he intended to float down the Rolling Fork to the Ohio River and then land somewhere, for he had no definite idea concerning the terminus of his journey.

THE SHIPWRECK

He had heard marvelous stories of the wealth that could be amassed and of the rich and fertile land that could be secured if one could only get into the State of "Indianny." He had sold his Kentucky farm, consisting of two hundred acres and his little log cabin for twenty dollars in money and twenty barrels of whisky. Whisky in those days was a medium of exchange for food, clothing, tools, cattle, lands and houses, and was worth about twenty-five dollars a barrel. It will not take very long for either a school girl or boy to figure out how much Thomas Lincoln received for his property. He paid his debts, arranged to leave his home and started out to seek his fortune. All of the furniture except just what the family could get along with was put on to the raft, together with what he had left of the whisky, after paying up the "hog debt," and his kit of carpenter's tools. The boat was pushed off and another possible Columbus set out to discover and possess an unknown country. But this later day boatman was not so well equipped as the earlier voyager was. His craft was unseaworthy and clumsy, and no seamen accompanied him. He was obliged to command and obey, but



EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(By courtesy of H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.)

The above photograph was taken at the time of Lincoln's famous Cooper Institute speech, N. Y. City.



RELICS TAKEN FROM THE LINCOLN HOMESTEAD.

Thomas Lincoln's grind-stone and drawing knife, Nancy Hanks Lincoln's soap kettle, an old spade, a broken pitchfork and Abraham Lincoln's stepmother's tea-kettle.

all went well until he reached the Ohio River. Here his raft became unmanageable and Thomas Lincoln, whisky, furniture and tools were dumped into the river.

How he ever managed to rescue any of his cargo was a mystery, but with the aid of some men who were living along the shore he succeeded in fishing out two barrels of whisky, his kit of carpenter's tools and part of his furniture. These he loaded on to an ox cart and took them back into the State of Indiana, about thirteen miles north of the Ohio River. Here he found a settler's cabin, where he left his load of goods until he should return and claim them.

THE FATHER'S RETURN

During the absence of the father, the boy Abe managed to get enough to eat for himself, his mother and sister by snaring birds, catching fish and picking berries. At last, after weeks of weary waiting, and almost believing that they would never again see their father and husband, the family were surprised one day when Thomas Lincoln walked into the cabin and began to tell them wonderful stories of the promised land.

THE PROMISED LAND

His raft was destroyed and he had no money, so there was no other way for himself and family to reach the promised land other than "foot it," as Thomas Lincoln expressed it. It did not take the Lincolns many hours to pack their household effects; a few pots, pans, kettles, and bed clothing comprised the entire stock. A span of horses was borrowed from one of the neighbors, and the bedding and cooking utensils were packed upon the backs of the horses. The poor and desolate family started out through an unknown forest for their new home ninety miles away. Through thicket and underbrush, fording creeks, living like gypsies, and plodding along like tramps, they made slow headway.

If any of the family enjoyed this journey through the primeval forest it was the children, of course, and no doubt Little Abe made the best of the situation. We can easily imagine him gathering fagots,

and building a fire for his mother, while she broiled the prairie chicken and his sister picked the sweet wild berries.

THE ESCAPE

With all the unfortunate circumstances that now surrounded them it seemed as if the very fates conspired to add to their unhappiness and disappointment. The following story, told by Mr. Hall, will verify the preceding statement:

"Though Grandpap Lincoln was uncommon oneasy and allers moving about, he tried to keep his family in hog meat, and when he moved from Kantucky to Indiany he took along quite a drove of hogs. Uncle Abe was a little shaver then, and he wus told to keep the hogs into line, but that wus rather a hard thing to do, fur there was no path to foller and every now and then some wildeat or painter would 'tackle 'em.' One night wild animals and other varmints scared 'em so terribly that they all run away, and when grandpap and the rest of the family woke up in the morning the hogs had all gone, the Lord only knowed where. That wus an awful disappointment, for grandpap thought they had meat nuff fer the whole winter." Had there not been a pitiful side to the story as well as a humorous one I should have laughed immoderately.

THE RETURN

Never for a moment anticipating that their drove of hogs were ever heard from again, and in a joking rather than a serious manner, I asked Mr. Hall if the journey of the hog family ever came to light? He guffawed and said, "You bet! After grandpap and the rest of the family hed got settled in Indiany, grandpap hed a letter from an old neighbor in Kantucky telling him that his hogs were all back at the old place, and shore nuff, they hed swum the Ohio River and gone back to Kantucky. Well, grandpap, after a little while, put out for Kantucky and druv the hull pack back to Indiany."

NANCY LINCOLN'S DISAPPOINTMENT

The journey had been long and wearisome and oftentimes dangerous, yet the pilgrims finally reached the settler's cabin where Thomas Lincoln had stored his load of shipwrecked goods.

And now we can imagine the disappointment of the wife and children when they found that the land which Thomas Lincoln had described in such glowing words was not yet discovered.

The family started out again the next morning, and cutting their way through tangled underbrush, often so dense and knotty that it seemed almost impossible to make a path, they became too weary to proceed further, and determined to take up a squatter's claim almost anywhere. The family had now tramped eight miles beyond the settler's home, when the tired and footsore father, mother and young children took possession of an opening located in Spencer County, Indiana, about a mile and a half from the present town of Gentryville.

THE SQUATTER'S CLAIM

Though a pleasant place on a grassy knoll, and near a limpid stream of water, yet the weary family did not enjoy the rural scene nor anticipate future possibilities. The father consoled his little family by telling them that the land was rich, the forest was full of game, the river alive with fish, the ground was covered with flowers, the vines were loaded with wild and delicious berries and all they needed to do now was to settle down and make themselves "tu hum." But alas! where was the home? No roof to shelter them from the noonday sun or the pitiless rain.

THE NEW HOME

The first thing to do was to build a house, and now the father and the nine-year-old boy set to work to build a cabin. Thomas Lincoln was a carpenter, but he was too indolent to construct a comfortable log house, and he did not even build a decent habitation. He thought a half-faced cabin would do until he found time to build a more comfortable house. The family all set to work to "put up" a covering that should shield them from the rain and coming winter storms. There were four corner posts, the two rear ones being higher than the front ones, and upon their forked tops four smaller posts were placed. These formed the edges of the roof, while between was put a row of good-sized poles, and to these were fastened thin slabs that Thomas Lincoln made with a draw knife. Around the three sides were set up smaller

poles, close together, while the cracks were chinked with chips and clay. The front of the cabin was protected by deer skins, which kept out the rain but not the cold, damp air. This was the habitation that Abraham Lincoln lived in for more than a year.

THE HOME-MADE SUIT

The future President of the United States was only ten years old now, but a strong and unusually large boy of his age. He was a long-legged, uncouth little fellow. His hair was black and thick and unkempt, his face was thin and emaciated and his skin tanned and yellow from his out-door life and lack of care. But his muscles were tough and hard. He could stand hardships and privations, and necessity had taught him much ingenuity. His shirts were home-spun and were woven by his mother, and colored with a dye which she made from roots and barks. He had deer-skin breeches and a blouse made from the same material. When he did not go barefoot he wore moccasins, also made by his mother. His cap was a queer looking affair and was fashioned from a coon skin with the tail of the animal hanging down the back of his neck. This strange head covering did not add to his general appearance.

A BED OF LEAVES

The monotony of the boy's daily life, and lack of comforts, would be unendurable to the boys of to-day, who have comfortable homes, amusements, recreation, and all the educational benefits of the present public school system. But such was pioneer life ninety years ago—the men and women were rough, careless, uncultivated and uncouth, and the children were rude, untidy and ignorant.

The life that the Lincoln family lived in the shanty on Little Pigeon Creek was indeed rough, and not only devoid of comfort and cleanliness, but even lacked the common necessities of existence, while the decencies of life were entirely ignored. There was no floor, and so the family lived, walked and slept on the bare ground. Their beds were nothing but heaps of dried leaves, which were gathered by the mother and her little children—and only now and then changed for fresh ones.

YOUNG ABE'S ASPIRATIONS

The life that young Abe and his sister led was lonely and homely enough in that wilderness. Yet this very loneliness and utter lack of recreation and amusement forced the boy to think. He was always a thoughtful little man, and here was the opportunity to do a great deal of thinking. He would go out into the forest that surrounded his home and lie on his back, look up into the sky and—just think. His mother had read to him everything that she could get hold of and had told him the oft-repeated tales of great people that she in her youth had read of and heard of.

Young Abe had some knowledge that there was an outside world, and that there were great men, who had performed brave deeds, valiant soldiers who had led their men to victory; that there were also beautiful and accomplished women and lovely homes filled with comforts, and luxuries, and little children who laughed and sung the live-long day, happy and free as the birds of the air.

ABE'S PROPHECY

Notwithstanding his rude life and lack of education and accomplishments, young Abe did not have a low estimate of himself, for we are told by Mr. Lincoln's early biographers that there were many indications, even at an early age, that he possessed self-respect, in a remarkable degree, and was not backward in making it manifest.

It is also related by these same biographers that the boy prophesied the greatness of the man; and that this prophecy was much commented upon by the then unknown to the world relatives as well as afterwards by the curious people of the country.

THE FAIRY TALE

When Thomas Lincoln returned to Kentucky for his run-away hogs he took with him a bag filled with fairy tales. The bag was opened to every listener, and as each new spectator—relatives or old neighbors—flocked about him, the tales grew in length and strength, and his possessions increased and his future wealth was already secured. He

proved to be so eloquent and persuasive that about a year after he had settled in Indiana and just as the new log house was completed, Abraham Lincoln's Uncle John and Aunt Betsy Sparrow, with his boy cousin, Dennis Hanks, came up from Kentucky to also try their luck in Indiana. Thomas Lincoln gave to the emigrant relatives, who were as poor as himself, the old "half-faced" cabin, and the Lincolns had near neighbors.

Though the times were just as hard, the days just as dreary, and the every-day-life just as common and homely, yet the heretofore isolated family had human companionship; the companionship of their own kin, in which the common blood filtered through their veins and made a comradeship that neither separation nor death could destroy.

The old friendships were revived, the old scenes rehearsed and the old days were lived over again, and this tender communion made the poverty and squalor more bearable and banished the despair of deferred hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

ABE'S FIRST GRIEF

ALITTLE sunshine now crept into the hearts of the mother and her children—Mrs. Lincoln had her relatives for companions, and Abe and his sister had their cousin Dennis for a playmate.

The new building was not a very great improvement on the old cabin, but it was more like a house, though it had neither window, door nor floor. But it was so much better than the miserable little shanty in which they had merely existed since they came to Indiana that young Abe and his sister felt quite proud of their new home.

The boy had helped his father build the log cabin, and had with his own hands driven some pegs into the wall, and up this ladder of pegs he climbed to the loft where he slept. His bed here, as in the now abandoned shanty, was simply a heap of leaves.

Their furniture was home-made. Three legged stools, and a bedstead built of poles driven into the logs at the back, while the front was supported by chunks of wood, was about all the furniture that the family possessed. The table on which the frugal meals were placed was simply a rough board put upon two sections sawed from logs.

NECK AND NECK

The times grew harder and the two families were "neck and neck" in the race with grinding poverty. Their crops failed, their horses were killed and their cattle were stricken with a fatal distemper. Before the winter set in there were many sad days for both families. A terrible sickness came upon them. It was called the "milk fever," and those who did not die from the epidemic lived a few weeks longer, suffering with and dying from a more lingering sickness called, by the early settlers, "quick consumption."

DEATH OF THE SPARROW FAMILY

John and Betsy Sparrow, the uncle and aunt who came up from Kentucky, were among the first to die with the epidemic, and thus Dennis Hanks, the young lad, came to live with the Lincolns. Mrs. Lincoln was also stricken with the epidemic, and although she did not die with the so-called milk fever, she never recovered from its effects, but became the victim of a wasting and fatal disease.

The nearest doctor was quite thirty-five miles away, but even had there been a physician nearer there was no money to pay him or to buy medicines with. The poor sick woman had no nourishing food, nor comfortable bed. The house did not protect her from the cold or rain. Her only woman companion was dead, and there was no one to nurse her save the children, who did all that their young minds and hearts dictated—at best it was but a feeble effort.

DEATH OF ABRAHAM'S MOTHER

Abraham was nearly beside himself with grief and agony as he watched by his dying mother's bedside. The mother realized that her death was near, and turning to her forlorn and ragged little son, whom she had loved so dearly, bade him be kind to his sister and father. Her dying blessing was a prayer—a prayer that her precious son should be “an honest and faithful boy, a good and tender man.” The young lad never forgot those words, but through all the years of his life he strove to carry out every wish and desire that his dying mother expressed. During the period of his public services as President of the United States, he was often heard to say to his friends and associates, “All that I am I owe to my angel mother.”

The death of Mrs. Lincoln was a terrible blow to her children. Their father had never seemed to care for them and they had always depended upon their sad-faced, hard-working mother for love and companionship, help and instruction. She had always loved and brooded her children. From their mother they had never heard other than loving words nor received anything but gentle treatment. Her own education was so limited that she was only able to do but little for

them in that direction. She simply had taught them to read, for the number of books that the Lincoln household possessed was so very, very few that educational progress was impossible.

THE BURIAL OF ABRAHAM'S MOTHER

The poor and emaciated body of Abraham Lincoln's mother was buried in the silent forest. Thomas Lincoln dug the grave and made for his wife a rough coffin. There was no minister to offer a prayer and no friends to console or comfort the heart-broken children. Little Abe spent much of his time in the forest beside the new-made grave, crying bitterly and begging his mother to come back.

The Lincoln family was more wretched than ever. The meals were cooked by little Sarah, and what other housekeeping was done the boys, Abe and Dennis, undertook to do. It is an easy matter to realize how boys would keep house, especially when there were no utensils or conveniences to do with.

It was during this very sad and gloomy period that Abraham Lincoln was such an unhappy boy. He was nearly starved, poorly clothed, and wretchedly housed. His father was so utterly shiftless and good for nothing that the boy could not see one ray of hope. He could not even imagine a better or different home-life, for he had seen nothing but poverty and squalor all of his days. The little fellow was really a pitiable object, because in addition to all of these wretched conditions, he was constantly thinking of his poor dead mother and lamenting the fact that no minister had held a service or preached a funeral sermon over his mother's grave.

One day he made up his mind that he would write a letter to the old Baptist minister back in Kentucky. So he wrote to Parson Elkins and begged him to come and hold a memorial service for his beloved mother. The kind man answered the boy's letter and promised to visit the Lincoln home sometime during the coming summer, although the trip would involve a journey of more than a hundred miles on horseback. According to his promise the good man came to the little settlement, and soon the neighbors carried the news to neighbors and indeed every family within twenty miles came to attend the wonderful funeral.

HIS MOTHER'S SERMON

It was a beautiful Sabbath day, and the friends began to gather early in the forenoon. Some came in carts of the rudest construction, drawn by oxen, and some on horseback, two and three on a horse, while many were on foot. A motley crowd of sturdy yeomen with their wives and children had gathered to listen to the preacher who had come all of the way from Kentucky to preach a funeral sermon "over a woman who had been dead almost a year."

There in the depth of the forest the grave had been dug eight months before and the body of poor Nancy Hanks Lincoln had been lowered into its narrow bed. There was no habitation within miles. There was no sound save the song of the birds, the chirp of tiny insects and the murmur of the purling stream.

Mr. Lincoln often said in after years when speaking of his mother's grave "that its loneliness was pitiful and its solitude awful."

The sermon was an eulogy upon the character of Mrs. Lincoln, and it has been said by Mr. Lincoln's biographers that it was a most eloquent discourse. The entire company knelt about the grave and joined the minister in his final prayer, while down the brawny cheeks of many a strong and rough man tears were silently coursing.

So impressive a scene could not be forgotten by even the youngest ones present. To the grave and silent and impressionable boy the scene was never erased—it fairly burned into his plastic brain and forever remained a vivid and living picture.

Abraham had accomplished what he considered a duty on his part, and had honored his mother's memory, and was therefore not so wretched and grief stricken as before.

The summer months brought to the children some comfort. They were neither freezing nor starving, the warm days gladdened their lonely little hearts and the wild fruits fed them. The children had had no training in household industries, because the mother had had no conveniences to do with. From their father they had not received an example of thrift or labor, because he did not work. From his father and through the influence and association that surrounded Abraham

Lincoln he had inherited a distaste for work and cultivated a disinclination to labor. Therefore the boy spent his time in dreaming, in thinking and reading. His mother had given him all that she possessed—three books, the Bible, Esop's Fables, and Pilgrim's Progress, and these he read and re-read until he almost knew them by heart. Upon these three books the literary tastes of Abraham Lincoln were founded.

The grave was for many years utterly neglected and unmarked. At last it received recognition, and Mr. P. E. Studebaker, who purchased the Rock Spring farm in Spencer County, Indiana, enclosed the grave with a neat iron fence and placed at the head of the mound a white marble stone, on which is inscribed the following: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who died Oct. 5, 1818, aged 35 years. Erected in 1879 by a friend of her martyred son."

CHAPTER IX.

ABE'S NEW MOTHER AND HIS NEW LIFE

THE summer passed away in a sort of go-easy fashion, and the housekeeping was more uncomfortable than ever before, when Thomas Lincoln one day made the startling announcement to his children that he was "going down to Kantucky on a visit." The three forlorn and lonely little people were nearly stunned, and talking among themselves wondered how they should get along while the father was away. It is quite easy to believe, however, that they were no more unhappy and no more uncomfortable during the father's absence than they had been before.

Thomas Lincoln had been away from his little family fully three months, and the children were no doubt beginning to think that their father would never return, when one day in December the children heard a loud hurrah from the edge of the forest and upon looking out from the cabin they beheld a wondrous sight. Had a fairy god-mother touched the world with her wand and produced the wonderful change? Seated in a canvas-covered wagon and driving four horses sat their father, and at his side a neat and tidy woman. On a seat behind them were three children, who peeped out and called a lusty welcome. The horses dashed up to the door in fine style and the travelers alighted. The children in the cabin hung back and were loath to greet the newcomers, but when the pleasant-faced woman stepped up to the desolate and unkempt children and, putting her arms about the young girl and the ragged, scrawny boy, said to them in a kindly tone, "I have come to take your mother's place," they knew she was their friend.

Would wonders never cease? The wagon was unloaded, chairs, tables, a bureau with drawers, crockery, bedding, knives and forks were taken out and carried into the cabin.

THE NEW MOTHER

And now we should stop to inquire about this wonderful company and where Thomas Lincoln found the woman and her children. He had known the woman before his marriage, in fact, had been engaged to her, but why they had never married history does not reveal. She became the wife of Daniel Johnston, and Thomas Lincoln the husband of Nancy Hanks. The children—Elizabeth, Matilda and John D. Johnston—soon became acquainted with the young members of the Lincoln household.

The new wife was like the new broom that, we're told, "sweeps clean." She took the reins of government into her hands. Glass was put into the window frames instead of the old rags that had been jammed into the openings. The old rickety frame gave way to a door with hinges. A floor was laid and some mats spread upon it. Cupboards were fastened to the wall and the dishes were put within; but best of all, a few books were unpacked and put upon a hanging shelf that had been fastened to the wall. These Abe straightway seized and began to devour their contents with a hunger that was really pitiful. And now the boy was supremely happy. As soon as the chores were done he would lie upon the floor in front of the fireplace and read till his father would command him to go to bed.

The new mother took an especial liking to the miserable and forlorn little fellow from the first. She appreciated his gentle nature and realized that he hungered for something that she did not quite understand. She washed and cleaned her adopted son and dressed him in a suit of her own boy's, though she had to piece down the legs of the trousers with another kind of cloth and of a different color, for Abe was, even at this early age, uncommonly tall.

ABE GOES TO SCHOOL

The thrifty ways of Mrs. Lincoln soon made an impression upon the new members of her family. Even Thomas Lincoln began to fix up and the house was becoming quite snug and comfortable. The children were sent to the school-house close by, the meeting house to which the

traveling schoolmaster would come to give the boys and girls four months' schooling each year. It was in this miserable log hut, scarcely high enough for a man to stand erect, with holes for windows and greased paper to take the place of glass, that Abraham Lincoln received the elements of his meager education. Reading, writing and ciphering was his entire course of study. For two years he attended the four months' school, making eight months in all, less than a year of schooling, and yet he was again and again at the head of his classes. In the spelling contests he was sure to "spell down" the entire school, "big and little."

The care that his stepmother gave him began to tell. He was strong, he was tall and he was wiry. He was clean and decently clothed, and therefore respected himself. He was gentle, he was manly and true, he was good natured, never a bully, but always a protector of the girls and the little boys. Though he was often ridiculed by the school girls and his narrow, sharp, bony shins provoked their mirth and derision, yet he never retaliated, but when occasion required proved himself their staunch ally. It is related that when one of the girls who had "poked more fun at him" than any of the others was one day being brutally reprimanded by the teacher, a rude and unlettered schoolmaster, because she persisted in spelling definite with a y, Abe with a significant cough attracted her attention and placed his long bony finger on his closed eye. The girl understood the gesture, the word was spelled correctly and thus the threatened punishment was averted.

LINCOLN ALWAYS A GENTLEMAN

Abraham Lincoln was always a gentleman. He was never unkind nor cruel and any inhuman treatment to animals was quickly resented. The boys of his age and acquaintance were in the habit of putting live coals on the backs of turtles so as to see them writhe and twist. This so incensed the young lad that for this act of cruelty he gave many a boy a sound "drubbing." It is said by some of Mr. Lincoln's biographers that his first composition was on "Cruelty to Animals."

During the period of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood and young man-

hood he was called the girls' champion and protector, while in his later years, and, in fact, through all the years of his life, he was conspicuous as the defender of woman's honor. When a young lad, during his struggles for an education and when he could think and write only indifferently, he was in the habit of amusing himself by composing verses, doggerel verses to be sure, but the following composition shows the trend of his thoughts:

LINCOLN'S FIRST POEM

"When Adam was created
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has recorded,
And soon a bride was made.

The Lord then was not willing
That man should be alone,
But caused a sleep upon him
And from him took a bone,

And closed the flesh instead thereof,
And then he took the same
And of it made a woman
And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
To see his loving bride,
A part of his own body,
The product of his side.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet we see,
So he must not abuse her
The meaning seems to be.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's head we know,
To show she must not rule him
'Tis evidently so.

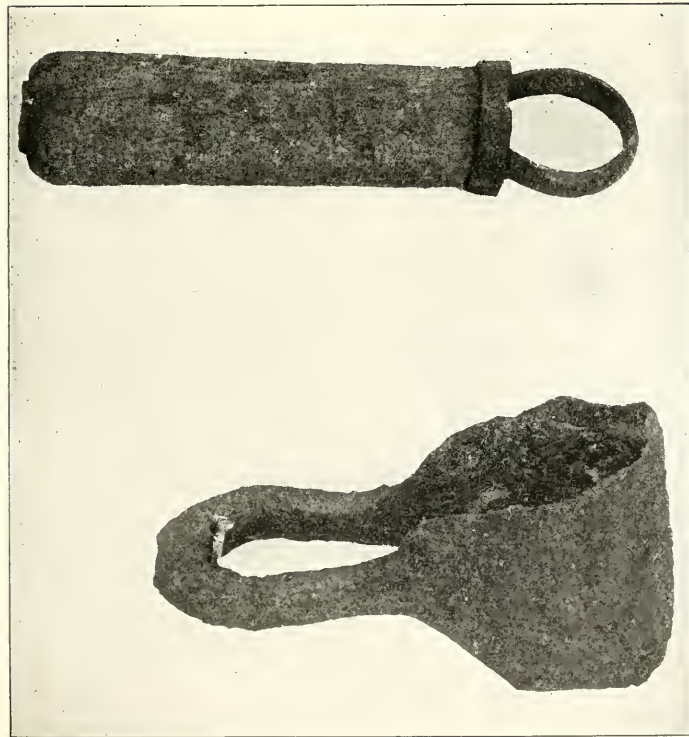
The woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm."

EAGER FOR KNOWLEDGE

Abraham Lincoln was now fifteen years old, and a homelier boy or more ungainly, awkward lad probably could not be found in the whole Western country. He had very little education so far as schooling goes, but he had taken advantage of every opportunity, no matter how simple or meager. Every scrap of printed paper that he could get hold of he devoured and digested. If a sentence or paragraph pleased or interested him he would write it down with a piece of charcoal on a slab of wood or on the logs of the house, in fact, in every conceivable place that he could find. He was always around when any of the settlers came to the house and was a quiet listener to the conversation. If a traveler stopped before his father's house young Abe was the first to mount the fence and question the caller, in regard to the outside world. His curiosity was so tremendous that every passing stranger was hailed, and the young lad would put his inquiries with so much intelligence and enthusiasm that his hearer would not only pause but tarry and cheerfully impart to the boy his fund of information.

ABE WORKED FOR WAGES

His father now thought that his son "fooled away" enough time, and therefore he told him that "he must go to work for wages and bring the money home." The boy obeyed his father willingly and started out barefoot, chopping, grubbing, ploughing, mowing, cradling, gathering and husking corn for the neighbors; but never losing an opportunity to read—constantly reading. When he returned to his home at night and after the farm and household chores were "done," instead of joining the family meal he would take from the cupboard a piece of corn bread, stretch his long legs out and eat, reading till late into the night. Thomas Lincoln would often complain, call the boy lazy and declare that so much "readin' would spile him." But his



OF MORE THAN ORDINARY INTEREST.

The hame in the above picture is one that belonged to Thomas Lincoln and was used by him in an old harness. The other is the handle of a scythe which Abraham Lincoln often used to cut grass.



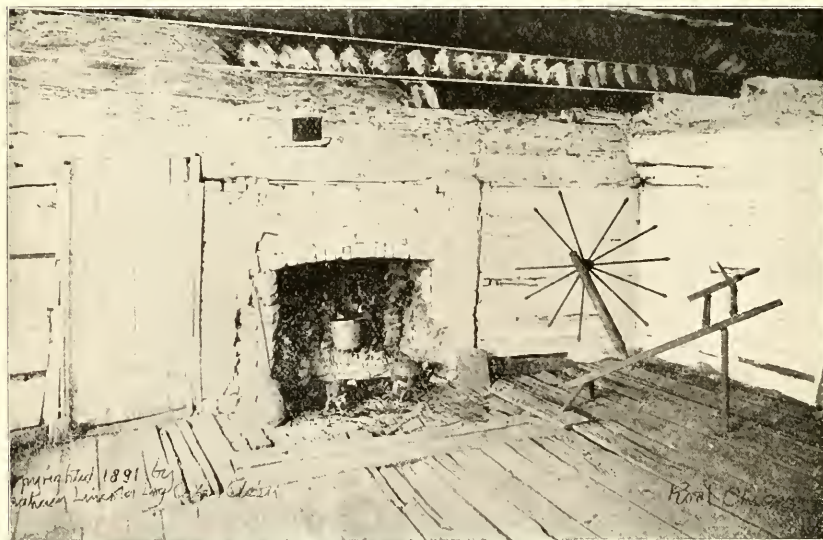
COW BELL.

The above picture is that of a cow bell which belonged to Thomas Lincoln when he lived in Indiana. The clapper being lost, the iron-bolt was fastened in the old bell by Abraham Lincoln during one of his visits at the old homestead.



FAMOUS BEDSTEAD.

The above picture shows the west room of the Lincoln Log Cabin and the bedstead upon which Abraham Lincoln's father and mother died. In the lower left-hand corner Abraham Lincoln slept on a bunk.



SPINNING WHEEL.

Interior of east room of the Lincoln Log Cabin, showing Grandmother Lincoln's Spinning-wheel and cooking utensils.

stepmother would take his part, and often in after years said that she "allers allowed Abe to read till he quit of his own accord."

The next five years of Abraham Lincoln's life were hard and the ugly monotony would have driven most boys to rebellion or dissipation. Though dwelling in the roughest of frontier settlements during this molding period of his life, yet he entered upon his manhood without having acquired a vice. His privations are full of pathos, but the successes of his life were gained through the discipline that was imposed upon him in his youth, and he owed his strength and patience to the vicissitudes that he had been obliged to endure. His spirit was tried by fire and in after years, through all the trying events of his political and public life as President of the United States, he never failed to do what was expected of him at the vital moment.

HIS FIRST BOOK

One day when doing some work for his old schoolmaster, Mr. Crawford, who had given up teaching and was now a citizen of the settlement, Abraham Lincoln found upon a table a copy of Weem's Life of Washington. This was a famous book in those days and the boy was very anxious to read it. Mr. Crawford loaned the book to the lad with the injunction that if anything happened to it he would have to pay for it. With this possibility staring him in the face the boy was unusually careful, always placing the book out of reach by putting it on the top of the highest shelf. There was, however, a big crack between the logs back of the rude book-case and accidentally the book fell against the opening. During the night a severe rainstorm came up and when Abe awoke in the morning he found the book completely watersoaked. Mr. Crawford was a cross and cranky old man, and when Abraham Lincoln told him of the accident he stormed and scolded and said that he must "pull fodder for his cattle for three days." Although the boy considered the penalty unjust, he said not a word but complied with the demand, and it was in this manner that Abraham Lincoln paid for the first book that he ever owned.

Not having been able to find in the different histories of Mr. Lin-

coln's life an account or even an allusion to the animal pets that a boy usually possesses, in one of my conversations I asked "Uncle John Hall" if Mr. Lincoln did not as a boy care for pets, such as rabbits, squirrels, birds, or dogs, remarking that as he always seemed so kind and tender to everything I imagined that he must have many. He replied to my question by saying, "Why, Uncle Abe allers wanted everything to be free and enjoy theirselves jest as God intended they should, but grandmarm use to tell us a story about a dog they onct hed and she'd told it like this:

A HEARTY RECEPTION

"The boys took it into their heads they'd like a dog, so Uncle Abe, John D. Johnston and the rest teased grandpap to get one. Wall, he found a bull pup that nobody cared for and brought it hum. Ye ought ter hev seed how tickled they wus. Jest arter this, father went down the river with a boat-load of stuff. In those days it took a long time to go down to New Orleans. Father wus gone six months, and of course the pup hed grown up to be quite a big dog. One day we wus all looking out of the winder when we seed your grandfather comin' through the woods. He had been gone so long we thought he wus dead. You jest reckon when we seed him we all rushed out and got around his neck, all of us and Aunt Betsy Hanks, and we hugged and hugged and kissed him and made the terriblest fuss you ever seed. But the bull dog, he didn't know what to think about such a row, and he was tu young when your grandfather went away to remember him, so he jest showed his teeth and took a holt, tu; but the holt wus behind and we didn't see the dog, but yer grandfather felt it though, and between the dog and all of us he hed a hard time. He hollered and kicked and throwed us first one way and then t'other and then tried to tackel the dog, but he hed hold in such a awk'ard place that before he could get rid of the pup the seat of his breeches wus nigh gone and he hed a wound, the scar of which he carried till he died.' Wall, that finished the dog business, and our folks all round haint much hands for a dog since no how."

CHAPTER X.

STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

IN SPITE of the historic interest connected with the place, time hung heavily. The commonness of all about us was so oppressive and the sweltering heat so depressing that my young lady friend was tempted to return to Chicago. The promise of a more varied and pleasanter visit reassured her and she concluded to remain and enjoy or suffer with me, as the case might be, the allotted period of our stay.

THE IRON WASHBOWL

The fourth day arrived and seemingly promised to be a repetition of the other uneventful and tiresome days. The heat was intolerable, Old Sol renewed his strength and was determined to test our powers of endurance. At last becoming disgusted we counseled together and decided upon a change. Looking across the fields we caught a glimpse of the old log cabin, shaded by the huge old locust tree that "Grandpap Lincoln" had planted soon after the erection of the log house. It was uninhabited, there was no steaming hot stove, the doors opposite were standing wide open and we knew a breeze must be blowing through the house. All this was indeed inviting. We determined to cross the "medder", and once again we stood within the shadow of the "old log cabin." Remaining on the north side of the house and sitting down upon an old stump, close to the door, upon which had stood the iron wash-bowl, in the days gone by (I could even see the dish of old-fashioned home-made soap), we took in the entire situation from an entirely different standpoint, and for the first time since our arrival enjoyed the peculiar circumstances that had befallen us.

"SARVIN' HIS TIME IN THE LEGISLATOOR"

Time turned backward, the cabin was a scene of life and activity again. Its inmates were humble, poor folks, yet the interior of the

house was clean and tidy. The fire was burning briskly, the tea-kettle was singing a merry song, the table was set, the younger members of the family were astride the fence looking down the road. Thomas Lincoln, whittling a stiek, was telling his neighbor that his son, who had "been sarvin' his time in the Legislatoor," was coming to see him. The mother, standing at the gate holding in her hand a bunch of hollyhocks and "bouncing betties" that grew so profusely in the front yard, was also watching for her boy, Abe. From an unexpected direction there appeared a tall, ungainly figure; upon his head was a "stove-pipe hat," in his hand an old black canvas satchel, and beside him a young woman who strove to keep step with his long paces. They approach the cabin. Cousin Sarah Hall, one of Mrs. Lincoln's granddaughters, had left the house unobserved and cutting "across lots" had interrupted her relative whom she begged to abandon the traveled road and stroll through the woods with her that she might first hear the news. With his usual kindness and willingness to please, Mr. Lincoln agreed to the proposition, and so they wandered down the riverbank and up through the woods, finally coming into the yard from an unexpected quarter.

A SNAKE STORY

Mr. Hall's recital of this circumstance was recalled and I could in imagination again hear him relate in his quaint and homely fashion the conversation that passed between Mrs. Lincoln and her granddaughter Sarah, Uncle John Hall's sister. "Sister Sary said to Grandmarn as they came into the yard, 'Wall, I ken now believe all that yer ever told me about Uncle Abe's bein' kind to dumb critters. Jest think of it, we run across a couple of big black snakes ahangin' from a paw paw tree and when I said to him, come quick and kill the black varmints, Uncle Abe jest turned around and seed them tu, ahangin' from a branch agettin' warm in the sun, and he walked off and wouldn't touch 'em, and he said, 'No, no, their lives are just as sweet to them as ours are to us.''"

UNKNOWN ENEMIES

Miss Coleman, stretched out at full length upon the grass in the shade of the old locust tree, had fallen asleep. I went into the cabin and explored its interior with the hope of finding some relic that had been overlooked and left behind by John Hall and his family, when they moved into the cottage on the hill. Nothing but emptiness and vacancy and loneliness was encountered; the silence appalled me and a consciousness of the presence of the departed took possession of me. Again Thomas Lincoln's pleasant voice responded to the "howdy" of his neighbor, with the answer, "Purty middling and that's the best of the hog ye know." The whirl of Grandma Lincoln's wheel was heard. Abraham Lincoln's tall, gaunt figure was bent, and his "high" hat was in his hand that he might pass through the low doorway. A sort of superstitious fear seized me and I fled from the house. My rapid and boisterous exit aroused the sleeping young woman. Rubbing her eyes and yawning, she demanded that we return to the little cottage. 'Twas twelve o'clock and time for dinner, she said. Unlatching the gate we passed out of the door-yard and intended to return to the house by way of the cornfield, but directly in front of us, in our path, was a drove of hogs which stared at us in such a ferocious manner that we felt the necessity of making a change of base, and therefore turned about and undertook to walk through the "medder lot," but here again we found an enemy, his royal highness, Mr. Bull, who eyed us so steadily that we climbed the high rail fence in considerable haste and awaited developments.

THE RESCUE

We had been missed from the house on the hill and our friend, Mr. Hall, getting anxious on account of our long delay, started out to find his guests. When he spied us on the top of the rail fence, holding on for dear life, he laughed immoderately and hallooed, "take courage, I'll save ye." Mr. Hall approached the "gentlemanly" creature and when he stroked him on the neck the heretofore vicious animal dropped his head and walked away as quietly as though he had never had any

unkind intentions. Mr. Hall politely assisted us to the ground, and we thanked our rescuer and rejoiced over our deliverance.

"DON'T BE SO SQUEAMISH"

Uncle John had told us of the wonderful sulphur spring whose waters had been described as being delicious and good for all kinds of "sores and eruptions." As a cure for the "seven-year itch" it was invaluable, and when he informed us that the spring was "jest over that rise of ground" we consented to accompany him. We were tired, hungry and so thirsty that almost any liquid would have been acceptable. Forming a cup with our hands we undertook to drink the sparkling water, but the odor was so peculiar and offensive that we absolutely refused to even taste it. Mr. Hall, dropping upon his knees, fairly plunged his face into the spring and taking a long draught said, "sho, women, don't be so squeamish but jest stop sniffing and take a stout pull."

"THAR WUS NOTHIN' BUT POVERTY"

Our host now kindly volunteered to guide us to the house and we gladly accepted his proffered service. The adventure was related to the family and Sis exclaimed, "I allers heerd that city women was afraid of farm critters and the like."

The afternoon was hot and sultry and the hours would have dragged had not Uncle John related many curious and quaint stories of the Lincoln family and their relatives. He dwelt upon the early life of Mr. Lincoln and recounted so many incidents of privation and discouragement and sorrow that I became exceedingly depressed and begged for anything that savored of humor or romance. My host shook his head and said, "Thar was nothing but poverty and work and misfortune for our family."

"PAW WENT TO FARMINGTON"

We retired at an earlier hour than usual that I might find, in slumber, a panacea for all life's griefs and discomforts. But after hours of restless tossing the idea of sleep was abandoned and I arose and sat in the open door, striving in vain to catch a refreshing breeze. The night

deepened; the uncanny and bewitching midnight-hour filled me with terror and drove me back into the hot, stifling atmosphere of the little front room. The "break of day" was gladly welcomed for the noise and bustle of the feathered tribe was an indication that the family would soon be astir, and my fainting condition relieved. But exhaustion overcame me and I fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep, and did not awaken until rudely shaken by Sis, who announced that "if I wanted to write any more stories that day about the President of the United States I'd hev to be up and doin', for paw hed to go down to Farmington and wanted to get offen his mind what he had to say afore he went." The day was so hot and sultry that I excused him and suggested to Miss Coleman that we also take "a day off."

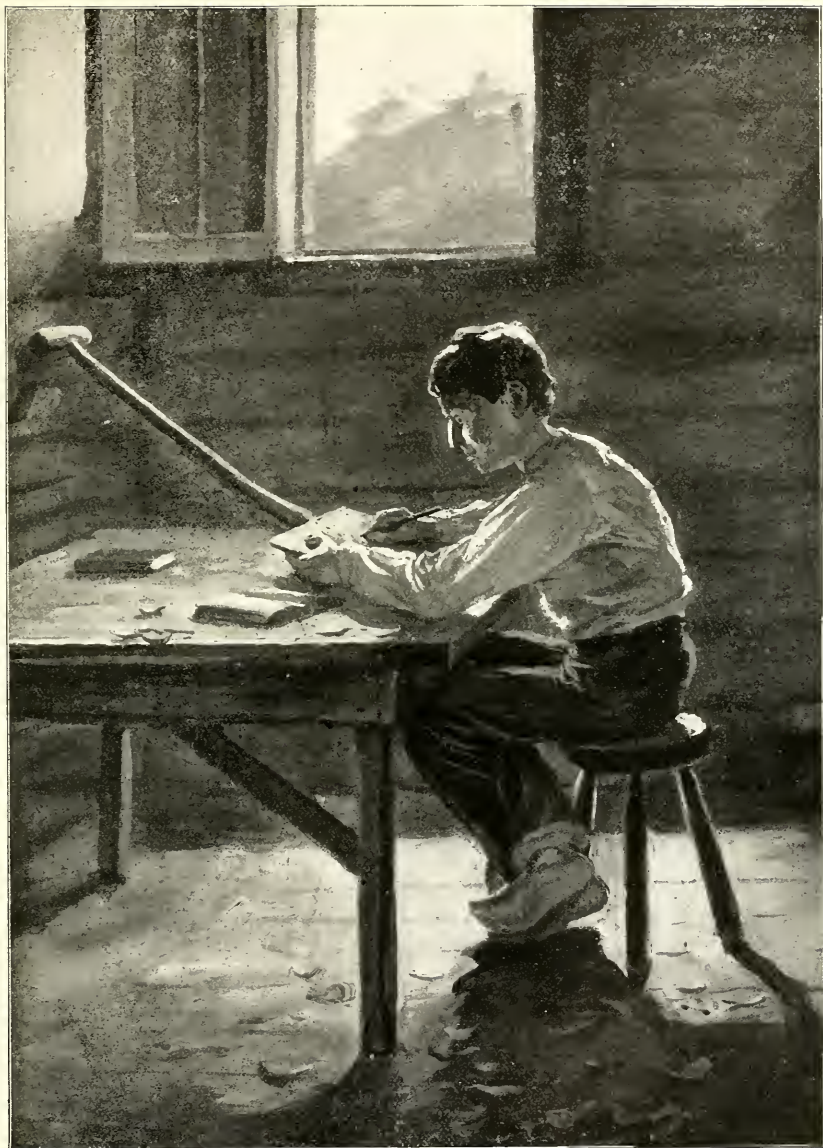
CHAPTER XI.

STARTING OUT IN LIFE

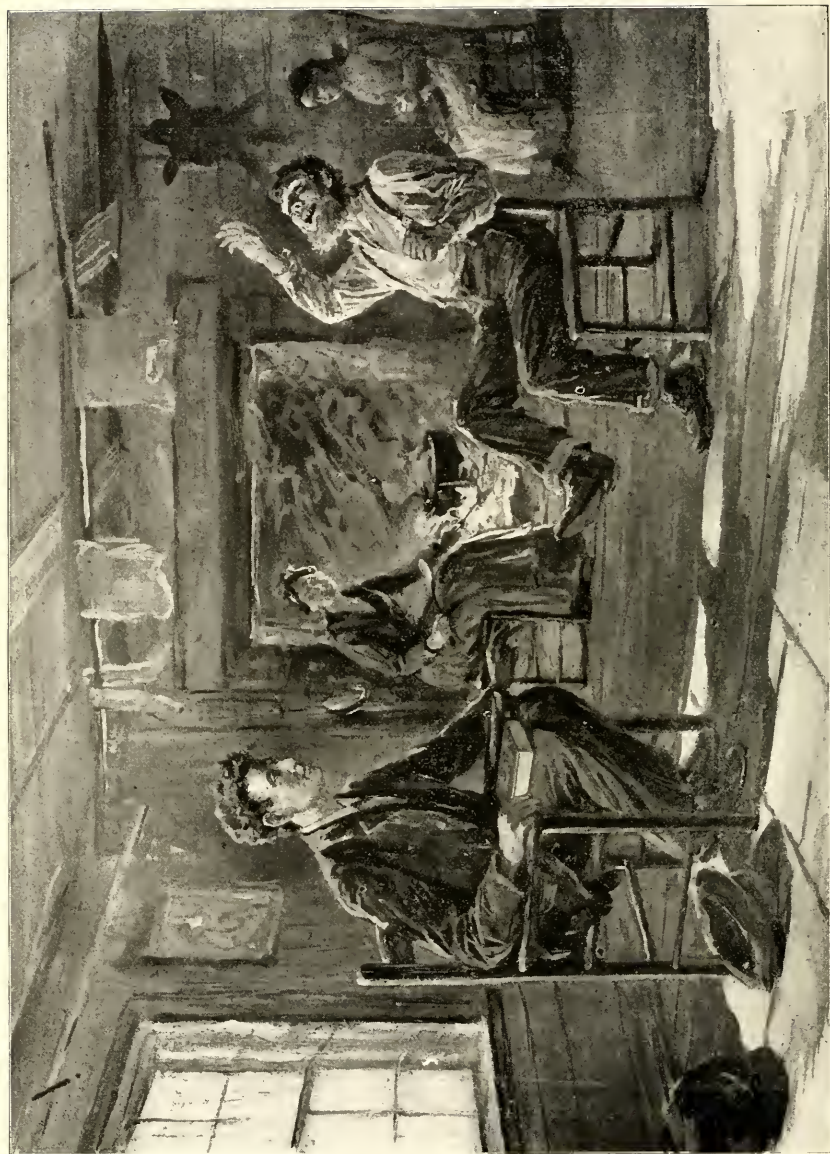
IN THOSE days when Abraham Lincoln was a young lad the son's wages belonged to the father until twenty-one years old; but as the country was sparsely settled and the people very poor we cannot imagine that Abraham Lincoln earned a fortune for either himself or his father. When he was sixteen years old he ran a ferry boat across the mouth of Anderson Creek where it empties into the Ohio River. When he was not paddling the boat across the stream he was doing farm and house chores. He remained with his employer nine months, and during that time was hostler, plough-boy, ferryman and farm hand. When he was at work in the house he did everything from running the hand mill that ground the meal for the family to performing the duties that belong to a "maid-of-all-work," for all of which he received but six dollars a month. His accommodations were uncomfortable and he was obliged to sleep in the loft with his employer's son, who often insulted and ridiculed him.

MR. CRAWFORD'S NOSE

After this experience he went back to his old home and loafed about, as young Abe called it, for awhile, building fires, carrying water, chopping wood, splitting rails, ploughing, sowing, reaping or choring for the women. At last he became so perfectly ravenous for "some reading" that he hired out to cross, old Mr. Crawford that he might get a chance to read all of his books. While in Mr. Crawford's employ he really enjoyed himself, although the cranky old man "docked him" whenever he "missed time." During this period of his life, however, he gathered a great deal of information and instruction from the small but well-selected library. After having finished his engagement he took his revenge upon his hard taskmaster by writing some very funny verses about Mr. Crawford's nose. The nose was very large, crooked



ABE'S PARENTS TOO POOR TO FURNISH HIM A SLATE.

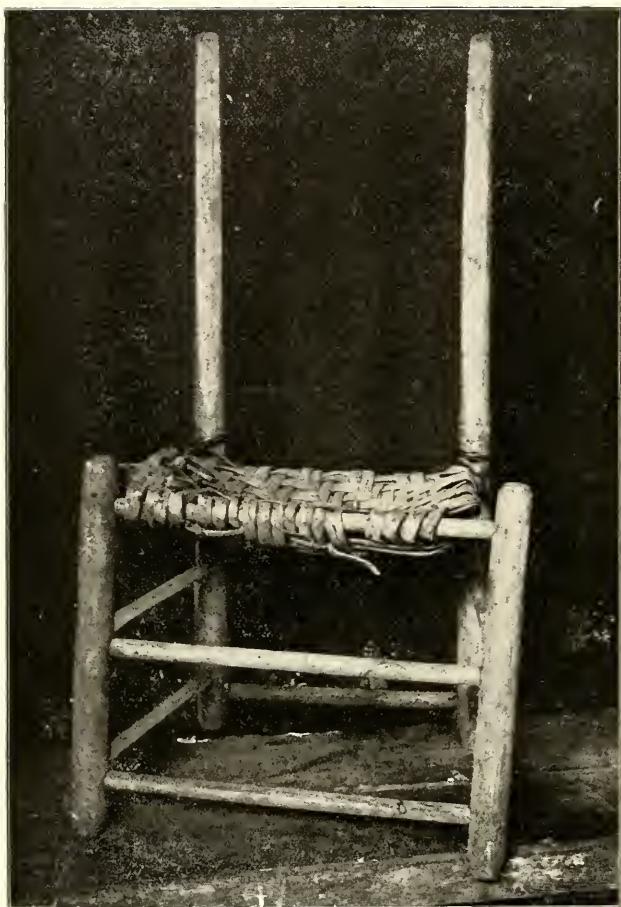


LINCOLN AS A BOOK AGENT.



SARAH BUSH JOHNSTON LINCOLN.

'This photograph of Abraham Lincoln's stepmother was taken when she was ninety years of age.



THE VACANT CHAIR.

The above family relic made by Thomas Lincoln for his wife, Nancy Hanks, tells a story of early love in the Lincoln Home.

and pulpy, and the verses were very poor, but both verses and nose became very famous all about the country.

THE EXAMPLE OF EARLY HARDSHIPS

No matter what circumstance or condition came into Abraham Lincoln's life, instead of complaining, he profited by the severe experiences. 'As the years progressed and his hardships and privations increased, he met them with a firm determination to conquer. The struggle for the mastery did much to perfect that character, which for quaint simplicity, gentleness, integrity and honest purpose has never been surpassed among the historic personages of the world. His example will surely teach the lesson that no matter how poor one may be or how few advantages one may possess, he can, if he will, acquire sufficient education to get through the world, not only respectably, but honorably. That no matter how lowly one's origin, or how humble one's home, he may rise to affluence and power. He may, as did Abraham Lincoln, become the choice of the people—the representative of a mighty nation.

ABE KEPT RIGHT ON

Naturally I inferred, as no doubt most people have, that young Abe was considered, among his associates and the inhabitants of the primitive settlement, an exceedingly smart boy, and so I remarked to Mr. Hall. An emphatic "No" was the response of my host, who immediately launched out into a somewhat lengthy account of what the neighbors and family thought of Abe's ability: "Grandmarm said 'that Abe wasn't considered nigh so smart as Uncle John D. Johnston, who could talk well, dress well, and go about the neighborhood of an evening.' Nuther wus he much of hand to go among the gals 'cept to corn shuckin', and as John D. Johnston, grandmarm's son, wus right peart, she told him onct that John would cut him out with the gals; but Abe said 'that didn't bother him any,' and so the folks kept thinking that John wus the smartest of the two, 'cause he wus allers sittin' in the house at night porin' over his books, quiet and sad like, and John could talk right smart like. At last John began to quit larnin', but Abe kept

right on. Then his mother told him that Abe was gittin' the start of him, but he ses, ses he: 'Don't care, marm, 'cause I can go with Mahala Anderson, a right smart girl, who wears a right smart pair of mittens and cuts a pea in two and jest eats ha'f at a bite;' but grandmarm said 'that Uncle Abe was allers asked to all the shuckin' bees and he wus the fust one chosen, 'cause they knowed his side war shore to win, and allers after the bee wus over he had to rastle with some of the boys, or he'd tell some of his cur'us stories that wus so funny they'd make a hog laugh.' "

ABE BECAME A LEADER

We are told some wonderful stories concerning Abraham Lincoln's marvelous strength, and no doubt he was an unusually strong boy, for his severe training and extraordinary size gave him great advantages. It is well known that in physical strength and athletic feats he was the master of them all, but he was never quarrelsome, nor disposed to make an unpleasant show of his powers. Nor was it because he was strong and active, but merely because he was fair and honest and true and just in all his relations with those about him that he became a leader among the boys and young men of his neighborhood.

THE STUMP SPEAKER

About this time he got hold of a book called "The Kentucky Preceptor," and from this speaker he got his inspiration for oratory. In the harvest field, at the noon hour, he would mount a stump and his rough, uneducated audiences were held spellbound with the magic of his then young and no doubt crude oratory. The farm hands would stand about with hands jammed down into the pockets of their trousers and mouths wide open, unmindful of the flight of time, till either his father or his employer would seize him and drag him from the improvised platform. Again in the evening the neighbors would gather to hear him spout, as they called his speechmaking, and thus he would entertain and amuse the crowd oftentimes till after midnight. Even at this early age he was noted for his "funny and odd stories," a gift which he had inherited from his father, who, though shiftless and lazy, was always good natured and something of a genius in his own way.

ABE'S FIRST VOYAGE

That Abraham Lincoln was perfectly content with the humdrum life that he was leading, and was satisfied with the uncomfortable conditions of his surroundings, is not at all probable. He had already caught glimpses of life in the outside world, a life of greater significance and greater dignity. Echoes from the large towns and cities had reached his ears.

He was now eighteen years old, and was beginning to chafe at his limited horizon. He had learned the use of tools, and by nature possessed considerable mechanical talent, and so he set to work to build a boat and in it row out into the wide, wide world.

TWO SILVER HALF DOLLARS

Mr. Lincoln himself never gave any detailed account of his ventures, but after he became the Chief Executive of the United States he told Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, the following story: "I was standing at a landing on the Ohio River and a steamer was coming down the river. At the same time two passengers came to the river's brink who wished to be taken with their luggage out to the packet. They selected my boat and asked me to scull them to the steamer. This I did, and after seeing them and their trunks on board I had the pleasure of receiving a silver half dollar from each of the gentlemen. I could scarcely believe my eyes." And, facing Mr. Seward, he said: "You may think this a very simple matter, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could hardly realize that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me; I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

ABE'S SECOND VOYAGE

This event aroused a new train of thought and urged the young man on to further and larger effort. At the age of nineteen Abraham Lincoln made his second voyage, and at this time caught something more than a glimpse of the great world in which he was to play so important and tragic a part. A neighbor applied to him to take charge of a flat

boat and its cargo, and in company with his own son take it to New Orleans. He was given charge of the entire business, and the fact that he had never made the trip, knew nothing of river navigation, and was unaccustomed to business transactions, made the contract an unusual proceeding. But Abraham Lincoln's tact, ability and honesty were so thoroughly established that the trader did not feel the least hesitancy in trusting him with the cargo and his son's welfare.

The young men of to-day cannot imagine the delight that entered into the heart of young Lincoln as he swung loose from the shore upon his clumsy craft and realized that he had started upon a journey of nearly eighteen hundred miles.

With modern inventions and the innovation of the iron horse into all parts of our great and wealthy country, it is utterly impossible that any of those early and simple conditions can now exist.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

The incidents of the trip were not likely to be very exciting, but the social intercourse that the young man enjoyed with the hunters and settlers along the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, and an exchange of ideas with the boatmen of similar craft was a wellspring of joy and pleasure to the backwoodsman. At length the boat was pulled in and tied to the shore for the purpose of trade at a sugar plantation somewhere between Natchez and New Orleans. Night was approaching and consequently business must be deferred until morning. The tired voyagers laid down to rest and sleep, when Abraham heard a noise that aroused his suspicion. He shouted, "Who's there." The noise continued, and not waiting for a reply, Lincoln sprang to his feet and discovered several negroes evidently intending to steal the cargo. Seizing a handspike, he rushed toward them and knocked into the water the first one that attempted to get on to the boat. The second, third and fourth, who tried to leap on board, were served in the same rough way. The remainder, no doubt, felt that they would meet the same fate, and so they turned to flee, but Lincoln and his young companion had become so excited that they jumped ashore and gave chase to the negroes, whom they soon overtook and gave all of them a sound

pounding. The young men returned to the boat just as the first colored men were escaping from the water, but further pursuit was abandoned. Abraham and his companion were injured, but not disabled, and being unarmed they were unwilling to remain at that point any longer for fear that the negroes would receive reinforcements. Cutting loose, the boat floated down the river a few miles and was tied up again, while the now excited young men eagerly watched for the day to dawn.

ARRIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS

The trip was made to New Orleans without further accident, and when the young men arrived at the Crescent City the unusual sights of that peculiar Southern metropolis burst upon their view, and the country boys were both astonished and delighted.

The anticipation and anxiety of bringing to a successful issue the business that he had been intrusted with, absorbed Abraham Lincoln's attention so closely that he gave little heed to the peculiar customs and methods that prevailed in that city before the war. After some unexpected delay and worriment he succeeded in selling the entire cargo at a good profit.

Being relieved of the pressing business, Abraham Lincoln and his young friend concluded to look about and take in the sights.

The institution of slavery was a question that the young lad had pondered over. He had often been heard to express himself as being "sorry for the black man's enslavement, and often said that when he grew to be a man he hoped that he could help free the negro."

Here was an opportunity for the young man to see the effects of the unjust institution in all its deformity and evil results. From this time on till the shackles of millions of slaves were broken, Abraham Lincoln never ceased to speak in open condemnation of slavery.

THE RETURN

The trip was at last ended. The cargo sold for money and the raft itself also disposed of, the young men retraced their tedious journey on foot, which occupied several weeks.

The venturesome enterprise for two such youths turned out a capital thing, and when their narrow escape was known the trip on the flatboat was talked of as a wonderful expedition, and Abraham Lincoln received the credit of being a good boatman, an excellent manager and a first-class salesman.

The success of the journey and its satisfactory results were due to the tact, judgment, ability and fidelity of the young man, and his employer was not chary in his praise. He was heard to say with considerable conceit: "I was sure of my man, for I had tested Abe Lincoln's honesty in more ways than one."

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND NEW HOME—VISIONS OF WEALTH

THOMAS LINCOLN'S household was now greatly diminished. There had been three weddings in the family. Sarah Lincoln, his daughter, when only fifteen years old, had married Aaron Grigsby, a young man living near neighbor to the "Linkhorns," as the name was then pronounced. The sister of Abraham had been married but a year when she died, thus adding another severe sorrow to young Abe's tender and sensitive heart. In speaking of the marriage of Mrs. Lincoln's two daughters, Mr. Hall refers to that of his mother's, who was Matilda Johnston, the younger girl, in the following manner: "Grandmarm told me that grandpap was so awful poor that she was glad to have mother get married, and that when she was fourteen years old paw, who wus only nineteen, came along and asked her to hitch up. She said yes right smart." Glancing at me, Uncle John Hall said: "I can't think that paw and ma wus much better off than grandpap, because they hed to go out in the woods and gather leaves for to make their bed of, and so they hed to stay with grandpap and grandmarm till they could get somethin' ahead."

ANOTHER PROMISED LAND

A general discontent now seized the entire Lincoln household and the members of the family began to talk of "moving away" from Indiana. The country was still very unhealthful, the land was difficult of cultivation and the sons-in-law as well as Abraham were anxious to make a change in order to better their condition if possible. Reports were now coming to the family that the prairie lands of Illinois were rich beyond imagination; that farms could be obtained for almost nothing; that the land only needed the plough and the hoe to make it immediately productive.

DENNIS HANKS' RETURN

One day Dennis Hanks, who had been with the Lincolns since the death of his mother, Betsy Sparrow, came rushing into the house and announced his intention of going over into Illinois for the purpose of finding a farm big enough and rich enough for the "hull family." The young man left with high hopes, and the inmates of the humble home anxiously awaited his return. In proper season he came back and gave such glowing accounts of the new country that the family were anxious to move at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Lincoln sold out his squatter's claim in Indiana and early in the spring of 1829, with his family, his two sons-in-law and their wives and children, left the old home for the promised land.

THE JOURNEY TO ILLINOIS

Mr. Hall's quaint and peculiar description of the journey to Illinois and the life and changes of the Lincoln family will interest the reader and convey a true impression of those unfortunate days that came to Abraham Lincoln and his people. He said: "Grandpap and grandmarm got so awful poor when they lived down in Indiany that their cows took the milk sickness and all of the family got the milk fever; why Aunt Betsy Hanks like to died with it, and the times wus hard and the pickin' so poor they jest made up their minds they would move, and so we picked up and come over into Illinoy and settled jest a few miles from where Decatur is now located. I wus a suckin' babe when they left Indiany and we moved all on one big wagon from Spencer County, Indiany. There wus father and mother and John D. Johnston, Abe Lincoln and grandmarm, Uncle Dennis Hanks, Uncle John Hanks and his wife and Aunt Sarry and her man and Grandpap Lincoln. The team that we moved with wus a four yoke of oxen." Pointing to the old cabin, he said: "Don't you mind that old yoke that hangs on the north side of the old cabin? Well, that's the same old yoke that grandpap brought up from Indiany. Uncle Abe he druv one of the teams and grandmarm said, 'He'd often carry me in his arms.' When we first come to this State we stopped at Macon County. Grandfather Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Last photograph.)

Reproduction of a photograph taken one week before the assassination.



MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Photograph taken in party costume during Mr. Lincoln's residence at the White House.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Appointed commanding general of all the armies by President Lincoln in 1864.

and Uncle Abe Lincoln cut the poles and built a log house. Then they split rails to fence in ten acres of prairie land right on the edge of the timber, and took it for a squatter's claim. They lived on this place about a year, but they all liked to died with the chills and fever, and wus afraid to stay there any longer for fear they'd all die off. That winter the snow come so stiff they could catch deer on the top of it. The snow would break through with the deer, but not with the dogs, and then they'd chase them down.

MAKE ANOTHER MOVE

"The next year we moved ag'in to a place south of Mattoon and called it Buck Grove, because the men found two big bucks what had been fightin', with their horns locked together, and they hed died that way. They built a log house and lived there one year, I think, and then went down in the timber, further south two or three miles, and built another house. They stayed there but a short time, when grandpap took it into his head ag'in that he hed to move. He wus an uncommon uneasy man, and a moving about so much seemed to make him mighty unfortunate. Grandmarm said 'it wus like the children of Israel trying to find the promised land,' but no Red Sea divided fur them, fur in coming up from Indiany they hed to ford thru many a swollen stream and all sorts of other difficulties beset 'em."

COMING OF AGE

Abraham Lincoln was now twenty-one years of age, and he had determined to see the world for himself—to branch out and seek his fortune. He so announced his intention and left home, although he still remained in the neighborhood, paying for his board and clothes by splitting rails, for money was a commodity never reckoned upon in the Lincoln family. It is told by Mr. Herdon, one of Mr. Lincoln's biographers, that he made a bargain with one of the women in the settlement, "that for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, he would split her four hundred rails." In those days Abraham Lincoln often walked five, six and seven miles to his work.

ANOTHER MOVE

Again Mr. Hall took up the narrative and said: "Well, ag'in, in the spring of 1831, grandpap moved and come up here into Coles County and built a log house jest a little northeast of where the cabin now stands." This last statement I did not quite understand, therefore I questioned. The information I gained put me in possession of the fact that the east room of the cabin was built by Thomas Lincoln and Uncle Abe some distance from its present site. After a few months it was moved down nearer the road leading from Goose Prairie to Charleston, and Abraham Lincoln insisted that another room should be added. The house now contained thirteen people, young and old, and there was no opportunity for Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln to have a quiet moment. Abraham Lincoln upon the occasion of his visit at this time announced his intention "of cutting entirely adrift from the old life," and insisted that the "new room" should be erected at once. He remained long enough to assist his father in building and completing the west room of the old log cabin, and also succeeded in putting his mother into more comfortable quarters.

PRIMITIVE TOOLS

All the tools that Abraham and his father used in the construction of the cabin were simple in the extreme—a common ax, a broad ax, a hand-saw and a "drawer knife." The doors and floors were made of punch-ions, and the gable ends of the structure were boarded up with plank "rived" by Abraham's hand out of oak timber. The boards used for the roofs were cut by Thomas Lincoln, and it took him six months "to complete the job." Forty acres of land were secured and Abraham promised to help his father pay for the farm if he was ever able.

The time had now come when Abraham Lincoln bade his father and mother a final farewell. In referring to this family event Mr. Hall said that his "Grandmarm Lincoln" expressed herself as follows:

"When Uncle Abe went away to live we all jest thought the hull world wus gone, and when he'd come back to see us we'd hug and kiss him and try to get him to promise that he'd never go ag'in no more."

It is said by Mr. Lincoln's biographers that at this time he was the roughest looking man that one could imagine. He was so tall, so angular, so ungainly, and wore trousers made of flax, cut tight at the ankle and baggy at the knees—that he indeed made a comical and ridiculous looking figure. He was known to be exceedingly poor, but yet he was a welcome guest in every house at which he ever called.

CHAPTER XIII.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH HIMSELF

GOING back to the neighborhood from whence he came but a few months previous, he was told that John D. Johnston and his uncle, John Hanks, had been engaged by a trader named Denton Offutt to take a "boatload of stuff" to New Orleans. They were indeed glad to have their relative put in an appearance at this time, for he had been down the river and his experience, united with his good sense, made him a very acceptable party. For a small consideration they engaged Abraham Lincoln to pilot the raft and help them dispose of the cargo.

ABRAHAM BECOMES A CLERK

When the men returned and reported an unusually good sale Mr. Offutt realized that the management of the entire trip and its successful issue was the result of the young man's good judgment. The trader offered him a position in his country store. Abraham Lincoln was more than pleased and eagerly accepted the offer. Mr. Offutt soon became impressed with the honesty and capacity of his new clerk and intrusted him with the entire business of his store, and his mill as well.

It was during his term of service with Mr. Offutt at New Salem, Ill., that many of Abraham Lincoln's traits of character were thoroughly tested. Upon one occasion he discovered that he had overcharged a customer, and in order to rectify his mistake and return the money he was obliged to walk several miles, but that fact did not alter his purpose, and he tramped the entire way in order to refund the money.

WHIPPING THE BULLY

He was living in a community containing some coarse and vulgar men who had no respect for women; Abraham Lincoln had upon several occasions reproved some of these roughs, and the bully of the town un-

dertook to pick a quarrel with him. Sauntering into the store, and in the presence of several women, the rude fellow began a tirade of profane and obscene language. Leaning over the counter and speaking in a low tone Mr. Lincoln politely requested the young man to cease using such words. The bully said in reply "that he'd like to see the man that could stop him from saying anything that he chose to say," and still persisted in insulting the customers. After the departure of the women the bully began to abuse Mr. Lincoln, and dared him to come out and fight. Striving to calm the young man's anger by keeping perfectly cool Abraham Lincoln was at last obliged to retaliate. Patience had ceased to be a virtue, and, remarking to the crowd that had gathered about, "Well, if he must be whipped, I suppose I can do it as well as any other man." Mr. Lincoln without further parley proceeded to give him a sound thrashing, and for further punishment rubbed his face and eyes with a sharp and stinging weed, until the bully fairly roared with pain and anger.

LINCOLN MASTERS GRAMMAR

It was while young Lincoln was engaged in the duties of "store life" that he commenced the study of English grammar. He could not, however, obtain a text-book in the neighborhood, but, hearing that a friend of his, Mr. L. M. Green, a lawyer, living eight miles distant, possessed a grammar, he walked to his friend's home and succeeded in borrowing the book, which he studied diligently at every spare moment, and whenever his friend would come to New Salem Lincoln would take him aside and ask him to explain some of the most obscure and difficult parts. At last the book was completed and the young man observed that "if grammar was a science he reckoned he could master others." It was during this period of his life that Abraham Lincoln became interested in debate, and many of the "sparring matches" as they were called by the young men of that section, were held in Mr. Offutt's store. It was here that Abraham Lincoln made his first political speech, and its delivery gave evidence of his powers of oratory. At the end of the year, business and trade having been so slack, Mr. Offutt was obliged to close the store and shut down the mill, and in consequence Abraham

Lincoln was out of employment. Though he had received small wages and performed constant service yet the year's hard experience had not been lost. He had made new and valuable acquaintances, had read many books, had won a host of friends, and had established a name that was more valuable than all the rest. Everywhere and by everybody he was called "Honest Abe." This reputation and name won for him honor, respect, and power then, as it afterward did throughout his entire career.

He was a pacificator, an arbitrator, everybody's friend, and an authority. He was called the homeliest young man, but at the same time the kindest, the gentlest, the strongest and the best natured fellow in all the country about.

LINCOLN GOES TO WAR

Abraham Lincoln, now being out of business, concluded to enlist in what was known as the Black Hawk War. Many of the recruits were from New Salem and the country about and were personal friends of Mr. Lincoln. The method of selecting army officers in those days was rather unique. The candidates were placed opposite each other and the soldiers were told to make their preference. Abraham Lincoln was the successful candidate, and when those who had just chosen his opponent changed their minds and also came over to Lincoln's side he could scarcely repress his delight. It is said that Mr. Lincoln subsequently confessed that no other success of his life gave him the genuine pleasure that this election did. The Black Hawk War was not a very remarkable affair and Mr. Lincoln never spoke of it in public other than as an interesting episode in his life. But no doubt he must have related some of his experiences to his relatives, for Mr. Hall said that when "we children ast grandpap if Uncle Abe was allers good natured he said, yes, he never did get mad or out of humor, 'cept onct when he wus in the Black Hawk War, a right smart feller kept imposin' upon him and pickin' at him till he said, 'If you don't dry up, I'll kick you into the river.' But the feller didn't stop his foolin' and Abe done jest what he said he would and then walked off as cool as could be."

TALKING ABOUT UNCLE ABE

At this point in Mr. Hall's conversation, an old acquaintance of the Lincoln family called to make some inquiries concerning the old homestead, and catching the final words of Mr. Hall's recital asked if he was talking about Uncle Abe.

An answer in the affirmative elicited further inquiry, and when the caller understood that I was trying to learn something concerning Mr. Lincoln's career as a soldier and officer during the Black Hawk War, he volunteered to bring me a book which probably contained the information I desired.

As good as his word, the farmer came the next day, bringing the promised book, which contained the following humorous reference made by Mr. Lincoln himself to his military career.

A MILITARY HERO

It was while Mr. Lincoln was a representative in Congress that the friends of General Lewis Cass, when that gentleman was a candidate for the Presidency, endeavored to endow him with a military reputation. This sort of pretension was so obnoxious to Mr. Lincoln that he used it as an instrument of ridicule, and in a sarcastic and irresistibly ludicrous allusion, said:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, do you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir; in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled and came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards.

DID NOT BREAK HIS SWORD

"It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion.

"If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many

bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often hungry."

In after years, when Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for the presidency, some of his campaign biographers undertook to make a little political thunder for him out of his connection with the Black Hawk War, but he expressed himself as being quite disgusted with such pretense.

CHAPTER XIV.

LINCOLN'S FIRST CANDIDACY

THE soldiers engaged in the Black Hawk War from Sangamon County arrived home just ten days before election, and Abraham Lincoln had made himself such a favorite that his comrades requested him to allow his name to be placed among the candidates for the Legislature. Could anyone have been more surprised than was this obscure and humble young man when such honor and recognition were thrust upon him? His nomination was secured, and in accepting it Lincoln made a few quaint and brief remarks, such as ever after characterized his speech. He assured his friends that if elected he would be thankful to them and should always do his duty, but if not elected it would be just the same.

LINCOLN'S DEFEAT

Mr. Lincoln received a large vote—his friends worked for him, his soldier comrades voted for him, but the State of Illinois was too generally Democratic, and he was therefore defeated. Can anyone doubt that Abraham Lincoln was not a disappointed man? The first excitement over he looked about and found himself a stranded man, with no occupation, trade or profession. He now began to think seriously of learning the blacksmith's trade. Notwithstanding he had made up his mind to pursue this course yet he was so anxious and ambitious to live in a more elevated sphere of thought and action that he was ready to catch at any straw as a drowning man might, and when an immediate opportunity offered itself he became a partner in a dry goods firm. His associate, however, proved a worthless, dissipated man and soon wrecked the entire business. The venture was both unfortunate and valuable. Though it left Mr. Lincoln burdened with debt, yet he was rich in experience.

Wherever he went or whatever he undertook he made friends. One of his biographers has said: "Lincoln had nothing, only plenty of friends," and when his financial trouble overtook him some of his admirers asked for his appointment as postmaster. He was delighted with the office. It gave him a chance to read every newspaper that went through the postoffice, and now for the first time in his life he had "a constant feast of reading." The business of the office was very insignificant and he did not feel as if he was morally compelled to spend his entire time at the office. The postoffice he carried with him, and Uncle Sam's servant took off his hat, looked over the mail and distributed it wherever the public found him. He kept the position of postmaster until the mail delivery was removed to Petersburg.

ABE LINCOLN'S HONESTY

One of the most beautiful exhibitions of Mr. Lincoln's honesty occurred in connection with the settlement of his accounts with the post-office department several years afterwards.

It was after he had become a lawyer, and at a period in his life when he was distressed financially. He had but just acquired his law education under unusually adverse circumstances. He was perplexed and worried and so exceedingly poor that many another man would have yielded to temptation and appropriated, if only as a loan, the money that he had in his possession. But it was safe with Abraham Lincoln, though he had starved.

It was one day after he had formed a law partnership with Major Stuart, that the agent of the postoffice department entered and inquired if Abraham Lincoln was in. Mr. Lincoln answered in the affirmative, and the agent told him that he had called to collect the balance due the department since the New Salem postoffice had been discontinued.

THE OLD TIN BOX

Mr. Lincoln seemed annoyed, and a friend who was present offered to loan him the required amount. Making no reply Mr. Lincoln rose and pulled out from under a pile of papers a small tin box. Turning around he faced the agent and asked him what the amount was. The

sum was named. Mr. Lincoln took from the box a package, unfastened the wrapping, and counted out the exact amount, which was a little more than seventeen dollars.

After the agent left the room Abraham Lincoln quietly remarked that he "never used any man's money but his own." Although the money had been in his possession for several years, and he had often been hungry for food, he had never used one cent of it, even for a temporary purpose. It was this rigid honesty that made Mr. Lincoln so responsible and trustworthy. This quality of honesty in Mr. Lincoln's character was his strongest fortification, and through all the years of his career, in which there were many epochs of absolute penury, he did not swerve one iota from the straight and narrow path.

In these days of money-getting and money-keeping, it is well for the young lad to pause and consider this lesson. The reputation that Mr. Lincoln won as Honest Abe was more priceless than money or position, and he had honestly gained the name by actual proof over and over again. Because of this very characteristic, thus it was that an anxious nation trusted him with its welfare, and knew that he would not betray his trust.

The postoffice having "winked out," as Mr. Lincoln expressed it, he was now ready for something else and it came to him from an unexpected quarter. The surveyor of Sangamon County needed an assistant, and though he found Mr. Lincoln entirely ignorant of the science of surveying, yet his employer loaned him a text-book and assigned him quite a large territory.

LINCOLN THE SURVEYOR

Mr. Lincoln was quite satisfied with the terms, because his employment furnished him with sufficient means to earn his daily living and also procure some books. During his twelve months' engagement he was a close student and constant reader, and he performed his work with such accuracy that the surveys that he made were never disputed. Lincoln had not the least knowledge of surveying, and now having accepted the position he was obliged to acquire the science in the shortest

possible time, and he did. He was a close student, and after a brief study procured a compass and chain and started boldly in at the work.

His first attempt ended in discouraging and disastrous results, for his chain and compass were attached, to pay a debt for which Mr. Lincoln was surety. The implements were, however, bought by a friend, who immediately returned them to the young man, and bade him fear no more trouble.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. LINCOLN'S POLITICAL CAREER

MR. LINCOLN was still miserably poor, still a humble man—humble in condition but not in spirit. There is no doubt but even at this time he had begun to think of a political life. He was now thoroughly familiar with the history of the politicians and statesmen of his country. He was already a marked and peculiar man. People were talking about him. His studious habits, his greed for information, his power in story-telling, his quaint, odd ways, and his uncouth appearance were attracting the attention of all classes. Wherever he appeared he was the center of attraction. His duties as surveyor had brought him in touch with the people of other localities and he had already made something of a record as a "stump speaker." He made no pretension to win favor; he was the poorest and plainest man in all the country about, but yet again in 1834 he became a candidate for the Legislature and was elected by the highest vote cast for any candidate. He was elected because he had made no enemies, because people were glad to see him rise, and because he was honest, was truthful, was kind and unselfish.

LINCOLN BEGINS TO STUDY LAW

During the Black Hawk War Mr. Lincoln had met Major John T. Stuart, a lawyer of Springfield, who then told Abraham Lincoln that if he could ever be of service to him to let him know. At the close of the canvass which resulted in his election Mr. Lincoln walked to Springfield, borrowed some books from his friend and took them back to New Salem. It was at this time that Mr. Lincoln began the study of law. He studied as diligently and as thoroughly as he had read. He was so absorbed in his new study that he could think of nothing else, until he was forced to stop for absolute lack of food. A surveying tour would bring him some money, and then he would devote

himself again to his books, and so the days passed until the convening of the Legislature, when he dropped his books, hung his satchel upon a stick, slung it across his shoulder and on foot, trudged a hundred miles to Vandalia, then the capital of the State of Illinois.

THE YOUNGEST MAN IN THE LEGISLATURE

During this session Mr. Lincoln learned much but talked very little, and in referring to that period of his life Mr. Lincoln said: "By so doing I made no mistakes to be rectified at another session." Though the youngest man in the Legislature, he was always in his place, and faithful to all duties imposed upon him. When the session closed he walked home as he came, and resumed the study of law, but took up surveying again as a means of livelihood.

Again in 1836 he was honored by the people of his district. The canvass was an unusually exciting one, but, as before, he was elected by a good majority. It was during this campaign that Mr. Lincoln made an unusually brilliant speech. As he grew inspired with his subject, the tall, awkward, homely man became majestic in his bearing. His face was illumined with a radiance unseen before and his dreamy eyes were filled with the light of inspiration. From that day to the day of his death, he was recognized as one of the most powerful orators in the county. Among those who composed the members of the House that session many of them became distinguished men, and it was during this term of the Legislature that Mr. Lincoln associated with and was often pitted against the brightest men of his State.

CHANGING THE CAPITAL

Although but twenty-seven years old he was pushed to the front and became an important factor in the work of the House. It was during this session that through his immediate and unceasing efforts the capital of Illinois was changed from Vandalia to Springfield. Thus, with no early education or culture or training, he had achieved what the best educated and most favored would have been proud to do.

This session of the Legislature was notable for its connection with the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's anti-slavery history.

The agitation of the slave question was just beginning to create great uneasiness among the people, both at the North and the South. The slaveholders were as agitated as the politician, and the subject was broached in this session of the Illinois Legislature. A resolution in behalf of slavery was offered, and an attempt was made to stigmatize all who refused to endorse the same. Only two men in the house, Abraham Lincoln and Dan Stone, both from Sangamon County, had the manliness to refuse to vote for the "offensive resolution." It was something for these two men to stand out and declare their principles against the entire House.

This act was the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's anti-slavery record. This little protest was the platform on which he stood and fought out the great battle whose "trophy was four million freemen" and a redeemed nation.

MEETING STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

It was also at this session that Mr. Lincoln met Stephen A. Douglas, who was then only twenty-three years old and the youngest man in the House. These two young men had now set out on their important careers, one to disappointment and a grave of unsatisfied hopes and baffled ambitions, the other to the realization of his highest dreams of achievement and renown, and a martyrdom that crowns his memory with an undying glory.

The young solon had made no money, and was still about as poor as they make them. His clothes were shabby and thin, and the weather was raw and cold.

It is said by one of Mr. Lincoln's biographers that he complained to a friend, who was also a member of the Legislature, of being cold and chilly.

An associate said: "It's no wonder, Mr. Lincoln, that you are cold; there is so much of you on the ground." None of the party appreciated this homely joke at the expense of his big feet more thoroughly than did Abraham Lincoln himself.

BEGINS THE PRACTICE OF LAW

The time had come for Mr. Lincoln to leave his old home and his old associates. The natural ability of the man demanded his removal to larger territory and better environment; the future course of events commanded him to shake off the limitations and seek stronger action and greater achievement.

Springfield, the capital of the State, was the most enticing point, and Mr. Lincoln argued that here was the proper place to begin the practice of the law and to secure any further political recognition that he might desire, for Mr. Lincoln was a man of political ambition.

He had already had just enough of the excitement and fascination of a political career to whet his desire to further taste; just enough political recognition to incite him to further attainment.

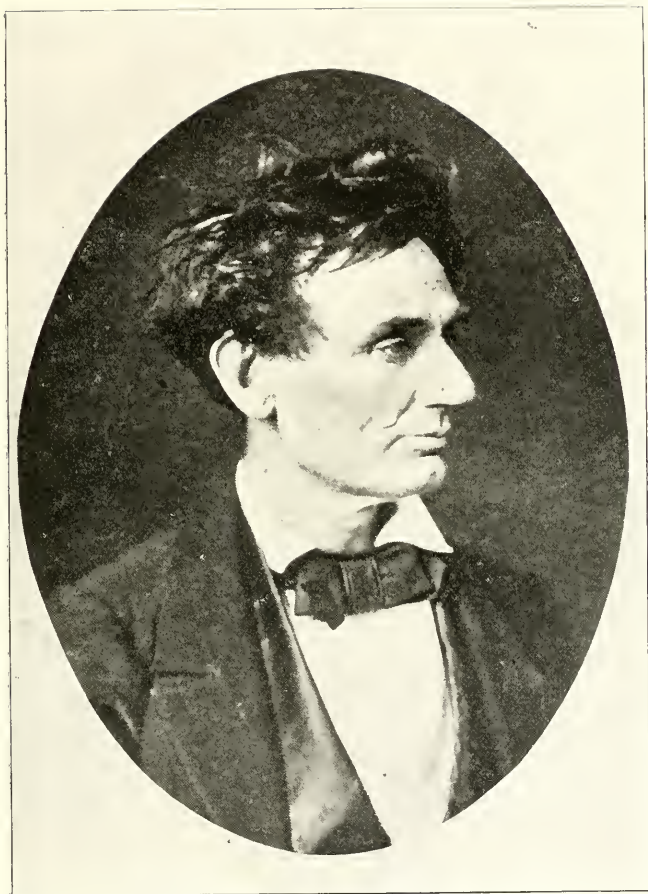
Abraham Lincoln turned his back upon New Salem with many regrets, for his friends had aided him when he needed aid; here his friends had appreciated him and raised him to an elevation, though slight and unimportant compared to the future heights and power he was destined to attain.

He left behind all the old stepping-stones by which he had bridged the time between now and then, and ascended to homely prominence. The old store, the wrestling matches, the foot races, the lounging places, the insignificant postoffice—these were ever pleasant scenes to memory dear. The few cabin homes were dearer still; the cabin homes in which kindly women dwelt, who, with womanly instincts, detected the manliness of character, and gave to the poor young man a home, "just for his company," as they said.

It was in the spring of 1837 that Mr. Lincoln went to his new home, and it was with many misgivings that he took up his abode there.

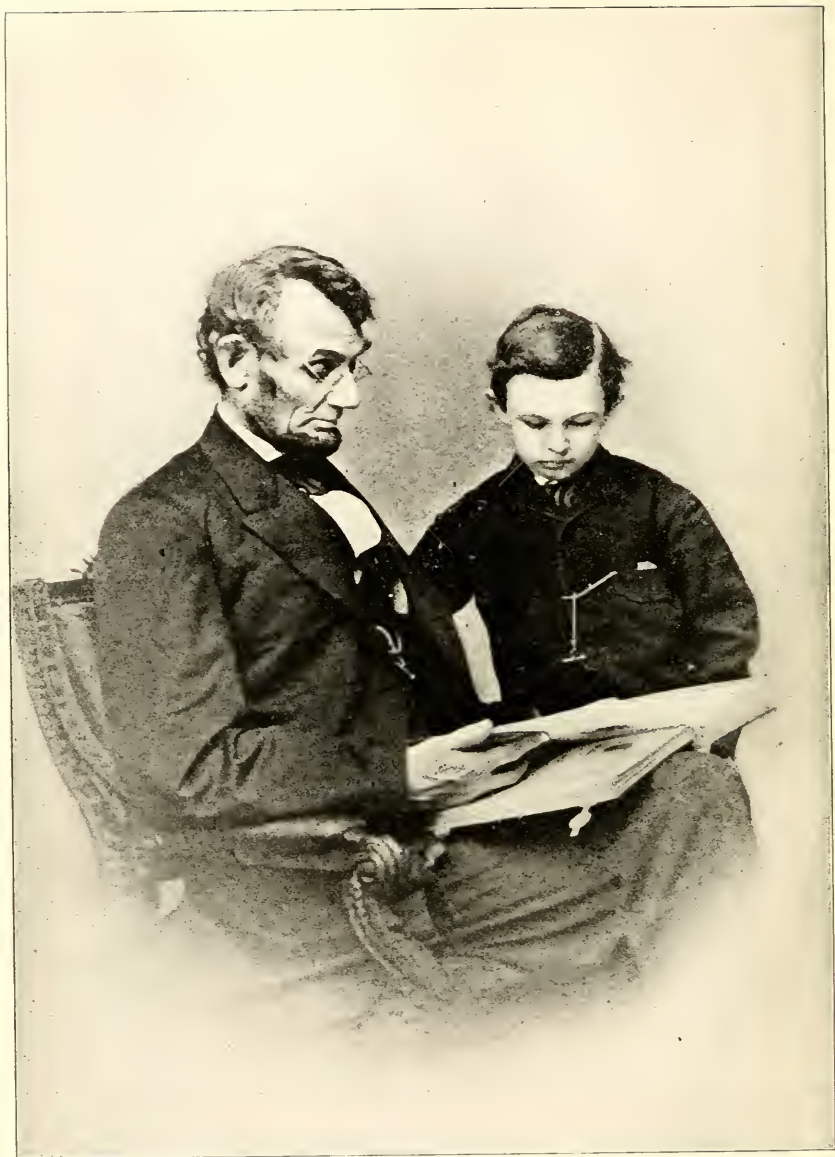
A FRIEND IN NEED

Although he had no money, was poorly dressed and most ungainly in appearance, yet he had attracted the attention and interest of the Hon. William Butler, a prominent citizen of Springfield, who invited him to become a member of his household. This privilege was of great



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The original photograph of this half-tone of Abraham Lincoln was taken just previous to his nomination as president.



(By courtesy of H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD."

benefit to Mr. Lincoln, for he was now thrown into the companionship of educated men and refined women.

Mr. Lincoln's law practice was not lucrative, nor particularly agreeable. He as other young lawyers had to engage in considerable practice that brought poor returns, hard labor and small fees. It was not a smooth or flowery path that he had chosen.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

The man who practiced law in those days in Illinois "rode the circuit"—that is, the lawyers were obliged to follow the judges about from county to county, some on horseback and some in buggies. Mr. Lincoln's outfit was very primitive and homely and provoked much ridicule from the well-to-do lawyers. The long journeys from county seat to county seat, the stopping at the settlers' homes to eat or sleep or feed his horse, and his evenings at the country taverns, gave Mr. Lincoln a wide and extensive acquaintance. It was during these trips that many incidents occurred which demonstrated his kindness of heart and his entirely unselfish purpose. He would often stop and fall far behind his companions in order to rescue some animal which had sunk into the mire and was struggling to free itself, or he would climb a tree and put back into its nest the little fledgling that had fallen to the ground, thus quieting the shrill cry of the distressed mother bird.

CHAPTER XVI.

A THRILLING NIGHT AT THE OLD LOG CABIN

THE sixth day of our sojourn had begun. Time had been rather indolent in passing and we had hoped for a change, no matter how or what. The coming to-morrow was the Sabbath day, we dreaded its approach, anticipating an usually dull time, and therefore I determined to do something desperate in order to relieve our minds of the terrible monotony and dreary, every-day humdrum existence. A startling proposition was made to my young friend. She was aghast and sought to persuade me that the experiment would be dangerous. I did not share her apprehension and told her that I had concluded to dare the danger.

We had been at the log cabin every day, had viewed it from the old stage road, had seen it from the top of the knoll, had sat upon the rotten old doorsteps, had passed in and out and had climbed into the loft, but we had not spent the night at the wonderful old house.

A GAME OF CARDS

The evening of the sixth day dwelt with us and an announcement was made that really startled Uncle John and the boys. My host gravely shook his head and Little Joe said, "You dasen't." This remark decided the affair and I informed Mr. Hall that Miss Coleman and myself would pass the night at the "Old Log Cabin." We took our hammocks, pillows and books, and, escorted by the boys, went down to the cabin. We chatted, told stories, and my friend and I made believe we were happy. Darkness descended, we filed into the cabin, lighted a "tallow dip," rolled in some stones, placed upon them some rough boards for seats, hung up our hammocks, and proceeded to tell more stories. Finally the boys were getting restless, and, consulting our watches, we discovered that it was late, quite eleven o'clock. The

boys were too tired and sleepy to stay longer. We promised more stories but that attraction had worn out, and we coaxed in vain until Abe slyly drew from his pocket a pack of soiled cards. Putting them down on the boards he said: "I'll stay and play ye a game of 'seven-up' if yere won't tell paw." I responded to his proposition with alacrity, and, passing the agreement around, the entire company acquiesced.

A CURIOUS PICTURE

A picture was created that never can be effaced. The west room of the old cabin was dimly lighted, but the direct rays of the candle fell upon the faces of the party. What a contrast, a woman of mature years, bearing the impress of education and refinement, a young girl fashionably attired, three rough, uncouth lads, all in their shirtsleeves, one bareheaded, the other two wearing caps; one an old fur covering, the other a torn and faded sombrero.

The uncanny hour was fast approaching and the game was growing exciting, when a slight tap on the window-pane brought a shriek from my young companion, and little Joe declared he "seed a face and it looked jest like the pictur' of Uncle Abe."

The young gentlemen decided that they must be going and advised us to give up our valuables into their safe keeping. So watches and pocketbooks were handed over to the boys and my companion and I were left with the night and the solitude.

Miss Coleman begged me to abandon the idea of remaining alone at the cabin and I frankly admit that I was sorely tempted to call the boys back, abandon the project and ask them to help us "tote" the bedroom paraphernalia up the hill to the little cottage. My courage received a fresh impetus however and I cast out the cowardly thought. Announcing my final decision I begged Miss Coleman to control her nervous dread and make of herself a more cheerful companion. She could not conquer her distress, and, acquiescing to her pleadings, I made myself very uncomfortable by occupying with her the same hammock.

THE FRIGHT

We selected the one that had been hung in the corner of the west room, and "right where Uncle Abe allers slept when he came back to visit the relations." Nestling close to each other we awaited developments. How long we suffered, it seemed an eternity, and when a rat ambled slowly across the cabin floor we were too paralyzed to even scream. At last the horror passed, the morning dawned. We looked into each other's haggard faces, laughed hysterically and made a solemn compact that we would never again indulge in so foolish an undertaking.

Our limbs were cramped, rigid, sore, and we could scarcely drag ourselves about. Folding up our outfit we "silently stole away." The day was awakening, and the morning sun, stretching out his long, red, fervid rays, bathed the world in a resplendent light.

Miss Coleman and I, weary and nervous, walked slowly through the dewy grass, and as we neared the cottage discovered the feathered tribe excited and turbulent. The chanticleer filled the air with his loud and warning call, the hens were rushing about, keeping up an incessant cackling, the ducks waddled to and fro, while their incessant quack, quack told us that they too were agitated. The geese stretched out their necks, and, hissing in a defiant manner, demanded the cause of so much excitement, the watchdog came bounding from the rear of the cottage, leaped the fence, and in a thoroughly military fashion guarded the entrance.

THE STRANGER'S ARRIVAL

What a wonderful scene revealed itself as we ascended the hill and climbed the rail fence. A fine turnout, to which was harnessed a pair of prancing steeds, stood at the front gate and a stranger was alighting. We now understood why the "dumb brutes" had displayed so much excitement and we too became equally aroused and congratulated ourselves that an adventure was in store for us. Expecting a tale of woe from a lost and benighted traveler we were impatient to have the mystery unravelled. The boys were up and dressed and out of the house

as soon as possible, and upon demanding from the stranger the cause of his early call he responded by handing "Squire" two letters. The boy looked at them dubiously, then observing Miss Coleman and myself, handed me the missives. One was addressed to Mr. Hall, the other to myself. How our hearts throbbed, and we anticipated something, we hardly knew what. The envelopes were hastily opened and—such a disappointment. Simply letters of introduction and recommendation.

THE CUSTODIAN

The "cabin" had now become an object of interest to the country people, and as many sightseers were beginning to visit it the members of the Lincoln Log Cabin Association had concluded to send out from Chicago a custodian to be put in charge of the cabin, for the purpose of protecting and preserving the valuable old homestead from vandalism, and the custodian had been instructed to give the cabin constant attention, both night and day.

Though the event turned out to be rather a tame affair, yet the arrival of the stranger was a great event, and we welcomed him right royally.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MEMORABLE SUNDAY

BREAKFAST was served on short notice, and after the "keen demands" of appetite had been satisfied, the guard was escorted to the "old log cabin" by the entire household. Each one was eager to tell what he knew, or what he had heard, or was anxious to point out some favorite spot and to explain to him where and when Abraham Lincoln occupied the famous old house. This wonderful Sunday will ever remain a pleasant memory.

A COMPANY OF SIGHT-SEERS

In pointing out and describing the cabin and its particular belongings we became so engrossed in entertaining our new acquaintance that the approach of other and stranger sightseers was unnoticed, until the sound of rapidly moving vehicles aroused our attention. Coming down the road we saw three or four wagons containing a number of people, who were shouting at us. The neighbors and country folk from far and near, many of them acquaintances of the Lincolns, were flocking to look at and comment upon the old log cabin. It told its own story, for its dilapidated condition, its poor and homely construction, were object lessons that even the youngest sightseer might appreciate and profit by.

STALE CREAM

Awaiting the approach of the small and unpretentious procession, it was soon discovered that it consisted entirely of strangers. The party alighted and a spokesman announced the fact that the party had come out from Charleston to see the old log cabin. The young people were cordially received and shown the old house, both its exterior and interior. The company was composed of young men from fifteen to

twenty years of age. The watchful and faithful custodian soon detected that they were undoubtedly relic hunters, for several had undertaken already to chip off pieces from the logs, windows and door frames. Baffled in their attempt to secure some mementos of the old cabin, but bent on further mischief, they thought to make some sort of game out of Mr. Hall, and the leader of the party, turning to our host, asked him if he "Couldn't tell a funny story? You are related to Mr. Lincoln," he said, "and perhaps you have some of his genius in that line." With a peculiar twinkle of his eye, Uncle John Hall quietly remarked: "This yer woman has milked me dry, and I don't want ter use the same cream ag'in; for I reckon it's stale now."

A look of amusement passed over the faces of the sightseers, and after another effort they succeeded in inducing our host to try his "tongue at story-telling."

POOR BUT PROUD

Pausing for a moment to collect his thoughts, then turning to me, he said: "Hev I ever told yer anything about grandpap's britches holder?" I could truthfully reply in the negative, and consequently we heard the following tale:

"Grandpap Lincoln would sometimes wear galluses made out of buckskin, though grandmarm allers kept a pair that she'd made out of the linen that she'd growed and spun. Grandmarm was a terrible industrious woman. Wal, when grandpap worked he'd sweat like all get out and his galluses would get so stiff that they'd stand alone. One day one of the neighbors comin' in said to him, 'Grandpap, ye haint greased yer galluses lately?' Then grandmarm said, 'There, paw, I told ye so, and I'm glad on it,' for though we wus poor and humble, grandmarm wus awful proud and lowed her men folks should have the best that was agoing," and turning about quickly he faced a group of young lads and said to them: "Jest to think, boys, how our folks got their clothes, never none of 'em wus so shiftless as to wear store shirts, or coats either. We got our clothes from natur."

LEATHER BREECHES

Mr. Hall continuing, said: "The woods ust to be full of deer and whenever grandmarm wanted buckskin to fox the men's pants with she ast grandpap or Uncle John D. Johnston to go out and kill her a buck. Uncle Abe tanned the hides, but he never did the killin' part. Grandmarm allers said that Uncle Abe couldn't stand that part of the bisness, for even when the hogs wus killed he'd go away for fear he'd hear their squealing. Then when the hides wus ready grandmarm would sew it on the men's britches clean up to the knees, so as to save the cloth under it. When it rained and we got wet we'd have to stand in front of the fire place and dry out. Wall, as the buckskin dried it would shrivel and crawl up till it almost reached our knees. One day Grandpap Lincoln, Uncle Abe and Uncle John D. Johnston wus a standin' in front of the fire dryin' theirselves. Uncle Abe would allers stand and turn and turn around till he wus fully dried, but he wus awful tall and awkward, and his legs wus so long and they looked as red as though they were about blistered. Then the folks would laf fit to kill, and Uncle John D. would allers sing out, 'Pull down yer britches, Abe, yer old marrer bones need kiverin'?"

THE FRIENDLY WRESTLE

The boys were now intensely interested, and by asking a significant question Uncle John Hall was induced to tell more anecdotes regarding the strength and agility of Abraham Lincoln. In response to a question Mr. Hall replied: "Ye want to know if Uncle Abe wus strong enough to tackle anything or lick anybody, do ye? Wall, I'd low that didn't concern him, for Uncle Abe could tackle anything, and onct on a time Uncle Abe and Dan Needham rastled britches holdt and Uncle Abe throwed Dan two times and then he ses, ses he, 'Let's quit,' cause he didn't want to hurt Dan's feelings. Why, grandpap hisself wus allers a braggin' about how strong and limber Uncle Abe wus. How he could stand with his hands in his pockets and bend over and tech the back of his head on the ground, right level ground, tu. Uncle John D. Johnston wus allers trying to throw Uncle Abe by bein' tricky. Howsom-

ever, Uncle John D. Johnston was mighty strong, tu, and whenever he'd try any of his tricks Uncle Abe ud stand with his hands in his pockets and say, 'Come on, John, and try to throw me; take a hold anywhere.' Then Uncle John he'd try and try, and Uncle Abe would jest stand and laf and laf.

LIGHT AS A FEATHER

"But as for strength, we wus all of us noted for that. While we're talkin' about strength, Grandfather Hall was a terribly strong, active feller, tu, and he'd often come in and pick up Grandmother Lincoln and pitch her into the bed two or three times, till it peered like she wus a feather, and he'd stand back and fold up his arms and laf and laf, and he'd say, 'Why don't ye stay still, grandmarn?'"

SPLITTING RAILS

"Now do ye want to know how Uncle Abe got his strength?" and without waiting for an answer Mr. Hall said: "Why he got it splittin' rails. Ye knowed it wus down in Illinois near Decatur, and at Buck Grove and Muddy Point that Uncle Abe use to do so much rail-splittin'. Never no tree wus too hard for him to tackle. They'd jest topple right over when Uncle Abe ud chop. He never minded choppin' any trees, nor splittin' rails, nor nothin', nor no kind of work, though one time I remember he did say that the hardest work he ever hed to do and that which worried him the most wus when he loaded a boat with a wheel-barrer. It puzzled him awfully to keep the barrer on the plank, and to catch holt of the handles, and to run it up hurt him mighty. I reckon it wus because he wus so tall."

Mr. Hall paused and appeared to have exhausted his fund of stories, but the interest of the boys was now at fever heat and they fairly begged Mr. Hall to tell them just one more. Young Davis, the brightest lad in the party, suggested that Mr. Hall relate the story of the celebrated rail-splitting bee at which Mr. Lincoln had been the victor. But Uncle John Hall thought he had something more important and significant than the President's rail-splitting, and he proceeded to tell the following story:

NOT EXACTLY THOSE RAILS

"John Hanks told me about a piece that Uncle Abe spoke onct, and I reckon it wus the first time that he ever made a political speech. It wus down at Salem, a little town nigh to Springfield. Wall, they had a spruce speaker from the big town, who thought he could tell the country people all they ought ter know. He spouted away for a while and after he hed finished, John Hanks, who wus a cousin of Uncle Abe's tu, told the folks he could produce a rail-splitter who could beat that feller all to pieces. Cousin John, he got a lot of rails and piled 'em up in a heap and then took Uncle Abe up by 'em and told him to go ahead, which he did, and of course he knocked the other feller all to flinders. When Uncle Abe hed got thru speakin' the feller that hed talked first come up and askt him if he split them rails piled up thar. Uncle Abe looked at 'em purty carefully and then said, ses he, 'I can't say that I exactly split those particular rails, but I have split just as good ones,' which wus the truth, fer I myself hev seed Uncle Abe make the slickest rail ye ever looked on."

The day was waning, the shadows were lengthening and we all realized that Mr. Hall would soon send his boys off to attend to the evening chores. Their departure meant an interruption and probably an end, for that day, to story-telling. An appealing look directed to me from one of the young men of the party decided my course of action, and I concluded to take this occasion to ask Uncle John to relate the circumstances connected with Mr. Lincoln's first law case, a reminiscence which he had promised to give me for some time, but had never seemed in the mood for that particular story.

Without comment or delay Uncle John Hall gave us the following account of Mr. Lincoln's first lawsuit:

LINCOLN'S FIRST LAWSUIT

"The folks round here in our neighborhood use to hold camp meetin' down to Paradise onct a year. Uncle Joe Hall, he went over one time with a lot of young people. He bought a flask of whisky and took it along with him and when he got on to the camp grounds he hid it in

the wagin. The preacher hed been watching him and noticed whar he put the flask, so he jest walked along and picked it up and put it into his pocket and carried it into the pulpit with him, and jest before he began to preach he held up the whisky and told the people that he hed found it on the camp grounds and was agoin' to preach a sermon about it, when Uncle Joe jest stood right up and said to the minister, 'That's my bottle and the whisky in it is mine, tu; and I'll take it if you please.' But the preacher wouldn't give it up, and Uncle Joe knowed it wouldn't cost him nothin' to hev a suit, as we hed a lawyer in the family, so he kept still, said nothing, and the first time that Uncle Abe come up yere after that he got him to sue the preacher for the whisky, the flask and for hurting his feelings by exposing him before the gal he took along with him. Uncle Abe tried the case and got twelve cents damages, but the preacher wus so mad that he carried it up to a higher court. Uncle Abe jest laffed and said, ses he, 'We'll beat 'em ag'in,' and shore nuff he did, and got the judgment raised two cents more; that made fourteen cents now, and the other feller hed all the costs to pay, which wus a whole lot. Of course we knowed all the time Uncle Abe would win anythin' he set out tu."

"HE-OH-A-NAY, WHOOP"

Mr. Hall rose from the low seat and stepped within the old cabin. He looked about the room for a moment, and seeming to forget the presence of others, said in a low voice: "Poor grandpap and grandmarn, they wus so good and kind. When Uncle John D. Johnston lived with us grandpap wus awful fond of his children, and if any of them wus sick or worrisom he allers hed one favorite song he ust to sing to them. This it wus, 'He-oh-a-nay, He-oh-a-nay, whoop.' It would allers stop the children cryin', and he'd say, 'That is what the Injuns sing to their papposes.' I can still hear him singing that Injun song." Then facing the little company, Uncle John Hall brushed a tear from his bronzed cheek and exclaimed: "How I wish ye could have seen and knowed grandmarn. Jest after my third child wus born she got crippled, but she couldn't lay still in bed, nohow. So she got my woman to tie a string to the cradle, and there she would lay and rock the baby.

I lowed not to have her, but she would. Well, she couldn't be no other way but kind, and good and patient, nohow, 'cause she wus the best woman I ever knowed."

THE FAMOUS BUREAU

With many thanks for their pleasant reception, the party was reluctantly preparing to leave, when Mr. Hall offered to show them the very burean that Grandmarm Lincoln had brought from Kentucky to her new home in Indiana. The young men were delighted, and inviting us to ride "around the road to the cottage," we were soon at Mr. Hall's "new" house, and following the old gentleman into the kitchen, the valuable family relic was pointed out by Mr. Hall, who called attention to the brass handles, which were objects of especial family pride. The party was given the privilege of closely inspecting the old piece of furniture, and when all were satisfied and the numerous questions answered, Mr. Hall opened the upper drawer and with a mysterious and solemn air took from it a package. Carefully unwrapping it, he handed me a book. Great was my astonishment when I discovered that I had before me the old family Bible. It was old and finger-worn and bore the date of 1799. The party clamored for a sight of the family record, but Mr. Hall shook his head and, using a few unmentionable words, said, "Uncle Dennis Hanks took it long enough to have it copied and never returned it, fur he sold it to a relic hunter and got a right smart price fur it," and with another burst of indignation Mr. Hall again mourned the loss of the valuable relic.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

MR. LINCOLN'S legal career was now begun in earnest, and he entered into the most trivial cases with as great zest and enthusiasm as he did the most important ones. The poorest client could expect as thorough and conscientious work as the richest and most influential citizen. Though his profession claimed his attention, yet the special session of the previous Legislature, held during 1839 at Vandalia, found Mr. Lincoln in his seat, and he was faithful to legislative duties, although he felt that his business was suffering thereby.

When Mr. Lincoln was placed upon the legislative ticket in 1840 he consented to run, as he would not be obliged to entirely sacrifice his business, for the capital had been changed to Springfield. He was of course re-elected, for he had now become so thoroughly a man of the people that he could easily carry his district, and apparently for any office that he might run for.

During this session Mr. Lincoln took part in all the debates. Some of them were political, while others were entirely local; but no matter how important or unimportant, he had proven himself able to cope with them. If of vital importance he handled the issue with great ability, but if deserving of dismissal or riddance, he showed an equal ability in overcoming the nuisance.

A STORY FOR EVERYTHING

From an entirely different standpoint, however, was the latter situation handled. The tactics which he here used were begun in his early youth, and he had now grown wonderfully adept in them.

If a man broached a subject which he personally did not want to hear, he told a story that immediately changed the conversation. If he was called upon to answer a question that he did not care to answer

direct, a question was put in turn and the other fellow had the worst of it.

He had a story for everything, either real or imaginary, and his faculty for finding or making these apropos stories was indeed wonderful. Every fact or combination of facts seemed to revolve themselves into allegorical or real form, and without seeming effort, unrolled to suit the occasion. His mind was so full of these quaint stories that one wonders how the store house was supplied.

It was during this session of the Legislature that Mr. Lincoln used a "fiction point" with great success. A member from Wabash County had been very troublesome over an exceedingly unimportant point. At last his constant appearance and vociferous utterance became unpleasantly annoying to the members in general, Mr. Lincoln included.

THE MEMBER FROM WABASH

One day when the member aforesaid had discharged all of his batteries concerning his pet object, Mr. Lincoln took the floor, and with one of his quizzical expressions and in an unusually drawling tone, addressed the speaker. Becoming exceedingly personal, he began by saying:

"The member from Wabash reminds me of an old friend. He's a peculiar looking fellow, with shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, and a pair of spectacles under them. One morning just after the old man got up, he imagined, on looking out of his door, that he saw rather a lively squirrel on a tree near his house. So he took down his gun and fired at the squirrel, but the squirrel paid no attention to the shot. He loaded and fired again and again, until at the thirteenth shot he set down his gun impatiently and said to his boy, who was looking on: 'Boy, there's something wrong about this rifle.' 'Rifle's all right, I know 'tis,' responded the boy, 'but where's your squirrel?' 'Don't you see him humped up about half way up the tree?' inquired the old man, peering over his spectacles and getting mystified. 'No, I don't,' responded the boy, and then turning and looking into his father's face, he

exclaimed, 'I see your squirrel; you have been firing at a louse on your eyebrow.' "

The story needed no application or explanation. The House was in convulsions of laughter, and the member from Wabash was completely routed, so much so that he was very careful during the entire session not to provoke any allusion to his "eyebrows."

FORMED SECOND LAW PARTNERSHIP

At the close of the legislative session Mr. Lincoln severed his connection with Major Stuart and immediately formed a business association with Judge S. T. Logan, of Springfield, one of the ablest lawyers in the State. He entered upon this new partnership with a full determination to devote his entire time to his chosen profession, but the people would not permit him to do so. He was called upon from all quarters of the State, and from that time and until his election to the Presidency of the United States he engaged in the many exciting and important political campaigns between the years eighteen hundred and forty and eighteen hundred and sixty.

A BIG MAN AND A HIGH HAT

He was now considered by the old neighbors and friends and relatives a "big man," and in speaking of him they nearly all referred to him as wearing a "high hat, but never being no different, nohow." His love and sympathy and kindness did not decrease in proportion as his popularity increased, but on the contrary he now felt that as he was earning something more than a living a greater responsibility rested upon him, and he still continued to bear the burdens and share the anxieties of his immediate family. About this time he assumed the debt that rested upon his father's little farm, located in Coles County, and always visited the old homestead twice a year in order to pay up the interest, and from time to time lessen the principal, which had been borrowed by his father from the school funds. This debt Mr. Lincoln finally succeeded in canceling after many years and many sacrifices. He always walked to the old home in order to save livery hire, and the

money which he would have used for that purpose was given to his mother.

After his father's death he deeded the land to Daniel D. Johnston, the son of his stepmother, in consideration of a promise that he would support her as long as she lived.

MR. LINCOLN'S RESPONSIBILITY

What a remarkable thing to do. The stepson paying the mother's son a consideration for the care of his own mother. But so it was throughout his entire life; Mr. Lincoln was ever looking out to defend the weakling, to protect the innocent, and to succor some needy one.

Friend or foe, relative or stranger, irrespective, received his kindly thoughts and active efforts. An unfortunate man was a subject of his sympathy no matter what his business relations to him might be. Unpaid notes were returned too and rather than cause further discomfort he would cancel the obligation of such an one.

Legal counsel and services were freely given to those who were unable to compensate him. Mothers' sons were pardoned and restored to their homes through the kindness of the great-hearted man. Dumb animals were rescued from cruel treatment, and little children were caressed and always given a tender greeting.

When a great and mighty nation called upon him in its extremity he was not found wanting. No cowardly fear filled his soul. The pilot stood at his post, and the ship of state was carried safely through treacherous waters, past dangerous rocks, into a safe harbor.

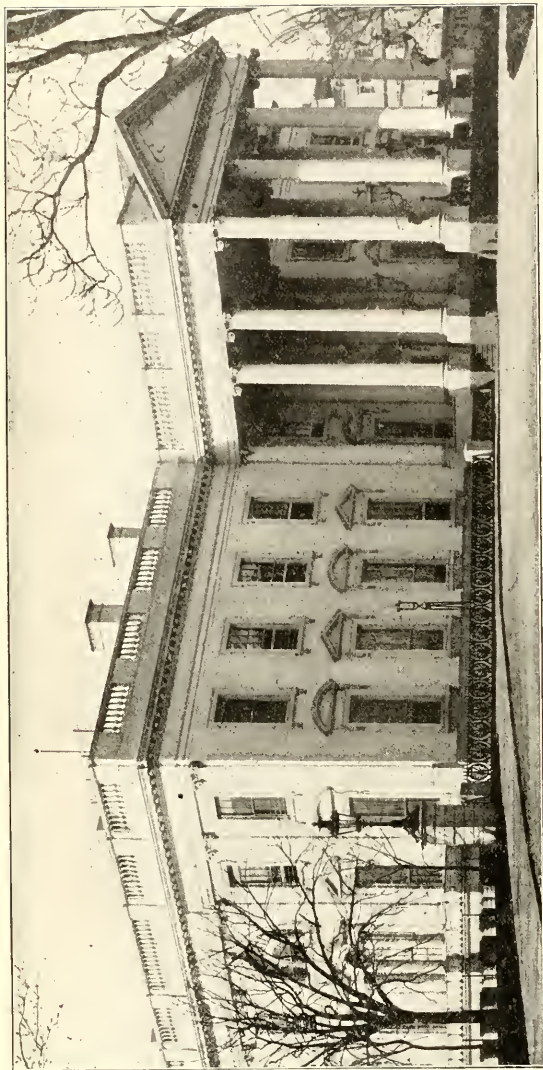
LINCOLN'S MARRIAGE

Mr. Lincoln was now thirty-three years of age and already a great favorite with the young ladies of Springfield. In November of this year (1842) he was married to Miss Mary Todd, daughter of the Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky. Miss Todd was quite a belle and had often met Mr. Lincoln at the home of her sister, Mrs. Edwards, of Springfield. When criticised by her relatives and friends for bestowing her affections upon so awkward, homely and uncouth a man, she remarked: "I am marrying a man great enough to be the President



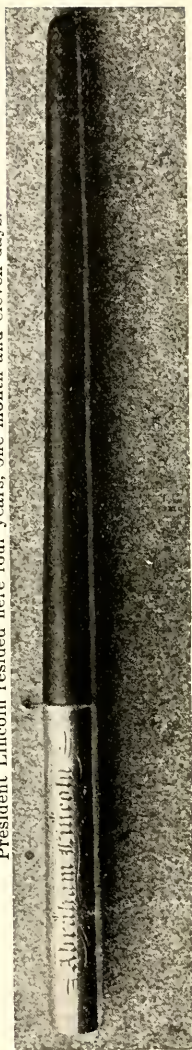
HON. ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

The above is a recent photograph of the Hon. Robert Lincoln, eldest son of President Lincoln, and the only surviving member of the family.



WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Lincoln resided here four years, one month and eleven days.



THE PEN THAT SIGNED THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

This penholder, presented to the President, was used by him during his entire life at Washington. The top of the penholder shows the prints of the President's teeth. This souvenir was presented to Mrs. Myra Bradwell, an intimate friend of the author, by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

of the United States," and we know that her prophecy became a verity.

Mr. Lincoln now undertook to give himself up to the pleasures of domestic life and professional work, but the people would not be content, and he was constantly called into political service. He had not married earlier in life because circumstances would not permit, and in fact had hitherto denied himself the companionship of women, because of his limited means, although he was especially fond of their society.

A glimpse of his domestic life shows the same unpretentious atmosphere that had always characterized every situation, condition and circumstance in the man's career.

The newly married couple began life by taking cheap rooms at one of the hotels in Springfield, and it was not until some time afterwards that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln moved into more pretentious quarters.

This new relationship did not change Mr. Lincoln's habits; he was the same unaffected and simple-hearted man. His home was modest in the extreme, his relation to his children was that of a comrade rather than a monitor. His visits and intercourse with his "poor relations" were not discontinued, nor less cordial.

I LOW YE'VE GOT HYSTERICKY

This very fact led me to speculate upon how the announcement of his marriage was received by his old friends and relatives, and I wondered if his wife had ever visited his father and mother. Sitting upon the dilapidated doorstep of the "old log cabin" I fell into a dreaming mood and my thoughts ran away back more than half a century. Had not this quiet, sad-eyed man, through all the years of his young manhood, which had been so full of sorrow, poverty, privations and hardship, never known the joy of love before? In fancy, however, I heard the bashful and clumsy youth telling a coy and gentle maiden the old, old story. Her answer, low and sweet, was interrupted by a shadow falling across the little path that led to the front gate, and I looked up quickly. The living figure of Mr. Lincoln confronted me. Uttering a shriek of terror, I sprang from my low seat and attempted to flee, but the voice of Uncle John Hall brought me back to the present, and re-

assuring me, he said: "Sho, woman, that night at the cabin has made ye narvous, and pon my soul I low ye've got hystericky." My only reply was, "But you looked so much like Mr. Lincoln." With a quiet voice again he said, "So I've ben told nigh onto a hundred times."

YE TAKE MY BREATH AWAY

The opportunity had arrived and I must take advantage of it. **In-** inviting him to sit beside me on the decayed old doorstep, I plied him with the following questions: What did the old friends and relatives say when they heard that Mr. Lincoln was to be married? Did his wife visit them? Did you ever see the children? Pursuing my questions further I also asked if Mary Todd was the only sweetheart that Mr. Lincoln ever had.

Looking at me in a curious way, he answered: "Yer take my breath away with so many questions all to once." Then, after the manner of a philosopher, he looked wise and appeared to have some important information. Fearing that if I interrupted his meditations I would altogether lose my answer, I awaited patiently his pleasure. Distracting moments passed by before he replied:

LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE

"It wus after a little visit to us, and when we heard that Uncle Abe wus goin' to be married, then we axed grandmarm if Uncle Abe never hed a gal before, and she said, ses she, 'Well, Abe wus never a hand nohow to run round visitin' much, or to go with the gals neither, but he did fall in love with Ann Rutledge, who lived out somewhere near Vandalia or Springfield, and after she died he come home and told all about her, and cried dreadful, and he never could talk of her nohow but he'd shed tears.'

SHE IS BUSY AND COULDN'T COME

"He told grandmarm onct they wus promised to be married, and that's all any of us ever heerd about that love affair; but after Uncle Abe hed lived at Springfield for a while we heerd he wus a goin' to marry a Kantucky woman, and nothin' more than that. **Se**

the next time Uncle Abe come up to see us he told us he was already married, and when we ast him why he didn't bring his wife up to see us he said, 'She is very busy and couldn't come.' But we knowed better than that. You see, he was too proud to bring her up, 'cause he knowed nothin' would suit her, nohow. Of course she hadn't been raised the way we wus, and wus different styled from us, and we heerd tu that she wus as proud as spades. No, and he never brought nary of the children, either. They were young before they went to Washington, and Uncle Abe could not bring them without her to nuss and take care of them. But he allers come himself twice a year, and there wus no difference in him, as I can recollect, from the first time I ever seed him."

Mr. Hall paused for breath and fell into a silent mood. Hoping he might have something further to say if I did not disturb him, and thus change the current of his thoughts, I also remained silent.

His meditation grew tiresome, and annoyed by his long abstraction, I gave up hope and sought information elsewhere.

Gathering up my papers I consulted my correspondence, and discovered that many of Mr. Lincoln's immediate associates had considered him queer and at times constrained or absent-minded, as they termed it. Quoting from a personal letter, the writer said:

"Although one of the most even tempered men that ever lived, Mr. Lincoln was the subject of great varieties of mood and extremes of feeling. He was often oppressed with a deep melancholy, weighed down by the great problems of his own life and of humanity in general. At other times he was as happy as a boy, and took delight in the most trivial things, and would laugh immoderately over incidents and stories that would hardly interest many another man in his position.

MY CHILDREN ARE MY HAPPINESS

"He was heard to exclaim more than once: 'Oh, how hard it is to die and not to be able to leave the world any better for one's little life in it.' Again he would be as jolly as others and would then say: 'My children are my happiness, and I feel that God is good to me for having conferred upon me the privilege of bringing into the world innocent children.'"

This all reminded me that some of Mr. Lincoln's biographers had intimated as a fact the possibility of suicide, and as Uncle John Hall was returning to the affairs of this particular globe, I asked him if he believed that Mr. Lincoln had ever attempted or even contemplated suicide.

His answer was short and to the point: "No; don't ye believe sech trash as that. Uncle Abe knowed too much to do sech a foolish act. Why, he couldn't be peart all the time, and jest because he took some of his time to be a thinking how he was going to run the United States, then folks called him sad like."

Our conversation drifted along and Mr. Hall acknowledged that Mr. Lincoln had said to him more than once, "that there were some things so hard to bear that one felt like getting rid of it all." Then, looking at me suspiciously, he said: "Sho, woman, don't 'low sech things to trouble ye, for Uncle Abe thought too much of hisself to ever think of sech a cowardly deed."

GIVING UNCLE ABE A SEND OFF

The day was done. A call from the little house on the hill conveyed the welcome news that supper was ready. Mr. Hall proposed that we return to the cottage by way of the traveled road. As we walked along Uncle John Hall pointed out here and there some particular spot sacred to by-gone recollections. "Right in this yer corner of the fence Grand-pap Lincoln dug a yarb that cured my first baby of the chills and fever. Over yander we all found a turkey's nest full of eggs, and whether or not it wus our particular turkey that didn't make no difference, nohow, because we claimed the young turkeys by right of takin' care on 'em. You know, don't ye, that young turkeys is mighty easy to kill, and we had a lot of trouble with that particular brood, for it wus out of season; but we wus expecting Uncle Abe up fore long, and as he'd been down to Washington to Congress, we hed lowed to give him a send off, and we nussed the turkeys very particularly. Wall, Uncle Abe come and wus jest the same, and never put on no airs, nohow, but jest told his cur'us stories, went round barefoot like the rest of us, and split kind-

ling wood jest as handy as ever." The homely anecdotes were told so naturally and so vividly that it took no effort whatever to feel the presence of the departed household as each had followed this self-same path.

I'D LIKE TO SEE UNCLE ABE

We were now entering the gate, and Mr. Hall paused, looked up and down the road, as if expecting some one, then, seeming to address an invisible person, said:

"Grandmarm allers took this track when she walked over to Mr. Phipps onct a year to get bled. She never failed and would walk the mile and a half as spry as a young gal. She use to tell us that everybody should be bled in the spring, so as to keep well and healthy. She allers had the big vein in her ankle jint opened. I reckon she did that because she was so proud and didn't want a scar on her arm." Then pointing to the cabin, whose dim outlines were just discernible, Uncle John Hall spoke in a voice so low that one could hardly catch the words: "How I'd like to see grandmarm and grandpap and Uncle Abe onct ag'in."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. LINCOLN IN CONGRESS

THE political biographers of Mr. Lincoln have said that in 1846 he was "induced to accept" the nomination for Congress from the Sangamon district. Would it not be quite as well to acknowledge, with his own frankness and directness, that Mr. Lincoln did not wait Macawber-like for something to turn up, but admit that his own shrewdness and prudent, diplomatic effort secured his nomination? Although at this time he was leading a rather unimportant and circumscribed life in Springfield, simply following his profession and attending to his domestic duties, yet he had not been idle in political plans.

Having received the nomination, Mr. Lincoln did, after the manner of Western nominees, stump his district. He had plenty of material for discussion and he handled anything that he undertook with the same thoroughness, determination and ability that had always been a part of his nature from his earliest boyhood.

There had been important changes in the acquisition of new territory, for Texas had been admitted to the Union during the winter of the preceding year, and the war with Mexico had commenced. The country had a foreign war on its hands, a war which the old Republican, or rather Whig, party considered unnecessary and unjustifiable.

The issues between the two political parties were pronounced and the difference clearly shown. Mr. Lincoln's position was so clearly outlined that his friends and the community were not in doubt as to his views. He convinced the many and set the few thinking by his clear and just reasoning, and his terse and comprehensive way of putting the truth before the people secured his election.

Mr. Lincoln was elected by an unprecedented majority, and "there seems to be no doubt but that this remarkable plurality was because of the popular faith in Mr. Lincoln's earnestness, conscientiousness and integrity."

He took his seat in the Thirtieth Congress December 6, 1847. Mr. Lincoln was from the first alive to the interests of his party. He made himself master of every subject that he undertook to discuss, and his earnestness, honesty, clearness and deep unselfish interest in questions of public concern won for himself the respect, at least, if not the admiration, of the more polished members from the cultured East, who had been led to believe that the member from the Sangamon district was an ignorant clown.

THE TALLEST MAN IN CONGRESS

It was during this Congressional session that Mr. Lincoln became better acquainted with the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, who was also a member from Illinois. Mr. Lincoln was the tallest man in the House and Mr. Douglas the shortest man in the Senate. It was a peculiar coincidence that these two unique characters, so strangely unlike, should soon meet in forensic battle, standing out before their State and country as the champions of the policies that divided the American people.

The fourteenth day of August the first session of the Thirtieth Congress came to a close. The session had been one of great importance, and excitement. Mr. Lincoln had discharged his duties ably and conscientiously, though he had not entirely pleased his constituency.

The second session was comparatively a quiet one and the fourth of March brought Mr. Lincoln's congressional career to a close. While he had maintained a most respected position in the House, he had not made any great impression either upon the members or the country at large.

Upon his return to Springfield Mr. Lincoln again entered upon the duties of his profession. He gave himself up to the enjoyment of domestic and social pleasures and to further and broader research in study and investigation. His children were a constant and continual feast of joy to him. He was so tenderly fond of them that he exercised no paternal government except to tax the disobedient child with having broken his heart when it did wrong.

LINCOLN'S REGRETS

Mr. Lincoln's lack of early advantages and his limited education were now indeed a source of great irritation and annoyance to him. His intercourse with the distinguished men of the country and the cultivated society of Washington no doubt had deeply impressed him with the fact that he was woefully lacking in society manners. Yet with all of these drawbacks facing him he was never a humble man, for he recognized his own strength of moral character and thus ever lived up to the highest ideals—sincerity, generosity and absolute honesty.

It was at this time that Mr. Lincoln embraced every method and opportunity for further mental development. From the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four Mr. Lincoln led a quiet professional life, and seemed to have been rather indifferent to the course of political affairs. But now at this time a new political era was opened. Events of great interest were occurring and the slavery question was begun, an agitation which was destined not to cease until slavery itself should be destroyed. Mr. Lincoln had always known and felt that slavery was wrong—a blot upon the nation's otherwise fair fame—but to wipe out that institution which had been for so many years the woof and web of the fabric which had formed the Southern man's home and his industrial world, meant such a breaking up of established ideas and methods and beliefs that the stoutest heart quailed at the mere thought of what such a movement might mean.

But now the entire complexion of things was changed. Stephen A. Douglas, the member of Congress during the period of Mr. Lincoln's congressional service, and who had since remained continually in Congress as the distinguished and brilliant member from Illinois, was the responsible author of that important and disgraceful bill which, if passed, would disregard the compromise made in 1820, barring slavery from the Northwest. Under such an enactment as Mr. Douglas proposed certain Territories, Kansas and Nebraska, would then be free to choose whether they would have slavery as an institution or not.

AN EARLY VERDICT

Mr. Lincoln felt that the intent of the bill was, without doubt, to force slavery upon the Territories and thus make it impossible for them ever to become free States. Mr. Lincoln reasoned that if this were so, then the greatest political crime of the age had been committed and so he said, "There is to be no peace on the slavery question until either freedom or slavery shall triumph." Mr. Lincoln's great soul was wrought up to the highest pitch of indignation and he determined the people, of his own section at least, should understand the iniquity of such a political crime. Challenging Mr. Douglas to open debate, he made the subject of discussion the Kansas-Nebraska bill. When Mr. Douglas returned to Chicago, the city of his adoption, he met with such a vigorous protest from the leading men of his party that he knew he had made a fatal mistake, but he tried to overthrow public opinion by speaking at various towns in the State.

In September of 1854 Mr. Douglas found himself in Springfield. The State fair was in operation and he took this occasion to speak to the large concourse of people in attendance.

Mr. Douglas was a man known to the whole nation, and was the recognized leader of his party in Illinois. He was experienced in debate, had great ability, strong will and unconquerable ambitions; all these characteristics made him a dangerous antagonist to other than his equal or superior.

Mr. Lincoln, compared with Mr. Douglas, was inexperienced; he was unknown to the country, save in his own State; was slow of speech, and up to the present time devoid of brilliant action. He was known far and wide throughout the State as Honest Abe, the backwoodsman, but his oratory had hitherto remained unchallenged and his speeches had been confined to less important issues.

REPLY TO DOUGLAS' SPEECH

On the day following the speech of Mr. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, who had listened to him, replied, and the former speaker was present. Mr. Lincoln began by saying that he intended to tell the people the

truth, for to that they were entitled, and further remarked that if Judge Douglas should catch him saying anything that was untrue, he was at liberty to correct him. This willingness on the part of Abraham Lincoln for fair play was turned against him by Mr. Douglas, who interrupted him continually, not because the speaker had made any false statement, but simply for the purpose of breaking down his antagonist.

Mr. Lincoln humored this ungentlemanly behavior and answered all of Mr. Douglas' criticisms. At last Mr. Lincoln could no longer bear the annoyance, and he reproved Mr. Douglas by saying: "Gentlemen, I cannot afford to spend my time in quibbles. I take the responsibility of asserting the truth myself, relieving Judge Douglas from the necessity of his impertinent corrections."

Mr. Lincoln was permitted to proceed without further interruption, and at the close of his speech the assembly gave abundant evidence of its appreciation.

THE HOUSE STILL AS DEATH

The Springfield Journal described the occasion in the following language: "He," meaning Mr. Lincoln, "quivered with feeling and emotion. The whole house was as still as death. He attacked the bill with unusual warmth and energy, and all felt that a man of strength was its enemy, and that he intended to blast it if he could by strong and manly efforts. He was most successful; and the house approved the glorious triumph of truth by loud and long-continued huzzas. Women waved their handkerchiefs in token of woman's silent but heart-felt consent.

"Mr. Lincoln exhibited Douglas in all the attitudes he could be placed in friendly debate. He exhibited the bill in all its aspects, to show its humbuggery and falsehoods, and when thus torn to rags, cut into slips, held up to the gaze of the vast crowd, a kind of scorn was visible upon the face of the crowd and upon the lips of the most eloquent speaker. At the conclusion of the speech, every man felt that it was unanswerable—that no human power could overthrow it or trample it underfoot. The long and repeated applause evinced the feelings of the crowd, and

gave token of universal assent to Lincoln's whole argument; and every mind present did homage to the man who took captive the heart, and broke like a sun over the understanding."

When Mr. Lincoln concluded his speech, Mr. Douglas hastened to mount the stand and made the statement that he had been abused, "though in a perfectly courteous manner." He continued to speak until adjournment for supper, but knew in his heart that he had made a failure of the whole business.

A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE

What a wonderful spectacle. The man of refinement, culture, education, position and fame worsted by a "common man of the people." It only goes to show that no matter how falsehood and injustice is coated and veneered with the semblance of reality, right will at last prevail, and the everlasting and enduring truth is generally discovered and dug out of the mire and mud by an honest and faithful toiler.

Mr. Lincoln, as well as his friends, were now convinced of his power and strength, and the excitement of success and the triumph of right over wrong uplifted and filled the man with a vigor and exaltation of conviction.

He had partaken of the "strong wine" of righteous doing, but he was not drunken therewith, only exhilarated and free.

The little giant, as Mr. Douglas was called, went to Peoria, Ill., and to that place Mr. Lincoln followed him, and again, as at Springfield, challenged him to debate. At Peoria the victory for Abraham Lincoln was more marked than at Springfield.

DOUGLAS STUNNED

Mr. Douglas seemed stunned with the crushing blows that Mr. Lincoln dealt, and so wonderful was the "backwoodman's" power over the audience that Judge Douglas did not attempt to reply to Mr. Lincoln's speech.

It should be remembered by all aspiring young men that Mr. Lincoln did not reach the zenith of his oratorical fame by any of the trickery

that the stump speaker usually resorts to. He was always in earnest and closely followed his subject, never swerving from his idea concerning the truth of the question up for debate. To be sure he told stories, many stories, and very humorous and pithy ones. He never told them for the mere purpose of amusing the crowd, but always with the intent of illustrating some vital point. The real issue was never lost sight of, and he never undertook to raise a false notion or attempted to dodge the real issue. His words were always plain and contained no pyrotechnical display, but he covered the field, and their meaning was never foggy; always clear and understandable.

Mr. Lincoln wished to continue these discussions between himself and Mr. Douglas, throughout the State, but Mr. Douglas felt that he had had enough for a while at least, and so expressed himself. Abraham Lincoln did not, however, feel inclined to abandon his purpose, and therefore made several other speeches which produced a political revolution.

FURTHER HONORS

During his absence from Springfield and while he was engaged in making these political speeches, the people of his own district had placed his name for nomination, without his consent, and again he was elected. Again he was a member of the Legislature, but the honor was not accepted. He resigned without taking his seat.

Abraham Lincoln was steadily and slowly, but surely, climbing the ladder of fame. He was, however, the same humble and unassuming man. He had not acquired wealth, he had no possessions. The same simple habits were kept up; his home was unaffected but hospitable. He had sons, little boys, and they were very dear to him. It was a common sight to see the tall, ungainly man wheeling through the streets of his city a baby carriage containing a robust but uneasy infant, while with the disengaged hand he pulled along a small cart in which another healthy but older child was riding. Even at this period of his career he filled the position of maid-of-all-work, and was often seen helping his wife with the household duties. He never became too great or too

proud to lend a helping hand, no matter how insignificant or common the work, and the service was never too menial for him to render it.

THE FAMOUS SPEECH

On May 29, 1856, we find Abraham Lincoln attending a convention at Bloomington, Ill., and with the powerful assistance of this now truly great man the Republican party was organized.

From the date of this meeting, Mr. Lincoln felt that a party had been organized to whose platform he could give his honest support. He had become very pronounced in opinion concerning the rights of the black man, and upon this occasion he made a speech full of power and eloquence. One of Mr. Lincoln's biographers makes the following statement: "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again, during the progress of its delivery, they sprang to their feet and upon the benches, and testified by long and continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts."

Abraham Lincoln thus proclaimed his ever strongest characteristic,—protection, support and sympathy for the weak and defenseless. The tender and loving heart of the boy would not let him stand idly by and offer no assistance to the helpless. The strong and vigorous man could not resist the suppliant's appeal, and now the black man had gained a staunch and fearless champion.

THE ABSORBING QUESTION

This act of recognition by Abraham Lincoln was but the forerunner of greater and more powerful deeds, when his simple spoken words broke the shackles of slavery, and four million bondmen stood erect as freemen of the common soil.

Mr. Lincoln was now regarded, not only by the Republicans of Illinois, but by all the Western States, as their first man. His name was presented to the national convention as their candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He was defeated on the informal ballot, and this of course decided the matter against him, but the vote was a great com-

pliment to this common son of the Western soil, and was really his formal introduction to the nation.

From this time to the close of his life he was almost entirely absorbed in political affairs.

Mr. Lincoln's hatred of slavery had been constantly growing. He was the exponent of a party whose avowed purpose it was "to resist the extension of slavery, and to shut it up in the territory where it held its only rights under the Constitution," and thus he felt himself more of a free man in politics than ever before.

The slavery question was now the great absorbing question of Mr. Lincoln's life. He threw himself into it and attacked it with all the vigor and strength of his great and powerful nature. He said, "I shall speak for freedom and against slavery as long as the Constitution of my country guarantees free speech, until everywhere on this wide land, the sun shall shine and the rain shall fall and the wind shall blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil."

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEIGHBORS' VERDICT

OUR custodian proved to be faithful and efficient, and there now seemed no danger in leaving the "cabin" to his entire care and protection. Therefore I began to plan a series of rides about the country for the purpose of interviewing the old neighbors and friends and relatives of the Lincolns.

A DISCOVERY IS MADE

Finding Mr. Hall in a particularly good humor on the morning of my eighth day's sojourn, I suggested to him that he needed more recreation; a change would be both beneficial and pleasurable, and immediately I began to arrange for the different excursions that I had mentally arranged. My proposition startled him. He flatly refused to spend so much time in "chasing around after old women's stories." I explained more fully, and candidly acknowledged that his consent to my plans would give me great pleasure. Mr. Hall hesitated, but finally said: "Wall, if I hed a buggy I'd like to take ye. I low I'm a good deal like Grandpap Lincoln, poor and unfortunite." Should I permit so commonplace an object as a "buggy" to interfere with my "sight-seeing?" No, indeed, and a suggestion that almost anyone of the good neighbors would loan us a vehicle finally succeeded in impressing Mr. Hall with the same idea. Still he debated and seemed exceedingly reluctant to undertake such an errand. I did not give up, but continued to urge the matter. Finally a discovery was made. Mr. Hall did not wish to secure, even from a neighbor, a buggy without paying for the use of it. That objection being overcome by promising to pay the bill myself, Uncle John at once departed and slowly descended the hill toward the little village of Farmington.

GIT READY, WOMAN

His return was anxiously awaited, and when I discovered him approaching the house I fairly trembled with a nervous dread that he might not have been successful. Not a word passed between us. He entered the gate, walked to the rear of the house and disappeared within the barn. My curiosity was whetted to intensity. The large barn door swung open with a bang and a span of mules appeared with harness on. Mr. Hall sang out, "Git ready, woman, and we'll be off in right smart time." My expectations and desires were soon to be realized, a week of seclusion and retirement from the busy world had rendered me childishly joyous, and I awaited Mr. Hall's return with an almost nervous anxiety, imagining that he might not after all be prepared to take the outlined trip.

Mr. Hall soon, however, "hove in sight," seated in a real old "democrat," cracking his whip with the vigor of a much younger man. We were now on our way to Charleston, a small town nine miles northeast of the old cabin.

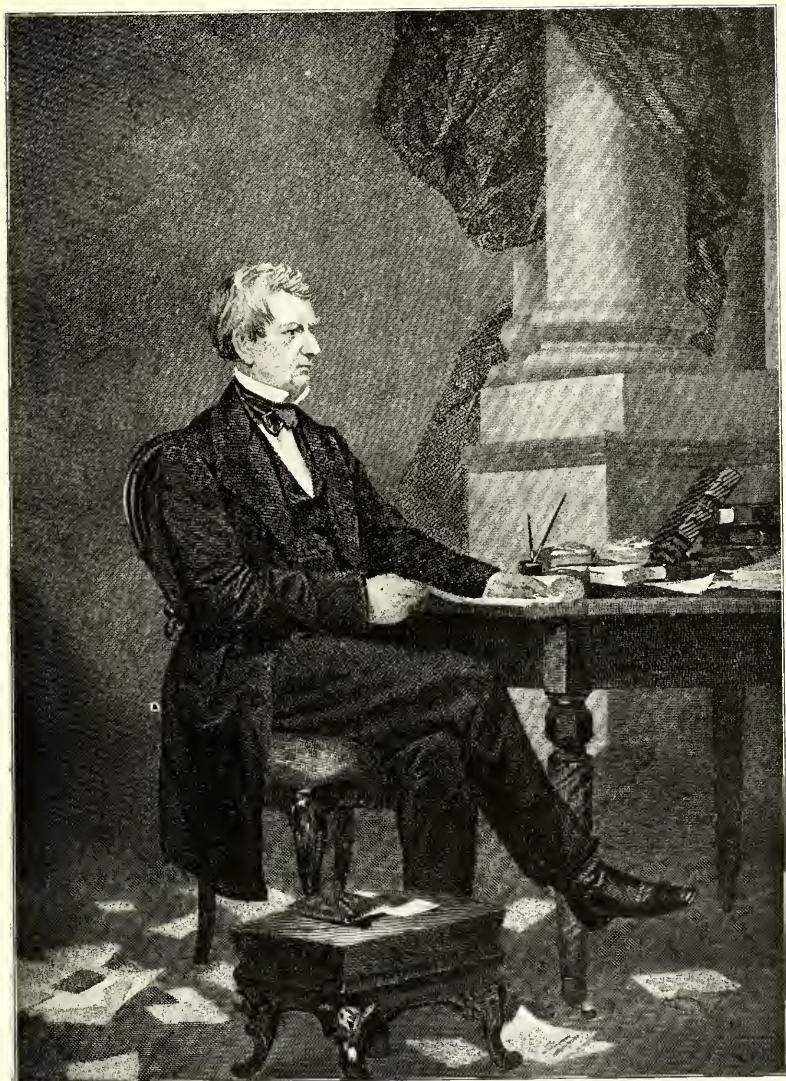
MIGHTY DEEP AND ROARING

The day was hot and dusty, and the mules were allowed to drag themselves leisurely along. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks I enjoyed the trip and as place after place was pointed out to me that was in some way connected with the early life of Mr. Lincoln, my ride became exceedingly interesting. We crossed Indian Creek and the Kickapoo, which used to be, so said Uncle John, "mighty deep and roarin' wide," but now a mere ribbon and so narrow in many places that one was surprised to find a rippling flow still further on.

THE TRIP TO CHARLESTON

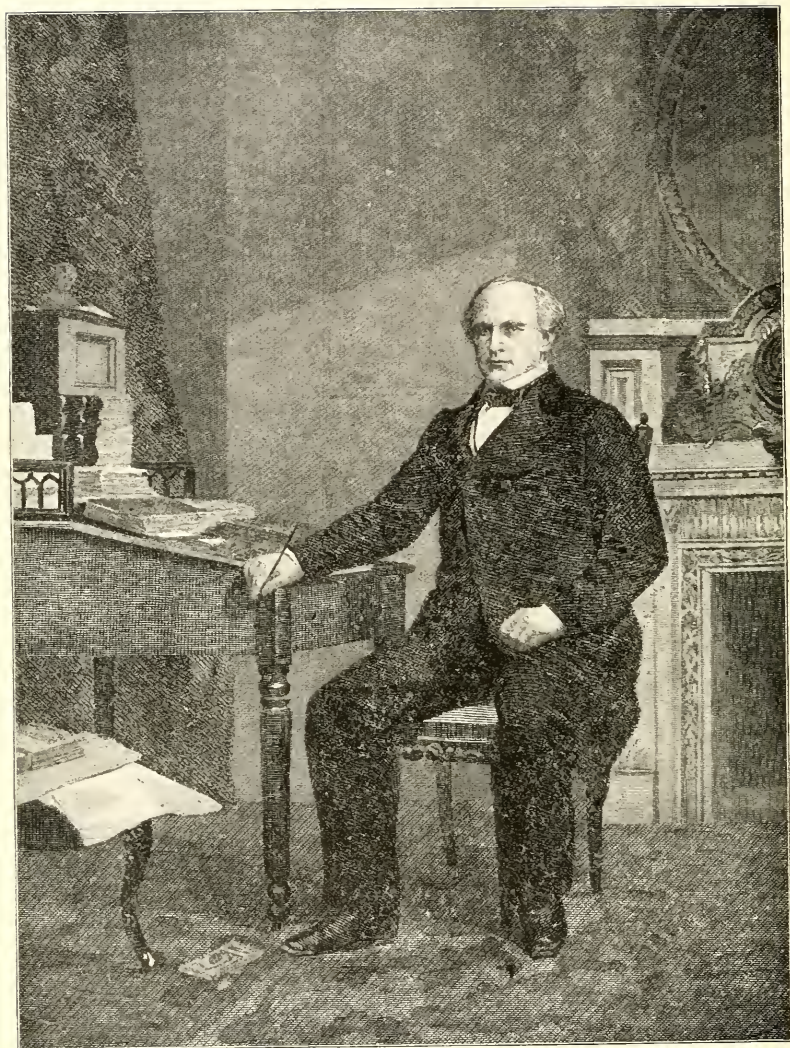
We reached Charleston at noon. The town was dead, not sleeping, and really appeared to have died an untimely death. The streets were deserted and the sun's hot rays in actual loneliness glinted here and there, hoping to melt, by chance, some unwary straggler.

Newcomers and visitors, especially at this season of the year, were



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Secretary of State to Lincoln. The above is a reproduction of the Seward's last photograph.



SALMON P. CHASE.

Secretary of the treasury in Lincoln's cabinet.

so rare that our arrival was widely observed, and when the news spread about the little community that a woman connected with the press of Chicago, and engaged in the interests of "The Lincoln Log Cabin Association," had come to town, questions and information poured in from all directions.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE

The town of Charleston is full of associations connected with Mr. Lincoln. He was a familiar figure on the streets. The country stores were his lounging places, where the loitering community gathered to hear his quaint and humorous stories. The law offices were often honored with his presence; the dilapidated old court house that stands in the center of the square on which the business portion of the town faces was the scene of many a legal battle in which Mr. Lincoln played a conspicuous part.

Charleston was then, as in former years, politically opposed to Mr. Lincoln, and many things were told me defamatory of him and his family. Some of his relatives who live here still displayed more malice than strangers, and why? Simply because he did his duty as he saw it.

Charleston has a place in the nation's history and all on account of a riot that took place in the court house yard, where several citizens were killed and wounded. The evidences of the struggle are still to be seen and are always pointed out and explained to sightseers.

During the Rebellion when war and carnage filled the land with a nameless terror and the nation was sorrowing for her slaughtered sons, this riotous scene took place. Of course I was anxious to hear all about the particulars and through my own observation see the telltale evidences; Uncle John and I sauntered into the yard, where the bullets are still embedded in a tree close by the court house. We went into the queer old-fashioned building and here I found a relative of Mr. Lincoln's who volunteered to show me about and to also point out the very exact spots "that Uncle Abe had stood on." The brief tour of inspection was very interesting and when we came out of the court house I begged Mr. Hall to give me an account of the riot. He appeared to be quite eager to impart the information and at once said:

THE RIOT

"Wall, now, I'll hev to tell ye all about it and then ye'll know how Uncle Dennis Hanks got in to see Uncle Abe, after he got to be President. During the war things got purty hot over to Charleston and the copperheads got sassy. One day Colonel York wus makin' a speech in the court house yard because Captain Mitchell wus takin' his company off to the train to go to war. While the crowd wus all gathered there a wagon-load of these yere Southern sympathizers drew up and begun to pick a quarrel. Their wagon wus full of straw and in the bottom of it wus a lot of guns. Hard words wus said, and Colonel York wus shot and killed. William Hart wus killed, tu, and one of the copperheads, Jesse Cooper, wus killed, tu, and several others wounded. Wall, you know the government tried the fellers who did the killin' and sent them all off to the Dry Tortagus.

THE APPEAL

"After a while the friends of these men got Colonel Ficklin of Charleston to go down to Washington and get Uncle Abe to let 'em off. Colonel Ficklin knowed Uncle Abe jest like a book and he said he wus sure he'd get the men released, so down he goes as peart as you please and told the story to Uncle Abe. Uncle Abe wus orful glad to see him and when Colonel Ficklin hed told the yarn Uncle Abe jest says to him, ses he, 'I think a heap of you because you like your mother so well and take care of her, though we are on different sides of politics.' Then Uncle Abe asked him to name over the fellers who had ben sent to the Dry Tortagus, and when he come to the name of young Winkler, who use to be one of Uncle Abe's boy friends, he said: 'I did not expect anything better of him because he always spelled everything backwards.' And then he told him he guessed he would let 'em stay there a little longer. So Colonel Ficklin hed to come back without getting any of the boys off, and would you believe it, Uncle Dennis Hanks up and said he'd bet ten ag'in one that he could get in to see the President.

UNCLE DENNIS BRAGS

"Uncle Dennis made sech big brags that some of the citizens of Charleston said: 'Hanks, we will give you twelve hundred dollars if you'll get the boys off.'" Interrupting Mr. Hall I thrust upon him the hasty question, did he secure the release of the prisoners? "Sho, woman, don't be in tu big a stew, I'll take ye down to see Uncle Dennis and he'll tell you the story himself, fur he's orful proud of what he did. He likes to tell it over and over ag'in." Looking at me with a merry twinkle in his eye, Mr. Hall said: "He's allers a adding each time some new part that we hadn't heerd before."

Of course I was impatient and wanted to start for Uncle Dennis' at once, but when Mr. Hall informed me that his relative lived down at Paris I knew that I must postpone the trip until some future day. This fact made me feel very uneasy, as Mr. Hanks was then ninety-one years old, and I realized that delay was dangerous.

Mr. Hall noticed my disappointment and sought to comfort me by telling in his own peculiar way and earnest manner "a story of the war":

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT

"Onct during the war," he said, "when Charley Conzert, who was born and raised in a tavern down in Greenup, deserted from the army, Captain Talbot was sent to capture him, and the Captain stayed all night with me in the 'old log cabin.' Grandmarm Lincoln, when she found what was goin' on, begun to ery about Uncle Abe, and said: 'Them fellers are cuttin' up and actin' so dreadful, some of them will kill him, cause he'll do right though he knowed he was goin' to be shot the next minute.' The next mornin' I hitched up and took the Captain and Charley down to Charleston and those fellers (copperheads I call 'em) who hed their Golden Circle lacked only one vote of takin' me out and hangin' me to a tree cause I'd delivered up the prisoner. Wall, Charley wus tried and sentenced to be shot, but Uncle Abe saved him fur he promised to go back into the war ag'in and be a good soldier, and then Uncle Abe said to some of the big fellers down to Washington,

'Charley used to be a neighbor of mine and I know what kind of stuff he's made of. He'll do as he says.' So he let him go and Uncle Abe's words proved true. After Uncle Abe was killed and many a time since Charley Conzert has sent word to us that he thought so much of Uncle Abe cause he saved him that he'd lay down his life fur any of his blood kin."

During the afternoon we called upon several of the relatives who would give me no information, except upon a paying basis. I also discovered that even those that had held offices under Mr. Lincoln's administration seemed to have forgotten the ways and mannerisms of their distinguished dead relative, and expressed very few kind words for the great man.

LINCOLN'S PREFERRED POSITION

After dinner we called upon Mrs. Colonel O. W. Ficklin, whose husband was a most intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln. Her greeting was cordial and friendly and under her guidance we called upon several old citizens who had known the lamented and martyred chieftain. Among the very few reminiscences collected from them was the following, related by Mr. Abram Highland, who said: "Mr. Ficklin and Mr. Lincoln were often pitted against each other in their profession, both having a large law practice in our district. Upon a certain occasion, the case being one of considerable importance although it was held in a very small and dilapidated school house out in the country, Mr. Lincoln was compelled to stoop very much in order to enter the door and the seats were so low that he doubled up his legs like a jack-knife. Mr. Lincoln was obliged to sit upon a school bench and just in front of him was another, making the distance between him and the seat in front of him very narrow and uncomfortable. His position was almost unbearable and in order to carry out his preference which he secured as often as possible, and that was 'to sit as near to the jury as convenient,' he took advantage of his discomfort and said to the justice, 'Your Honor, with your permission I'll sit up nearer to the gentlemen of the jury, for it hurts my legs less to rub my calves against the bench than it does to skin my shins.'"

THE WEIGHT OF THREE HOGS

A quotation from a personal communication to the same party was also repeated. The letter was chiefly upon the political issues of the times, and Mr. Lincoln said: "We now have three parties in the field, the Republican, the Democratic, and the Knownothing; but it is just as easy to prophesy the result of the election as it is to count the weight of three hogs."

LINCOLN'S COUSIN

Before our departure for home we walked around to the house of Mrs. Tom Darling, a cousin of Mr. Lincoln, and from her heard nothing but words of praise for the good man. Mrs. Darling told us that the first letter she ever wrote was addressed to Mr. Lincoln and his reply was very kind, full of wise counsel and loving words.

After Mr. Lincoln was married and little children came into his life he sent for this cousin to come to Springfield and help his wife take care of the little ones.

Mrs. Darling was at the Lincoln home for quite a year. Her account of the many kind acts that Mr. Lincoln bestowed upon her was but additional testimony to his greatness of heart.

GITTING HYSTERICKY

Late in the afternoon we started homeward. Again the ride was most enjoyable, and again my host related many anecdotes of his relatives. As the twilight shadows deepened I became uncomfortable and imagined the departed were hovering near, and so uncomfortable was the feeling that I suggested the mules be forced into a trot at least that we might not be overtaken by the darkness.

Uncle John Hall smiled and accused me of getting "hystericky ag'in." "I'll chirk ye up right smart with a circus story," he said, and at once proceeded to tell the following:

THE CIRCUS STORY

"In the year 1835, one time when Uncle Abe was in Charleston, he thought he'd jest look around and see what the circus amounted to.

This was the first that ever showed up at Charleston, so he went down by the big tent and when he seed the little one for the performers to dress in he ast one of the circus fellers what that side pocket wus fur, and all the time he never cracked a smile but wus jest as ser'ous as a deacon. When the feller told Uncle Abe what it wus fur he jest winked one eye and crossed his legs."

THE MAPLE SUGAR PULL

The little village of Farmington was just ahead of us and Mr. Hall suggested that we drive down the road a short distance and call on some of the old neighbors. I gladly consented and after a drive of nearly a mile we drew up at the house of Mr. Samuel Chowning, who lived nearly opposite the little cemetery in which old Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln are buried.

We found the master of the house absent but his wife who had lived near neighbor to the Lincoln family cordially received us and cheerfully related the following little episode:

"In the spring of 1833 when I wus then a girl of only sixteen years Grandpap Lincoln as usual 'sugared off,' and John D. Johnston invited the young folks to come over some evening, when Abe Lincoln wus up to the old home. John D. Johnston sent us word that Brother Abe had come and we made up a little party. Well, John D. and Abe Lincoln took me across the river in a canoe. John had promised us young folks some taffy and purty soon he said to Grandpap Lincoln, 'I want some taffy for the girls.' You know John D. Johnston wus mighty good lookin' and awful takin' and we knowed he'd get some taffy for us. We girls didn't care much about Abraham Lincoln, though, for he wus so quiet and awkward and so awful homely, and he never made up to the girls anyhow, so none of 'em cared about asking any favors of him. Grandpap Lincoln wus terrible savin' and said, 'No, John, I can't have the 'lasses wasted that I have worked so hard to get.' But Abe Lincoln talked to John D. in a low voice, and purty soon when grandpap had scooped out all but a little in the bottom of the kettle, John D. caught up a bucket of cold water and throwed it into the kettle. When the sugar rose to the top he stuck his hands in and pulled it all out in

a lump and divided it among us. Of course we all laughed and shouted but grandpap only stuck his lips out and pouted a little and said, 'John, yer allers wastin' somethin'.'

MORE OLD NEIGHBORS

We tarried a few moments longer and again Mr. Hall kindly proposed a ride around to Janesville and said, "Perhaps we'll see some more of the old neighbors." As we drove through the small burg, many eyes peered curiously at us. At last we pulled up in front of old Mr. Peter Furry's house. As is customary in this locality a "Hallo, neighbor!" brought "the man of the house" to the door, while the entire family without further ceremony dashed out, and the younger members of the household perched themselves upon the rail fence. Our errand was made known and Mr. Furry, a pleasant and kind-hearted old farmer, was delighted to tell me all that he knew about the Lincoln family.

"EVERYBODY KNOWN IT"

Without further parley he began: "Yes, I was born and raised right near to Tommy Lincoln's. Pap's farm joined his'n and so you see I knowed a great deal about the old gentleman. They wus a purty shiftless set the whole of them, even Abraham Lincoln, who was afterwards the President of the United States. When he'd come up to visit the old folks he'd lay around jest like the rest; go barefoot, get out under a tree and lay looking into the sky fur half a day at a time. That thare cabin that yere going to write about wus as full of human critters as a nut is full of meat, they wus a jest hanging out of the winders, but Abraham Lincoln wus somehow given the best place in the house and almost every one round yere looked up to him. He had the respect of everybody and yet I could never see jest how he got it. He wasn't proud nor nothing like that, he seemed to be no more nor no better than the rest of his folks, but somehow he wus and everybody knowed it."

"BEEF TO MY SORRER"

After questioning the old man concerning the inmates of the household he replied: "All of Grandmarm Lincoln's relatives wus there

a living right along and they kept old man Lincoln in a heap of trouble. John D. Johnston, that wus her boy, wus the most shiftless and good-for-nothing feller ye ever seed; he wus no good no how, allers a galavanting around the country to see the women folks and disposing of anything that wus Grandpap Lincoln's without ever saying by your leave. Why, one time he rode off on the old horse, the only one they had, and wus gone two or three days. While he wus away he traded off the horse for a pair of young steers. Wall, when he brought 'em home it wus nigh onto ten o'clock and all the family hed gone to bed. Anyhow, John D. Johnston wus so eternally shiftless and didn't like to do no work no how, he jest tied the steers to a young saplin'; they wus yoked together, and of course they got to trampin' around in the night and raisin' Cain, and when Granddaddy Lincoln got up in the mornin' he found them both on the ground ston' dead. He wus of an awful savin' turn of mind (everybody knowed that) and so he went right on takin' off their hides. By that time I went along by there and when I seed the old man skinnin' the critters I called out to him and said, ses I (I thought I'd plague him a little), 'Got some beef, Granddaddy?' He didn't look up but jest growled out, 'Yes, beef to my sorrer.'

Though this homely incident wus pathetic in the extreme, yet it wus so ludicrous that we all joined in the merriment which the story evoked, and even the children, hanging on the gate, appreciated the humor, for the youngest tot begged grandpa to tell another "funny story."

THE KEY TO LINCOLN'S METAPHORS

The old man looked up with a twinkle in his honest blue eyes and asked the question, "Will all that I say go into the paper? If so, I ken spin out as many yarns as you want." My reply to his question in the affirmative actually caused Mr. Furry to remove his old, greasy cap, the good wife came a step nearer and the children descended from their perches, and, coming close up to the buggy, eyed me with keen curiosity. Here wus an unthought of circumstance. A real live "writing woman," and at their own house, too.

Again the old gentleman broke out and related the following: "Ag'in, one time when I wus goin' by, I seed Granddaddy Lincoln out

grubbin' up some hazelnut bushes, and so I said to him: 'Why, Grandpap, I thought you wanted to sell your farm?' 'And so I do,' ses he, 'but I haint goin' to let my farm know it.'"

Really there is more truth than poetry in the above homely statement, and its wisdom is clearly shown. So seemingly unimportant and commonplace was this original saying of Thomas Lincoln's that the casual observer would undoubtedly have passed it by unheeded, but that very quaint expression is the keynote to an important discovery, and one plainly sees from what source Abraham Lincoln received his peculiar talent for apt and trite sayings.

A GOOD RELIGION

The old gentleman now appeared to have run out of stories, the evening was far advanced and I suggested to Mr. Hall that we had better remain no longer for the family and my companion would no doubt be anxious for our safety. Evidently Mr. Furry felt he had not furnished me with enough newspaper matter to make him immortal, therefore he insisted that we should "git out of the buggy" and come into the house. Accepting his kind invitation, but insisting that we could remain but a very little while, we went into the plain old-fashioned house and awaited developments. Apparently deep in thought Mr. Furry preserved a dignified silence for a moment, then with a sudden energy that fairly startled the little gathering he related the following:

"Old man Lincoln wus quite religious, you know; why, he allers walked down to Charleston, most ten miles away, every Saturday night. Stayed there all day Sunday so he could enjoy both the mornin' and evenin' meetin's and then walked back ag'in Monday mornin'. I don't think Uncle Abe was nigh so religious as his father, fur he didn't belong to no church, but then he wus mighty good and allers when he come down to see the old folks he'd walk over from Charleston so as to save payin' for a team because he wanted to give 'em some money to pay off the debt on the old home and a little besides so that both grandpap and grandmarm 'ud feel a little independent. Most every time he come to see 'em he'd give 'em ten dollars, and onct I see him give 'em two

hundred dollars. Now, to my thinkin', that's about as good a religion as I know of—'honor your father and mother,' if one of 'em is your stepmother."

MY VOW

After some further conversation we thanked him for his kind attention and really interesting information and departed. A pleasant drive of an hour or more brought us again to the little cottage. Our protracted stay and the lateness of the hour had caused the family so much anxiety that our arrival was hailed with joy. Of course I related to the family the adventures of the day, and exacted a promise from my host that he would again take me for a drive, provided he could obtain the necessary requisites. A thought struck me and I silently registered a vow, that before my taking leave of this kind-hearted and simple folk something should be done to make existence more pleasurable and thus relieve the monotony of their excessively humdrum life, especially the younger members of the family. I kept my vow and afterwards succeeded in bringing to the household some of the modern comforts and conveniences of the nineteenth century. Further on I shall tell my readers all about the transaction and describe the startling state of affairs that came about through its accomplishment.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHY LINCOLN NEVER USED PROFANE LANGUAGE

STILL anticipating and longing for the promised visit to Uncle Dennis Hanks at Paris, I tried to be patient and pleasantly excuse Mr. Hall's habits of procrastination and inability to arrange for our second trip.

The days were hot, the air was oppressive and the monotonous country life was making inroads upon my spirits. This day had been a particularly trying one, and we had been so uncomfortable that life was almost a burden. Evening approached, a light breeze sprang up, our hearts were gladdened and our spirits revived. We betook ourselves to the grassy lawn and dreamy moonlight. Myriads of fireflies flitting about us presented a charming sight, and it took no stretch of imagination to fancy we were dwelling in fairyland.

Elfs, gnomes and wonderful giants were expected and talked about. A form appeared in the doorway of the little cottage and the "boggie man" appeared, not a cruel one, though, and said, "Sho, woman, don't put sech nonsense into the heads of the young folks, ye'll spile 'em."

I begged Mr. Hall to come out and enjoy with us the beautiful night and tell us just one story about his beloved relatives. He refused in a rather decided tone, but when "Little Joe" joined in and pleaded too, the father could not refuse. He took this opportunity to give his boys a lesson in morals and told them their Grandfather Lincoln never swore, and to illustrate he related the following, which he said was the worst words he had ever heard their grandfather use:

A GOOD EXAMPLE

"Your Grandpap Lincoln," he said, "never used no slang words, no-how; but he hed a favorite expression which he allers used when he wus supriised or bothered, and that wus, 'By dear!' Uncle John D. Johnston would drop an ear of corn on the ground every time we un-

loaded jest to plague grandpap, and he would say, 'By dear! John, how shiftless ye are.' Wall, down at the cabin he allers kept his seed sweet potatoes between the two houses, the east room and the new part. He allers packed them in sand and I liked 'em so much when a boy that I'd eat 'em raw till I wus fit to bust. Grandpap, when he ketched me at it, he would allers say, 'By dear, by dear, the boy will eat up all my taters, and I won't hev none for plantin'.' So yer can see, boys, yer hev a purty good example to foller."

An emphasis on certain words and the significant manner with which Mr. Hall related this brief moral lesson led me to believe that he had a particular purpose in telling his boys this simple little incident. My suspicions were proven when young Abe said: "Wall, paw, didn't Grandpap Lincoln never swear, nohow, when he wus a young feller?" "I am sorry to say that he did," said Mr. Hall, "fur grandpap hissself told me he used to rip out an oath every time he got mad," I felt a curiosity to know how this bad habit had been remedied, and I asked Uncle John Hall if he knew why Mr. Thomas Lincoln stopped swearing? To which question he replied: "I reckon I du, fur grandpap told me. When they wus livin' down in Kentucky Uncle Abe's sister, little Sary jest spoke right out one day with a right bad swear word, and Uncle Abe's mother said, 'Father, did yer hear yer little baby?' He never swore no more, nohow, arter that."

SAYING GRACE

Mr. Hall paused, and, fearing he would request us to retire, I said, "I suppose Mr. Thomas Lincoln's first wife was a very religious woman?" "I reckon she wus," said Mr. Hall; "but both grandmarm and grandpap wus awful religious, tu. They wus awful good church members, tu, bein' Baptists away long back. Then they jined the Christians or Campbellites. We allers held meetin' in the east room of the old log cabin, and Stanley Walker, who used to live in Kantucky, ud come and preach every fourth Sunday. Uncle Abe heard him a heap uv times, tu, in the old log house. Grandpap wus so terrible religious that he never ud eat nothin', nohow, without sayin' grace, and I can reckerlect as plain as can be jest what he said. It wus short, but

it wus allers the same, and he never failed to say it, 'Fit and prepare us for humble sarvice. Beg fer Christ's sake. Amen.'"

Mr. Hall could not say enough in praise of the religious character of his relatives, but continued to relate more stories.

"Both Grandpap and Grandmarm Lincoln prayed so much," said he, "that they hed a wonderful power about 'em to cure folks. Why, grandmarm could draw out fire and grandpap could cure a felon. Folks would come for ten miles around to get grandpap to cure 'em, and all he'd do wus jest to hold the sore finger in his hands a few minutes and say somethin' in a whisper, and every time he'd cure 'em shore nuff. Grandmarm, she would jest lay her hand on the burn and shet up her eyes and say two or three words and it would never hurt you no more. She hes drawed the fire out of my hands lots of times, and onct she told me that if she told arry a woman she'd never hev the power to cure no more, but that if she told a man it wouldn't make no difference, and she did tell me afore she died what she said when she cured 'em, but I can't tell nobody."

LIKE UNCLE ABE

I said to Uncle John Hall that it was a lucky circumstance that his people did not live at the time of the Salem witchcraft agitation, for they would surely have been burned at the stake. This allusion to that period of our country's history proved most unfortunate, for I was compelled to tell the young people the story of the Salem witchcraft, and its recital turned the tide of conversation.

Coming back to the realities of the time and place, I asked Mr. Hall to kindly relate a few more Lincoln stories. He said, "S'pose I should tell yer something about myself and grandpap, would yer mind?"

Of course I was pleased to hear anything that might contribute to my history of the Lincolns and their humble home. Convincing Mr. Hall of my sincerity and desire to hear a personal story, he proceeded by saying: "Grandpap wus a good deal like Uncle Abe, allers trying to make us all feel happy by saying somethin' kind or giving us some little present, but he didn't hev quite the same way Uncle Abe did, no-how. When he got to be an old man he didn't hev much to give away,

'cept what Uncle Abe let him hev, nor much before that nuther, I reckon.

"The only medder land grandpap hed wus two acres and a half a little north of the house in the east forty. But he said to me one day, 'If you will mow the medder I'll give you a yo.' I was seventeen years old then, but bein' a sickly boy all my life, this wus the first mowing I ever tried to do, I wus purty well tuckered out, but grandpap went around behind me with a fork and tossed the grass up into shocks. I got my yo, and the next spring she found three lambs for me, and saved 'em all. In two or three years I sold ten sheep out of my flock at \$1.25 a piece, and so you see I got quite a start. When I talked with Uncle Abe about my money he jest said, 'Now you can get married and build a home of your own.'"

Before I could interrupt him Mr. Hall again repeated, almost word for word, what he had told me before concerning Mr. Lincoln's visits to his people.

BED TIME STORIES

"Twice a year," he said, "Uncle Abe come up to the 'old log cabin' and would stay from one to three days 'cordin' to his business, and allers when he come he'd bring somethin' every time for grandmarm and grandpap and Uncle John D. Johnston and the balance of the family. He'd spend most of his time lookin' around the old place and out in the woods huntin' paw-paws and readin' on every occasion. Wall, of course all the old neighbors and friends would come in when they heerd he'd come hum, and he'd entertain 'em tellin' cur'ous stories till bed time. He never did seem no different, nohow; he treated us jest the same, and allers made us feel as if the hull world had left when he went away.

"I reckolect one time when Uncle Abe wus up a visitin' us he said, 'It is remarkable to see so large a family stay together so long, but when they begin to go they will all go at once.' And shore nuff, so it wus. Grandpap Lincoln wus taken with smotherin' spells and we sent for Uncle Abe. He come up and stayed a few days and then his father got better. Uncle Abe went back, but he'd hardly got hum before Grand-

pap Lincoln went off mighty sudden like. He died of heart disease, and we sent for Uncle Abe, but he wus so busy with important bisness he couldn't come up to the funeral. Shortly afterwards he come up to straighten out the property, for Uncle John D. Johnston lived with Grandpap and Grandmarm Lincoln, and Uncle Abe he'd give Uncle John a piece of writin' which said the property should be his'n for the sum of \$200 without interest, and he could hev his life time to pay for it in if he stayed and took care of grandmarm and grandpap and then remained on the premises a year after both of 'em wus dead. I reckolet right well that Uncle Abe told Uncle John D. Johnston when he come up that he wus afraid he'd never be able to buy the place, and he wus perfectly willing to deed him the place if he'd promise to stay with grandmarm, for Uncle Abe said: 'I am just as anxious to have mother cared for as I was before father died.' So Uncle John D. Johnston give Uncle Abe a promise on a piece of paper and Uncle Abe fixed the bargain up with a piece of writing, which give the property to Uncle John D. Johnston fur takin' care of grandmarm."

THE LEGAL DOCUMENT

Mr. Hall now invited us into the house and showed me the legal document that conveyed the old homestead to Mr. Lincoln's step-mother's son.

The boys were as interested in the "piece of writin'" as my companion and I were, and appeared to enjoy the reading of the same as much as we did, though no doubt they themselves had often read the legal instrument.

The following is a correct copy of the original :

This indenture made this twelfth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, by and between Abraham Lincoln and Mary Lincoln, his wife, of the City of Springfield, County of Sangamon, and State of Illinois, party of the first part, and John D. Johnston, of the County of Coles, and State aforesaid, party of the second part, witnesseth :

That the said party of the first part for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar to them in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby

acknowledged, have remised, released and forever quit-claimed and by these presents do remise, release and forever quit-claim to and in favor of the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns forever, all the right, title, interest and estate which the said party of the first part have in and to the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, both of section twenty-one, in township eleven, north of range nine, east of the third principal meridian, situated in the said County of Coles, and together containing eighty acres, more or less, the interest of the said party of the first part in and to said lands being that derived as sole heir at law of the late Thomas Lincoln, now deceased, and subject to the right of dower of Sarah Lincoln, widow of the said Thomas Lincoln, deceased.

To have and to hold to the same party of the second part and to his heirs and assigns forever the interest aforesaid in and to the above described lands, together with all and singular the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

In testimony whereof the said party of the first part have hereunto set their hands and seals this day and year first above written.

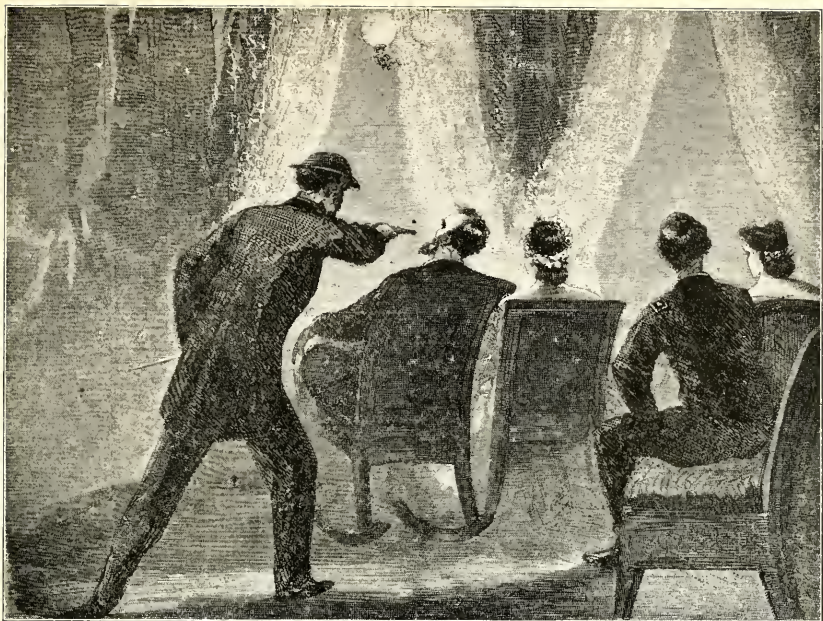
A. LINCOLN. (Seal.)

M. LINCOLN. (Seal.)

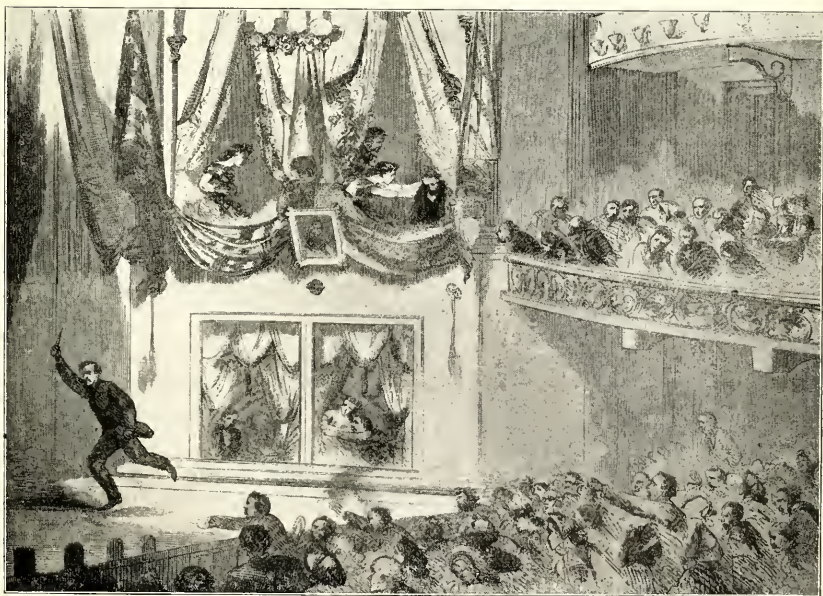
GETTING POSSESSION OF LINCOLN HOMESTEAD

Mr. Hall, his family, Miss Coleman and myself returned to the front room. Looking up at the old-fashioned timepiece, our host said: "If 'twarn't so orful late I'd tell yer what a time I've hed buyin' and keepin' this yere place where the old log cabin stands."

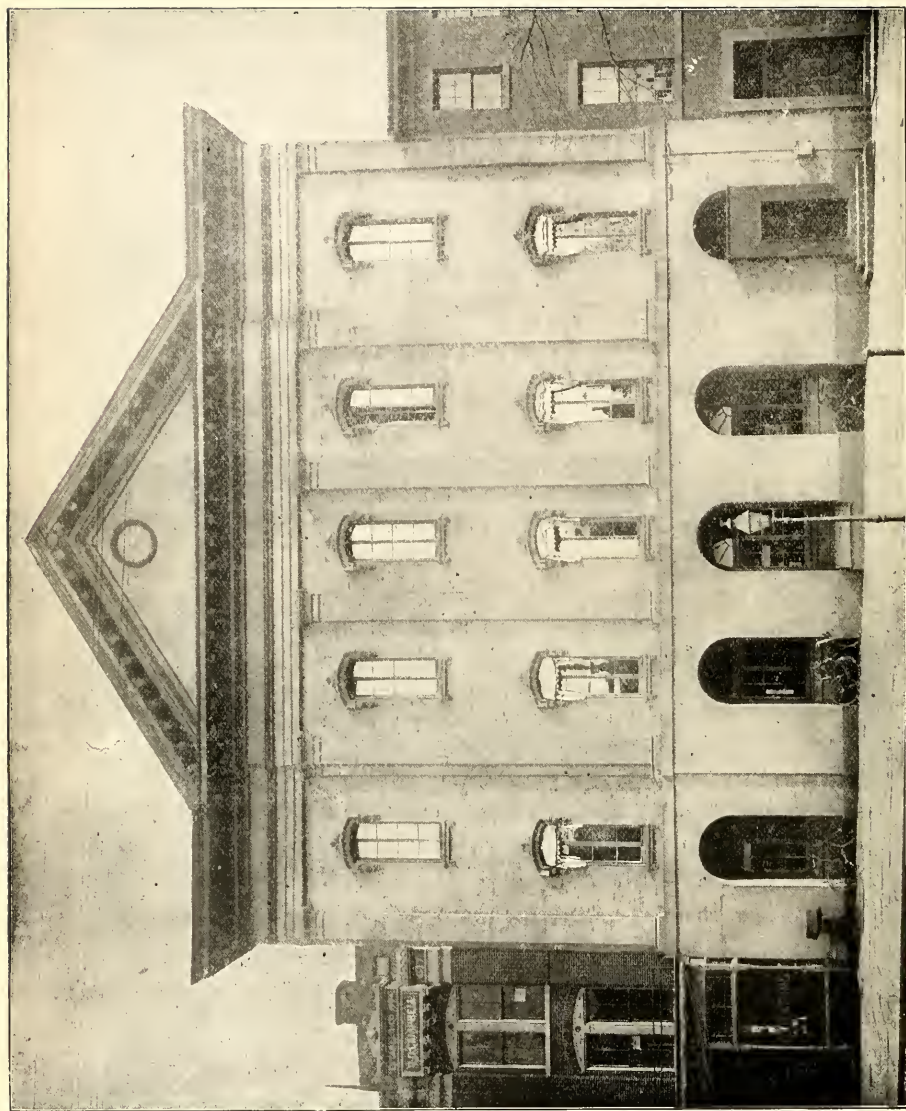
To our little company time was no objection, and we all clamored for the story. Mr. Hall began at once and said: "Grandpap hedn't ben dead very long before Uncle John D. Johnston got oneasy and wanted to go away and sell out, which of course he couldn't do legally, I don't suppose. Wall, as soon as I heerd of it I made up my mind that I would buy the farm and live with grandmarm. I hed found a gal, and we hed hitched up and wus livin' down in Farmington with my mother, who hed married again and hed quite a good house thare. I



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., night of April 14th, 1865.



THE ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSIN AND THE PANIC OF THE AUDIENCE.



FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Where Lincoln was Assassinated.

went over to see Uncle John D. Johnston and we talked the business over, and he took me up and said he considered it a good bargain.

"I paid Uncle John D. Johnston for his interest and he give me a piece of writin' which said the property wus mine. I moved right in and took care of grandmarm till she died, which wus in the month of April, 1869. One day I got to thinkin' about the paper, and ses I to myself, now the piece of writin' that Uncle Abe give Uncle John reads, 'To his heirs,' and I made up my mind that his children could come back on me for their father's interest, and I jest thought I would speak about it. So one time when Uncle Abe wus visiting us, and as soon as I ketched 'em all out of the house but me and Uncle Abe, I ses to him, ses I, 'Now, Uncle Abe, couldn't you change that bond you give Uncle John D. Johnston or else give me a piece of writin' that will make me safe; for his piece reads, "To his heirs," and when Uncle John D. Johnston is dead his folks may make me trouble, and I hev honestly paid him \$50 and always expect to take care of grandmarm jest the same as if she wus my own mother.' But Uncle Abe ses, 'No, John,' ses he, 'I made that bond jest as obligatory as I could and no one will make you any trouble, I am sure.'

A REQUEST TO ROBERT LINCOLN

"I didn't like to trouble Uncle Abe, and so I didn't say nothing more about it, nohow; but shore nuff, jest as soon as grandmarm wus dead, Tom Johnston, Uncle John's oldest son, tried to sell me out round among the neighbors for \$200, but none of them would tech it. After a while I got to thinkin' about it, that Uncle John's heirs hed no right to sell out, cause he hedn't kept his promise to Uncle Abe to take care of grandmarm, and so the property must still belong to the heirs of Uncle Abe. I wus orful worried and I got a right smart lawyer at Charleston to write to Major Conely, of Springfield, and jest ask Bob Lincoln, Uncle Abe's oldest son, if he'd ever try to get it away from me. He wrote, and Uncle Abe's son sent back word that he didn't want no money for it, nohow, and didn't want to tech it, and to tell me it wus all right, and fer me not to feel afraid. Wall, anyhow, my tax titles is

clear and I hev been in peaceable possession for nigh onto forty years, and so I reckon the property is mine."

The children as well as the older members of the household listened attentively to the recital, and upon its conclusion each one of the little party gathered about Mr. Hall and began to ply him with questions, but our host insisted that we should retire immediately, for there would be no further story-telling that night.

CHAPTER XXII

LINCOLN SURPRISED HIS PHOTOGRAPHER

ALTHOUGH the Springfield lawyer had visited Chicago, and been engaged in trials at that place, he was unknown to the general public.

A few lawyers and some of their friends had formed the acquaintance of the peculiar man, and had expressed themselves as believing the odd and strange man would "be heard from."

Some time during the year 1857 Mr. Lincoln came up to Chicago to conduct some legal affairs, but so little known was he beyond his own locality that when he went into a studio for the purpose of having his photograph taken he was not recognized. Mr. Hessler, the photographer, was both amused and surprised to hear the awkward, homely countryman say, "I believe I will have my picture taken for some of the lawyers at the court house may want to have it." The photographer was too amazed and surprised to reply, but he placed the sitter in position and simply said: "Have you any objections to having your hair pushed back from your forehead?" The unknown sitter smiled and made brief response. Mr. Lincoln's hair was properly arranged according to the photographer's fancy, and the "picture" was pronounced a success.

Mr. Hessler says in a letter written some time afterwards to a prominent citizen of Chicago: "Can you imagine my astonishment and surprise when I discovered that the negative which I had in my possession of a supposed ordinary, though rather peculiar, countryman was no other than Abraham Lincoln, the Presidential candidate."

It has been my good fortune to secure the copy of a letter written by Mr. Hessler to a well-known citizen of Chicago, regarding the above-mentioned photograph. A copy verbatim of the letter is reproduced for my readers' benefit:

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STORY

Dear Sir. My first acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln was in Feb 1857 when he came into my studio in the Metropolitan Block and sat for his negative and as he explained it "So that the lawyers over at the Court House that wanted my picture bad enough to buy it could come and get copies."

His tall, gaunt figure at first sight impressed me with the thought who could want your picture? but when seated, a glance at his head and face struck me as one of rare power and goodness—His hair was very long and full over his eyes and forehead. I asked him if I might arrange it to which he replied "Fix it to please you." I ran my fingers through his hair throwing it off from his forehead. The result was the picture in profile showing his magnificent head and strength of character, never since portrayed. This picture was greatly admired by all who loved his genial and expressive face and mouth.

After his nomination came the demand for a likeness more smooth and dressed up, with hair not so long and more "smoothed down." I was requested to make one such, accordingly I wrote to Mr. Lincoln at Springfield to know if he was soon coming to Chicago, he kindly replied that his friends had decided that he should remain in Springfield until after the election "but if I would come there he would give me sit-tings."

I went down the last of June 1860—(it was the day of the great Camanche cyclone that caused such dreadful destruction across the entire state, striking Lake Michigan just north of Winetka—and secured a number of good negatives. Prints from these were reduced and scattered by thousands all over the country and convinced the people that such a noble head was the one to lead and govern the mighty people.

After he reached Washington he was persuaded to hide his strong and good, honest features by wearing his beard, thinking no doubt that by hiding the rugged noble features to enhance his beauty but then his real beauty was lost to sight and the strong features were gone.

From a photograph with his hair suit on an engraving was made so smoothed and idealized that the real man is lost.

Mr. Volk the sculptor has the only true likeness of him in clay that has been made and if ever Mr. Lincoln is perpetuated in marble by true History, his will be the likeness chosen. A. HESSLER.

The "true likeness" which Mr. Hessler refers to is a bust of Mr. Lincoln, life size, and taken of him soon after his nomination to the Presidency of the United States.

THE SCULPTOR'S STORY

Mr. Volk's letter describing Mr. Lincoln's sitting, writing to Mrs. Judge Bradwell, a prominent citizen of Chicago, is herewith reproduced:

"Mrs. Myra Bradwell—My dear Madam: Mr. Lincoln gave me about a dozen sittings before the first nomination in the old wigwam for the Presidency. He was always quite prompt and patient, and seemed interested in the modeling in clay, it being the first he had ever seen in his life, and at the same time telling me many of his unparalleled funny and amusing stories.

"One Sunday he sat nearly all day, saying as he entered my studio on the fourth floor of the Portland block, that he would rather sit to me for his bust than go to church and hear a cut and dried sermon, and that when he heard a man preach he liked to hear him preach as if he were fighting bees, at the same time accompanying the words by energetically throwing out his long arms.

"But I am digressing. About the last sitting he gave me was on a pleasant morning. As he entered he appeared a little hurried, and being desirous to represent as nearly as possible his neck, shoulder and breast in the model, in order to harmonize with the head and face, I invited him to loosen his garments so I could see plainly. He remarked that he would strip right off with coat, vest, collar, cravat and shirt, and I would then have a fair chance.

"He hastily removed all the above mentioned articles and placed them on a chair. His undershirt he pulled down to the waist and tied the sleeves together in the front. I worked as rapidly as I could to transfer correctly to clay his brawny, muscular shoulders, which were soon destined to be applied to the government wheels.

"Upon the conclusion of the sitting, Mr. Lincoln hastily readjusted his toilet all right, as he supposed, declining any assistance, saying that he could do it just as well alone. And being intent on finishing some point in clay while fresh in my memory, I did not notice him particularly while rearranging his dress. After his usual inquiry when he should come again and a cordial good-morning, he passed out into the hall and started downstairs.

"Suddenly I heard him retracing his steps, and immediately the door opened without much ceremony.

" 'Hello, Mr. Volk,' said he, with a slightly embarrassed air, but very humorous countenance, 'I forgot to put my shirt on and thought I had better come back and do it before going into the street.' Looking at him I noticed that the said shirtsleeves, which he had tied together, were dangling below his coat skirt. By our joint and united efforts he was again dressed up properly (this time) about as quickly as any person ever was in the world.

Yours very sincerely,

"LEONARD W. VOLK."

"Chicago, July 15, 1876."

CHAPTER XXIII.

DENNIS HANKS' VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT

THE weather continued hot and oppressive, the sky was like molten brass, the air filled with dust, the grass dry and crackling. The setting sun, red and hot, was sinking below the western horizon. A breeze sprang up. The low and distant rumbling of thunder was heard, clouds were scurrying across the sky, a tiny drop of water fell on my upturned face, then another, till finally the floodgates of Heaven were loosed and the grateful deluge descended.

Now was my opportunity; the roads would be free from dust and the morning would come to us sweet and cool. Mr. Hall had not offered to keep his promise in regard to our call upon old Uncle Dennis Hanks, and I had felt rather delicate in urging the matter; but the change of weather and the receipt of a bulky package which came from Chicago the day before was my incentive. Therefore I determined to inveigle Mr. Hall into another excursion. With considerable anxiety I broached the subject, asking that the following day should be given to the trip. Imagine my surprise and delight; Uncle John was not only willing, but appeared delighted and began to arrange for a longer drive than I had planned.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED

It was decided that we should again drive over to Charleston and from that point take the train to Paris, where old Dennis Hanks was now living. The anticipated enjoyment of the coming day actually drove away nature's sweet restorer, and after a night of restless tossing I arose with the meadow lark and sang outright. My impatience and uneasiness aroused the entire household, and "Sis," with her usual good will and helpful nature, soon had breakfast ready. After partaking of a hurried meal, we said our good-byes to the inmates of the

little cottage and departed, leaving behind us a dejected household.

Promising to return as soon as possible, we drove rapidly away. A glance backward revealed a pleasant sight; the entire company were waving their hands and shouting their adieus. My impetuous nature asserted itself, and answering with a call equally as loud, I cried out, "Watch for the surprise." The startling statement brought out a volley of questions from the little group at the gate, while the boys leaped the fence and insisted upon an explanation. At my suggestion Mr. Hall urged our patient and homely steeds into an ambling trot, and we soon outdistanced the male trio, who, realizing our advantage, gave up the chase.

The morning was cool and delightful, and the very beasts seemed to understand my impatience and nervousness, for we bowled along right merrily, and even Mr. Hall's reminiscences were of a pleasant and humorous nature.

We arrived at Charleston just as the little village was putting on her morning dress. Upon inquiry we found that we could not leave Charleston for Paris until the noon hour. Driving down the main street a little distance, we came to the "best" hotel, and after ordering an early dinner Mr. Hall suggested that "we'd better take in the town ag'in, fur I reckon we'll run across somebody that knowed Uncle Abe."

I had already decided to not only "take in" something at Charleston, but also to take out something, and that something was the surprise that I had imprudently charged the family to watch for. Little did I imagine that fate had ordered otherwise, and that Mr. Hall and I would not return home that night.

A TRANSFORMATION

The "leading" dry goods store in Charleston was visited, and I insisted that Mr. Hall should be fitted out with a suit of clothes, hat and a pair of boots thrown in. The garments that Mr. Hall wore were no doubt agreeable to the weather, for his attire was exceedingly simple, and consisted of a pair of baggy blue jean pants, a checked shirt, a pair of low shoes, and a broad-brim straw hat, with a cotton string for a band. Anticipating a refusal upon the grounds that only city chaps

wore store clothes, his reply fairly staggered me. Uncle John Hall looked at me searchingly; his eyes were full of meaning, and to my utter astonishment and bewilderment he said: "I low'd ye'd be ashamed of me, but I can't pay for these yer clothes, nohow."

After being convinced that the outfit was a present from the Lincoln Log Cabin Association, he retired into a closet and shortly reappeared. The vision bewildered me. It was a transformation scene; coat, trousers, vest, white shirt, collar, necktie, derby hat and polished boots. What a metamorphosis. The grub had become a butterfly. "Mr. Hall, Esquire," was introduced, but what had become of Uncle John?

A turn about across the street and I insisted upon going into a carriage shop. Before Mr. Hall could collect his scattered wits I had selected a good, substantial, two-seated, family buggy, paid down a generous instalment, and promised that Mr. Hall would be able to meet future payments. Our business finished, the proprietor politely bowed us out and promised to have the buggy fastened to our "democrat," which we informed him was at the "livery barn."

FULFILLMENT OF THE VOW

Poor "Sis" had for many long years been the comfort and joy of the household, a mother to her young brothers and sisters, patiently and uncomplainingly had she toiled for them, and with no hope of reward. Her work had been a labor of love; she had none of the comforts of life, nor even the conveniences. Was there no one to speak for her? Yes, I had determined to lessen and alleviate her home duties, to lighten her drudgery, to reward her patient, heavy soul, to furnish some respite from labor and bring pleasure into her dull and monotonous life.

The thought that was uppermost in my mind I voiced. Mr. Hall looked unutterable things, but before he could speak he was whirled into the "most reliable" hardware store in the town, and the clerk was showing us the latest and most improved gasoline stove. Mr. Hall appeared to be paralyzed, for no sound escaped his lips, and a dozen expressions chased one another over his weather-stained face. Finally he opened his mouth as if to speak, but a warning gesture from me

bade him hold his peace. The stove was purchased and Mr. Hall said very meekly, "Send it to the 'accommodation barn,' whar I left the 'democrat.'"

Immediately upon the conclusion of our noonday meal we walked rapidly to the depot and were soon steaming away, with Paris as our objective point. Some difficulty was experienced in finding the residence of Mrs. Nancy Schoaff, Uncle Dennis Hanks' eldest daughter, and with whom he lived. The meeting of the consins was quite affecting. A number of years had passed since they had seen each other, and many changes had come to both families.

A UNIQUE INTRODUCTION

Mr. Hall introduced me by saying "this yur woman hes come all the way from Chicago to see Uncle Dennis and hear some of his stories about Uncle Abe." Mrs. Schoaff received me cordially, but informed me that her father was very aged, being now ninety-two years old, and somewhat infirm, owing to the fact that he had fallen during the early part of the summer and injured his hip so severely that he was confined to his bed. Without further delay, however, Mrs. Schoaff conducted us to the old gentleman's apartments.

To be sure we found Mr. Hanks in bed, but in nowise sick or infirm in intellect. Mr. Hall's greeting to his aged uncle was indeed touching, while tears glistened in the old man's eyes. Dennis Hanks received me graciously, and before long was spinning his yarns concerning "Abe" and the old folks. However, he first informed me that if I was a reporter, a newspaper woman, or a collector of Lincoln stories, he'd have nothing to say to me, for the "hull posse of them kind had never paid him a cent for all the information he had given 'em."

I succeeded in pacifying the old gentleman, and adroitly obtained a series of anecdotes concerning Mr. Lincoln and his family, among them the famous story of "How Dennis Hanks got in to see the President."

"In the first place," said Mr. Hanks, "I think I ought ter hev some credit and lots of money, tu, cause if it hadn't been for me thar'd hev been nothin' for folks ter make sich fools of theirselves." After impressing me with his importance, he proceeded to relate the story of

"Little Abe's" rescue from a watery grave, which had already been told to me by Mr. Hall during the first days of my visit at the "old log cabin."

THE FAMOUS TALE

Time was precious, the hours were slipping away, and I was getting anxious lest we should be obliged to leave before I had heard the famous tale. Without waiting for Mr. Hanks to bring up further incidents that might interfere with my desire, I undertook to force the subject by saying: "Mr. Hanks, I believe you had the honor of visiting Mr. Lincoln at the Executive Mansion in Washington, did you not?" He looked at me a moment, and laughing heartily, said: "So that's the yarn ye're after, is it?" Chuckling to himself for a moment, he winked his eye at Mr. Hall and then his tongue became as nimble as a school girl's. "Ye've heerd how some fellers down at Charleston got into trouble and wus sent to the Dry Tortagus, ain't ye?" said Mr. Hanks. I informed him that I knew all about that, and begged him to proceed with his own part in the drama. He proceeded, saying: "Wall, some of 'em smart lawyers down to Charleston tried to get Abe to let the boys come home, but they didn't fetch 'em worth a cent. So I ses to myself, Dennis y'ur the boy to du it, and I jest told the citizens of Charleston so, and they said, 'Hanks, we will give you twelve hundred dollars if you will get the prisoners released.' Ye better believe that I took that offer up and waded right in, got my ticket, rode down to Washington and went right up to Uncle Abe's house and asked to see President Lincoln. The feller what stood at the door told me there wus jest a certain way to get in, but anyhow, the President wus crowded now. Says he, 'There's lots of fellers in talking with him and more that want to get in that come before you did.' Then I said to him, ses I, if you'll jest show me the hole where the President goes in and out I'll get to see him. The feller at the door then said to me, 'Who are you?' I ses my name is Hanks, I'm an American citizen, and I want to see Abe Lincoln. Then another feller says, 'Where are you from?' I ses, ses I, wall, I am from Charleston, Coles County, Illinois. Then some other feller said, 'That man talks like the President, his voice sounds like his, and maybe he is a relation.'

ABE KNEWED MY VOICE

"I waited a minute and nobody done nothing, so I jest speaks up ag'in and ses I, 'Ef you'll take me up to his bedroom I'll have no trouble in gettin' in.' A feller took me up to a door to where Seward was a settin', and I looked through a bunch of men and saw Uncle Abe by a stove playin' with his little boy, and handin' him some lemonade or somethin' like that and laughin' and talkin' with him. I looked at him a little bit and spoke out in a loud voice, 'Abe, what you doin' thur?' Abe knowed my voice, straightened up, and said, 'Dennis, is that you?' He then invited me in and asked Mr. Seward and the other fellers to jest step out a few minutes, 'fur,' said he, 'I want to see this man privately.' So they all went out but me and Uncle Abe. He then askt me, 'How is mother gettin' along and all the balance of the family?'

"I jest open'd up and told Abe my business, and let him know what I hed come fur. Abe then told me that Colonel Ficklin hed ben thar twice on the same business, but he hed not then thought the men hed ben punished long enough, so he ses, ses he, 'Now I guess they can go home and take care of their families and try to be good men.' He wrote out a piece of writin' and told me to hand that to Stanton. Wall, I took it to him, but he flew into a passion and ses he, 'They did too bad a deed to be pardoned.' He talked a little bit with me and then said, 'I will go and see Mr. Lincoln,' and took me with him. Abe talked with me a little and then he turned around and spoke to Mr. Stanton, and said, 'These men all have families and they want to go back and take care of them and behave themselves, and now whose business is it?' Stanton jest shet up and never said no more, nohow.

"Abe told me to look around the city and enjoy myself. 'Twould be all right,' he said, so I did, and shore nuff when I got back to Charleston I found the fellers hed got thar afore me and everybody was rejoicing."

After having related the above he rambled off and began to talk about other things entirely irrelevant to my desires. I was determined to hold him to his subject, and thus remarked: "Was there not some romance or daring adventure in your family?"

NOT ROMANCE, BUT POVERTY

He looked at me askance and muttered a reply: "Romance, did ye say? No! no! it wus nothin' but poverty and toil and labor and hardships. We hed our noses to the grindstone year in and year out."

At this point in our conversation I made a remark that angered Dennis Hanks and was anxious lest I had forfeited his confidence. In speaking of Mr. Lincoln's tragic death I alluded to the fact that the nation was plunged into the deepest grief, for which there was no relief: The old man glanced at me and remarked: "I onct met a fool of a preacher who said the same thing to me, and then he began to snivel." The old man ceased speaking. I held my breath and hoped he had exhausted that subject, but breaking out again, he said: "Abe wasn't nobody nor nothin'. The people made him and he wasn't worth cryin' over."

Mr. Hall shook his head gravely and gave me a significant look, which I interpreted as a warning, and therefore quickly changed my tactics by leading the old man into a different vein of conversation.

After a moment's silence the old man spoke aloud, saying: "Everybody round here is allers telling how shiftless and good-for-nothing Uncle Tommy Lincoln wus, but Abe wus jest as shiftless as his father wus and now I am goin' to tell you what a lazy trick he cut up when he wus postmaster. You hev heerd that Abe wus postmaster, haven't ye?" Before I could reply he proceeded: "Wall, he wus, and carried the mail in his hat, tu. He use to go fishin' sometimes and whenever he got started he didn't like to be disturbed and so he jest thought he'd take the letters along in his hat and when the folks called for 'em he left a piece of writing on the door which said, 'It's just as easy for you to come to me as it is for me to go to you.' That's the way he sarved his country."

The conversation was again taking a turn that was decidedly unpleasant. In order to escape the old man's further tirade, I thanked him for the information he had given me and bade him a hearty good-bye.

Though I thanked Dennis Hanks for his attention and interesting anecdotes, I could not forget the spirit that he displayed, a spirit which

differed so materially from his illustrious relative who died as he had lived, "with malice toward none—with charity for all."

Mr. Hall and I descended the stairs and passed into the dining-room, where a delicious lunch had been prepared for us by Mrs. Schoaff. She insisted and we remained to partake of the hospitable fare, thus failing to catch the first train for Charleston.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RECOVERY OF THE LINCOLN FOLK-LORE STORIES

THE next "flyer" was belated. This delay was most annoying. At last the iron horse steamed into the station and we boarded the train, arriving in Charleston some twenty minutes past twelve o'clock midnight. Mr. Hall and I proceeded immediately to the livery barn but we failed to find the regular attendant. Our purchases had not been properly cared for, although we had left explicit orders to have everything in readiness upon our arrival.

After considerable parley, a man, apparently connected with the establishment, came from a concealed corner and in a sleepy tone offered to assist us. Upon investigation one of the barn hands told us that he was neither proprietor nor employee, but only "a stranger around here."

Mr. Hall now undertook to find some one who would assist him in fastening the buggy to the "democrat," "hoist" the stove into the "wagin" and harness the mules. During his absence the stranger accosted me and fired at me a volley of questions concerning myself, my business, my companion, until at last his manner not only became obnoxious, but disgusting; and before Mr. Hall returned another would-be proprietor joined the questioner. To all appearances the second stranger was utterly intoxicated and immediately began to also ask me similar questions.

THE THEFT

I was becoming alarmed, but Mr. Hall's appearance reassured me. He was accompanied by the barn hands, who deliberately set about assisting him in packing his purchases. After some considerable delay it was decided that "everything was ready," and I proceeded to take my seat in the "democrat," but before so doing I missed a parcel that I had placed in the buggy, which was fastened behind the democrat. The

bundle contained several valuable articles, among them my notes that had been recorded that afternoon at Paris—Mr. Hanks' conversation, and I was greatly annoyed. Taxing the barn hands with the theft I threatened to send for an officer of the law.

The stranger and his companion had disappeared, and the two young men again denied the accusation. After some further talk back and forth, the younger man called me aside and, whispering to me, said: "That stranger has been hanging around the barn ever since you and Mr. Hall came here and said that you were going down to Paris and wanted the team ready to go out home to-night, and he wanted me to either sell or lend him a pistol."

The situation was really becoming serious and I insisted that an officer should be summoned at once. The young man who had given me the information left the barn and soon returned with the sheriff, who tried to convince me that I had left my package "back in Paris, on the train, or somewhere else." I stuck to my first statement and insisted that the parcel must be found. The intoxicated specimen of humanity was discovered, aroused and threatened.

In a short time the package was restored, and the story of the pistol was told to the officer, who now began to take some interest in the affair, and after advising us not to undertake to go home at that late hour accompanied us to the "best hotel."

BREAKFAST AT THE HOTEL

Morning came and when Mr. Hall and I went in to breakfast we were the lions of the hour. Exaggerated accounts had gone out and been so multiplied that the citizens were surprised to see murdered people "climb" into a buggy and drive about the streets of the little town "as natural as life."

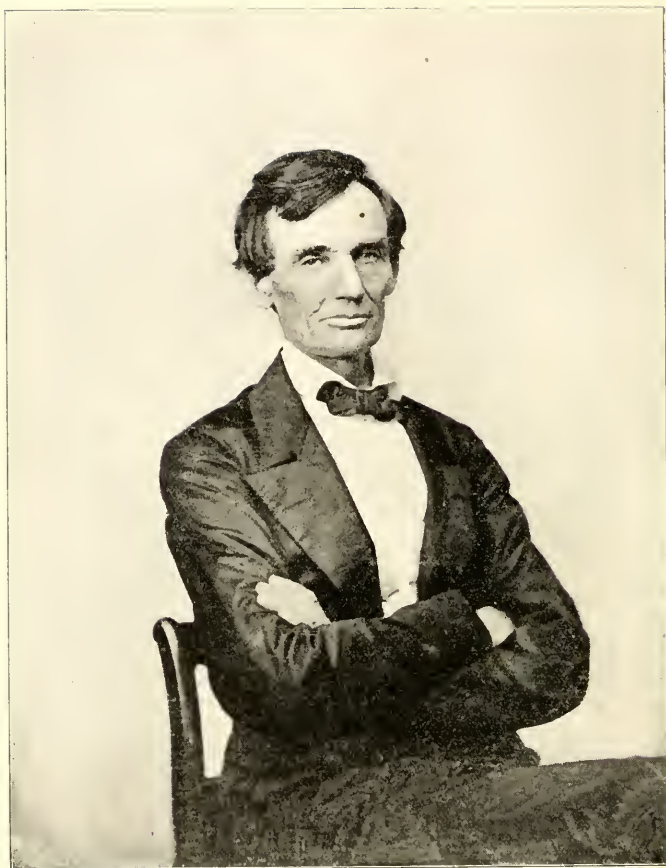
What I had been sighing for had come to me, an adventure, a real live one, too.

Leaving Charleston at an early hour, Mr. Hall urged the mules into a lively canter as we wished to reach home at the earliest opportunity, realizing that the entire family were doubtless alarmed at our absence. Our conviction was confirmed, for as we came out into the main road



PALL-BEARER'S BADGE.

The above picture is a photograph of the badge worn by Mr. Fernando Jones, one of the honorary pall-bearers at President Lincoln's funeral ceremonies in Chicago, May 2, 1865.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860.

From an ambrotype taken in Springfield, Ill. W. P. Brown of Philadelphia, who formerly owned it, writes of the portrait: "This picture, along with another one, was presented by President Lincoln to my father, after he had finished painting Lincoln's picture on ivory, at Springfield, Ill. The commission was given my father by Judge Read immediately after Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency. One of the ambrotypes I sold to the Historical Society of Boston, and it is now in their possession." The miniature referred to is now owned by Mr. Robert T. Lincoln. It was circulated widely before the inauguration.

and "hove" into sight "Little Joe" spied us, and communicated the news to the remainder of the family, who dashed pell mell out of the house and gave us a noisy welcome.

MORE SURPRISES

Before a word was exchanged, however, the buggy and its contents caught the attention of the young people, who were too surprised and astonished to ask questions. They were fairly dazed. The buggy was unfastened and when Mr. Hall told the boys that it was all their own they simply gathered about it and seemed content to merely look at it. There was no noisy demonstration. The surprise and the unthought of pleasure had robbed them of speech.

The gasoline stove was taken out, carried into the kitchen, filled, lighted and its merits explained. "Sis" seemed fairly dazed while we were explaining and demonstrating. When I had finished and had told her that she was mistress of this "wonderful household invention," she quietly remarked: "Wall, I'd think."

This event was indeed an epoch in the history of the family and the entire day was spent in answering questions and rehearsing the tragic events of the previous night. When the custodian of the cabin came up for his noonday meal, young Abe Hall asked me to tell the story how "Dad and ye jest missed being killed stun dead."

LAST NIGHT'S JOB HAS DONE ME UP

At an unusually and ridiculously early hour Mr. Hall began preparations for retirement, and insisted that all the members of the household should go to bed and sleep too, for as he said, "last night's job has done me up."

The night was excessively sultry and the air unusually humid. The idea of going into a hot and stifling house, when life was hardly endurable out of doors, was not to be thought of. The entire family groaned, and with one accord insisted that they'd rather suffer almost any punishment than be obliged to enter the little domicile under the present distressing circumstances. We coaxed and tried to persuade the master of the house that we would preserve the utmost silence.

We also agreed to enter into no conversation whatever, and promised faithfully that when we came in we would use the utmost caution that we should not awaken him. But the events of the previous night had indeed made Mr. Hall unusually peculiar, and he still refused to permit us to remain in the open air.

After I had concluded that further attempt would be in vain, and considering his refusal final, I followed the example of my host and went into the cottage quite disconsolate and indeed really unhappy.

THE WELCOME VISITOR

My unhappiness was of short duration, however, and that unpleasant state of mind was changed into delight and expectancy, for no sooner had we entered the house than an unrecognized voice called from the gate, and hasty steps, on the graveled walk, betokened the approach of a late caller. As usual the entire family rushed to the door, for evening visitors were so rare that such occasions always created surprise and pleasure.

A cheery "Hello" and "How are ye, brother John?" revealed the identity of the late visitor.

The boys surrounded Uncle Bill, and Mr. Hall called out: "What brings ye over here?" Without waiting for his brother's reply the older man said: "It's the woman from Chicago and her yarns about Uncle Abe, I 'low."

Mr. William Hall did not deny the accusation, and was formally introduced to me and my young friend.

The conversation soon drifted into the ordinary channel in which all our conversations had run during my sojourn at the famous old log cabin, and in response to a question put by myself Mr. William Hall said: "Uncle Abe wus much older than any of our family, yit he never seemed to feel above any of us. He'd set around and tell us the curousest stories ye ever heerd."

Then addressing his brother, who had fallen asleep in his chair, he roused him by asking him if he remembered what Uncle Abe "hed told them about the sun?" The reply was rather obscure, and the brothers began to discuss more personal affairs.

Uncle John Hall and his younger brother indulged in many reminiscences of their early life, and I waited patiently an opportunity to interrogate the new comer in regard to the sun story.

THE SUN STANDS STILL

The following incident was related to me, and is here reproduced in William Hall's own vernacular:

"I wus visiting brother John," said he, "and we wus all a laying out on the grass under the big locust tree at the west end of the cabin, and the sun wus jest a sinking behind the clouds, when some of us spoke up and said, 'the sun is going down and we'd better be doin' the chores.' Uncle Abe wus visitin' there then," and with a decided movement that startled me faced about quickly and addressed himself to me, fairly thundering out his question: "Wall, what do ye suppose Uncle Abe told us that night?"

I could not imagine, nor did I try to, but politely insisted that the new comer should unfold the wonderful tale without further delay.

Again reverting to the afternoon scene, Mr. Hall proceeded to tell the story in the same quaint manner that had distinguished all the conversations of his elder brother. "As I was a saying, the sun wus sinking, and when I mentioned the fact to Uncle Abe he jest stood right up and in sech a funny way said, 'No, the sun isn't a sinking, but we are sinking.' We all thought Uncle Abe had taken a crazy fit, and when he went on to tell us the world wus round and a turning around, too, we didn't know what to think of him. So as soon as we got into the house we jest told Grandmarm Lincoln, and she said, 'Abe knowed what he wus talking about, if it did sound crazy.'"

Mr. Hall paused in his recital, the intermission taking on the complexion of a question, and I preserved silence, feeling sure that instinctively I had sized up my man, who, when once wound up, would "go on forever."

Breaking out with this remark, Mr. Hall said: "Grandpap Lincoln's house wus as full of folks as it could stick, and all of us, both big and little, begun to poke fun at Uncle Abe, who said, 'Just wait until after

supper and I'll show you how we sink, while the sun is standing still.' We all laughed fit to kill, and I remember how Daniel D. Johnston asked Uncle Abe ef he wus'ent 'cracked?' "

Mr. Hall again paused, but after a moment's silence said: "After supper Uncle Abe got a 'tater and put a pin through a button and stuck it on the 'tater, saying, 'That's us right here.' Then he turned the 'tater round and round, and sometimes the button would be on the top and then again it would be on tother side. When the button wus on the top Uncle Abe said 'it wus daytime' and when it wus on the bottom he said 'it wus night.' Then we all hollered and lafed, and some of us asked Uncle Abe what kept the folks from falling off when the 'tater wus bottom side up.

A NEW KIND OF GLUE

"Uncle Abe jest looked at us in a curious way and told us that there wus 'a kind of glue called gravity that made people stick.'" Again Mr. Hall paused, with the expectancy that I would question him further, but getting no audible suggestion from me, he proceeded by saying: "What do ye reckon Uncle Abe meant?"

I answered by propounding a question: "Did you never find out what Mr. Lincoln meant?" said I. "Not exactly," answered Mr. Hall, "but I know that Uncle Abe was'ent fur from right when he said the world wus round and the sun stood still, fur my folks has been to school and the teacher says that's true."

At this juncture in the conversation Mr. William Hall announced his intention of spending the night with his brother, and fearing that a postponement of the stories till morning might seriously affect them, I determined to gather more information that very night.

After having settled the important fact that the younger man could share the bed with his elder brother, and that little Joe would sleep on the floor, we drifted into further conversation.

As a preface I suggested that Mr. Lincoln might have been told or perhaps had read of the aforesaid facts concerning the sun, but both brothers insisted that Uncle Abe did more thinking than reading, and

they both declared that their illustrious relative "hed thought the hull thing out."

'LL JUST LAY AROUND AND THINK

Immediately, Uncle John Hall, in order to illustrate the habit "fur thinking" that Mr. Lincoln possessed, told the following little incident:

"'Twas during the summer of 1846 or '47," said Mr. Hall, "that Uncle Abe come up to the old log cabin and stayed almost a month, 'twas two weeks anyhow, and the reason that he stayed so long was because he wanted to study something out about the law. Uncle Abe hed walked all the way from Springfield, about a hundred miles, and seemed kinder tired fur the first two or three days, and so he said, 'I'll just lay around and think.'

"Wall the days went along and Uncle Abe kept doin' jest the same kind of studying, a laying and a thinking, till after a while he said, 'I've done enough studying and I reckon I'd better go back to Mary.'

Uncle John Hall now addressed his brother and said to him: "Don't ye remember we hev talked with Uncle Dennis Hanks sence Uncle Abe's death about his doin' his studyin' in sech a curous way, and Uncle Dennis allers said 'it wus more laziness than studyin' or thinkin' either?'"

THE HANKS AMBITION

Wondering why Dennis Hanks should speak so disparagingly of Mr. Lincoln I asked for the reason. It was a mystery to both of the brothers, who declared that Uncle Abe had always been extremely kind and cordial to his cousin, but agreed that there was one thing that Uncle Abe had not done for his relative, and that was, he had failed to bestow upon Uncle Dennis Hanks an official position.

We fell into a speculative turn of thought, and tried to make up our minds what position Dennis Hanks would have asked for. Uncle John Hall settled the matter by saying that "Uncle Dennis and Uncle Abe both hed the Hanks ambition, and that nothin' would hev suited either of them but the Presidency of the United States." Therefore we all concluded that it was genuine jealousy and envy that possessed the soul of Uncle Dennis Hanks.

I reverted to my recent visit at Uncle Dennis Hanks' and remembered that he had, upon several occasions, spoken very unpleasantly of Mr. Lincoln; consequently I addressed the following question to the brothers:

"Did not Dennis Hanks ever speak kindly or admiringly of Mr. Lincoln?"

Both brothers hastened to reply, but Uncle John Hall interrupted his brother's speech by saying: "Don't ye mind, Bill, how Uncle Dennis often bragged up Uncle Abe, and sed he allers knowed he was a nateral lawyer, and expected he wus goin' to git to the top of the ladder?"

THE RABBIT STORY

"It wus right after Uncle Abe wus elected to be the President of the United States that Uncle Dennis told how Uncle Abe ust to try cases when he wus a young feller, and said 'Abe could try 'em jest as good as a reglar lawyer.'

"I remember a rabbit story that Uncle Dennis told me about. It wus when they all lived in Indiany, and Uncle Abe was jest a real young feller. He ketched some boys chasing a poor rabbit about until it was scared to death. Then Uncle Abe got up what they call a mock trial, and when he sentenced the feller that hunted the rabbit to death Uncle Abe said he wus too mean to be hung by the neck, and he ordered him hung by the heels."

Uncle John Hall continued to quote from Uncle Dennis, who had further informed him that Mr. Lincoln was constantly going here and there to hear great men speak, and upon one occasion, when the family also lived in Indiana, Abraham Lincoln had walked a good many miles to hear a famous lawyer plead at a murder trial, and when he returned home—to use Mr. Hall's own words—"He got all the folks together and went over the hull performance, and it wus so good that everybody clapped their hands and hollered, while Grandmarm Lincoln said, 'I'd 'low Abe 'ull be a lawyer hisself.'"

A FAMOUS LAWYER

No doubt this famous lawyer that Uncle Dennis Hanks referred to

was the Hon. John A. Breckenridge, for several of Mr. Lincoln's biographers quote him as saying to Mr. Breckenridge in later years, when that gentleman called upon the President at the White House and suggested that he did not recognize him:

"Yes, I do; you are John A. Breckenridge. I used to walk thirty-four miles a day to hear you plead law in Boonville, and listening to your speeches at the bar first inspired me with the determination to be a lawyer."

We continued our conversation until a late hour, and the two brothers exchanged so many kindly sentiments concerning Mr. Lincoln that I could not doubt that their avowed admiration for their illustrious relative was as sincere as it was outspoken.

HE WAS PROUD OF HIMSELF

A pause in the conversation led me to fear that story-telling for that evening at least was over, but again Uncle John Hall broke out with his favorite remark: "Ye mind how proud Uncle Abe wus, don't ye, Bill?"

This remark of Uncle John's and another diametrically opposed amused me greatly, for he had repeatedly said to me, "Uncle Abe wus orful proud," and in the next breath had affirmed that "Uncle Abe never did nohow seem any different from the rest of us."

Criticising the discrepancy in these two statements, I called Uncle John's attention to the fact. Immediately he undertook to explain the difference, and in homely fashion determined the discrimination by simply saying, "Wall, Uncle Abe wus jest proud of hisself."

Again we referred to great men, and when I asked the brothers if they had ever heard Mr. Lincoln mention his acquaintance with Henry Clay they had no difficulty in remembering the fact that Mr. Lincoln himself had said that his admiration for the famous orator and profound statesman was unbounded as a young man and before he had met him, but after a personal interview his idol was shattered.

LINCOLN VISITS HENRY CLAY

Again referring to Mr. Lincoln's biographers, it is universally con-

ceded by many of them that Mr. Lincoln was disappointed in Mr. Clay as a speaker.

Hoping to find, however, in a personal interview the realization of that wonderful personality which he had hitherto bestowed upon his favorite, Abraham Lincoln sought and obtained an introduction to Mr. Clay. Again the man was disappointed, but upon receiving an invitation to call upon the statesman at his own beautiful home, Ashland, Mr. Lincoln thankfully accepted the courtesy.

Again Mr. Lincoln was bitterly disappointed, the humble and admiring man had met the profound and eloquent orator at the threshold of his own castle; upon "common ground" each had touched the personality of the other. So much in common between them, but yet so widely apart; and how was it thus?

Both were self-made men; one of obscure parentage, the other of humble birth. Both of limited education; both reaching the acme of fame by the self-same road, daily and persistent exercise in reading and thinking aloud; both talking in the cornfields, both talking in the forest; one with only the silence of nature and "dumb brutes" to hear; the other receiving the hearty applause of a rude and lowly but appreciative gathering.

One eloquent and magnetic, holding the interest and appreciation of cultured and distinguished audiences; the other forceful, simple and singular; swaying the common populace to almost uncontrollable enthusiasm.

Both expressing themselves with an equal fervor upon the slavery question; both believing and emphasizing the fact that slavery was wrong, and both condemning any effort looking to a sudden and violent termination of the institution.

One dying before the awful insurrection had begun that led up to the final climax; the other living to be the instrument of retribution and annihilation.

BOTH WERE LEADERS

Both leaders; both controlled by amazing wills; both equally dauntless and courageous; both coming in contact with men of all ranks and

professions; the one proud and dignified, the other humble and gentle, yet neither one felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself.

Both were men of whom the country was never in doubt as to their opinions or purposes. Both were men of whom their fellow-countrymen pronounced soul-inspiring eulogies.

Mr. Breckenridge, a life-long friend of Mr. Clay, said of him: "If I were to write his epitaph I would inscribe on the stone which shall mark his last resting place, 'Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years and never attempted to deceive his countrymen.'"

Mr. J. G. Holland, one of America's famous authors, wrote of the dead President:

"In Mr. Lincoln's life and character the American people have received a benefaction not less in permanent importance and value than in the revolution in opinion and policy by which he introduced them to a new national life. He has given them a statesman without a statesman's craftiness, a politician without a politician's meannesses, a great man without a great man's vices, a philanthropist without a philanthropist's impracticable dreams, a Christian without pretensions, a ruler without the pride of place and power, an ambitious man without selfishness, and a successful man without vanity. On the basis of such manhood as this, all the coming generations of the nation will not fail to build high and beautiful ideals of human excellence, whose attractive power shall raise to a nobler level the moral sense and moral character of the nation. This true manhood—simple, unpretending, sympathetic with all humanity, and reverent toward God—is among the noblest of the nation's treasures; and through it God has breathed, and will continue to breathe, into the nation, the elevating and purifying power of His own divine life."

Why was it that these two great and good men, not dissimilar in many respects, the one in the habit of graciously receiving homage, the other in the habit of graciously bestowing homage, were not attracted to one another?

This repulsion, or rather unattraction, was a curious circumstance,

and will no doubt be a subject of speculation for a long time to come among those who read and study the character of these two great men.

I KNOW WHAT MADE UNCLE ABE SAD

After the above slight digression, returning to the brothers, we find them still recounting incidents and reminding one another of many simple and unforbidden events which took place at the different occasions upon which Mr. Lincoln came up to the old homestead.

In a very decided manner Uncle John Hall made the following very startling proposition:

"I believe," he said, "that I know what made Uncle Abe so sad like and allers thinkin' of somethin' away off."

Naturally I was alert and asked him to give us his judgment concerning the cause of Mr. Lincoln's sadness. Nearly every one of Mr. Lincoln's biographers in referring to those frequent spells of extreme melancholy which overcame him attributed the cause to an early love affair, and I was fully prepared to hear Mr. Hall rehearse the same statement.

Upon this occasion I listened rather impatiently to his usually peculiar way of telling a story, and was not particularly interested in the first details, although I carefully heeded the preface.

Tipping back in his chair and putting on an air of importance and mystery, he described the time and place.

It was twilight and "Uncle Abe" and himself were strolling through the woods, when Mr. Lincoln suddenly became abstracted and remained silent so long that the abstraction and silence could no longer be endured, and Uncle John Hall broke in upon his relative's reverie by saying: "What's up, Uncle Abe? Are ye sad 'cause Ann Rutledge died?"

"Uncle Abe shook his head and said, 'It isn't that, John; it isn't that.' Then he got orful still again, and I ast him ef I could help him out of his trouble. He said, 'I wish to God you could, John.'

"After waiting a few minutes longer he kinder looked around, and then in a low tone, almost a whisper, said, 'I can't bear to think I don't

know who my grandfather was.' Wall, I vow, I really thought he hed gone crazy, and I said tu him rather peart like, 'Why, what's the matter with ye, Uncle Abe? I hev heerd you and grandmarm many a time talking about yere grandfather what was killed by the Injuns.' Uncle Abe looked at me solemn like and said, 'I don't mean him; I mean my mother's father.'

HAWKS, NOT HANKS

"I thought that was rather a queer thing to feel bad about, so I jest said to Uncle Abe, 'Why don't you ask Uncle Dennis about it? He ort to know.'

"Uncle Abe said he hed and that Uncle Dennis hed told him that his mother's name was Hawks and not Hanks, and that the name got changed after they came to Kantucky.*

"Uncle Abe couldent stop talking about his grandfather that he didnt know, and looking at me kinder sad like he said, 'I hope you won't feel bad, John, but I can't think that I am jest exactly like the rest of the relatives, and I firmly believe that my grandfather was a cultured gentleman from Virginia.'

"Wall, Uncle Abe wus allers so curous like that I amost laffed right in his face, but he appeared so distressed about what he didnt know I hedent the heart tu.

"Many a time I hev thought over and wondered what difference it made to Uncle Abe whether he knowed or didnt know who his grandfather wus."

WHAT'S IN A NAME

The members of the family were now requested by Mr. Hall to retire. and as the hour was exceedingly late no opposition was made to his request.

I could not sleep, and for hours speculated upon what I had heard.

Was not Mr. Lincoln correct in his surmise? Would not his explanation account for his natural genius, his strong characteristics, his

*This statement was corroborated by Dennis Hanks, upon whom I made a second brief call.

love for education, his ambition for elevation, and his success in reaching the pinnacle of fame?

The Bible tells us that the iniquities of the fathers and mothers shall descend to the third and fourth generations. Then why may not likewise the talents and good traits manifest themselves in the succeeding generations, even to the fourth descent? If Mr. Lincoln's hypothesis is true then much in his character that heretofore seemed miraculous and unaccountable, is justified, and his peculiarities and characteristics were the outcome of natural laws.

CHAPTER XXV.

MEETING THE LITTLE GIANT IN DEBATE

ONE of the most remarkable events in Abraham Lincoln's life was his contest with Senator Douglas, in 1858, for the seat in the United States Senate, which was soon to be vacated by the expiration of the term for which the latter had been elected.

Mr. Lincoln often remarked that he had watched the career of Mr. Douglas with great interest. That his admiration for his tact was unbounded and the power that Douglas had over the people called forth his respect.

The more modest man had seen the powerful and influential man winning the highest honors, and if he did not envy him it was not because he was not ambitious, but because envy had no place in the heart of the humble man.

From the original manuscript the following is clipped, and in Mr. Lincoln's own words: "Twenty-two years ago Judge Douglas and I became acquainted. We were both young then—he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were both ambitious—I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure; with him, it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation, and is not unknown even in foreign lands.

"I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. To reach that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me the elevation. I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

DOUGLAS RENOMINATED FOR SENATOR

On the 21st of April, 1858, the Democratic convention of Illinois assembled and endorsed Mr. Douglas for Senatorial honors, and on the 16th of June, nearly two months later, the Republican convention convened, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That Hon. Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States Senator, to fill the vacancy about to be created by the expiration of Mr. Douglas' term of office."

Mr. Lincoln did not plead ignorance concerning the intention of the convention, but, anticipating a favorable result, had prepared a speech with unusual care, and in the subject matter of that speech he had incorporated the issues of the campaign, and had laid out the ground upon which he proposed to stand.

Before going to the State House to deliver his speech, Mr. Lincoln read the opening paragraph to his law partner, who advised him not to give utterance to the sentiments that it contained. Although true, he did not consider it wise to voice them at that time.

The particular sentence to which his partner objected is the following: "I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Mr. Lincoln replied: "The proposition is true, and I will deliver it as it is written."

The entire speech was read, and its earnestness and patriotism convinced the convention that he had chosen wisely.

The two stalwart partisans retired to prepare for the oncoming battle of words. And now the grand senatorial campaign of 1858 was begun, and Mr. Lincoln either followed close at the heels of Mr. Douglas or Mr. Douglas came in just after Mr. Lincoln's round. In this fashion the campaign went on, until Mr. Lincoln concluded to arrange for closer work, and to that end in view he sent to Mr. Douglas the following communication:

DOUGLAS ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE

Hon. S. A. Douglas.

My dear Sir: Will it be agreeable to you to make an arrangement for you and myself to divide time and address the same audiences the present canvass? Mr. Judd, who will hand you this, is authorized to receive your answer, and, if agreeable to you, to enter into the terms of such agreement.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

To this communication Mr. Douglas replied that recent events had arisen that would exclude such an arrangement. Yet, while he declined the general invitation, he said he was willing to make an arrangement for seven joint debates which should take place in districts where they had not already spoken.

Some further correspondence passed between them until a satisfactory agreement was reached and equally satisfactory terms accepted. When the final arrangements had been completed, there yet remained three weeks before the joint debate should take place. In the interim, both of the gentlemen kept on with their independent work.

At last the day arrived, and the first meeting of the series agreed upon was held at Ottawa, Ill., according to appointment. A gathering of citizens, estimated at twelve thousand, had gathered to witness the wonderful struggle, a struggle between two giants—one who believed he was doing his duty, and the other who certainly could not believe that his own propositions were just and honest.

And thus the two great men were pitted against each other, the one a college-bred man, cultured, brilliant, eloquent, the associate and companion of distinguished men and accomplished women; the other a plain man, self-made, awkward, homely, uncultured, lonely, and sad, the early associate of untutored men and women, but always, then as now, a great soul, honest, faithful, kind—the defender of the weak and the downtrodden, the protector of the innocent and helpless—his great personality filled with the inspiration of love and righteousness.

BATTLE OF INTELLECTS

Crowds of men and women flocked to witness the battle of the intellectual giants. The enthusiasm was intense. Men and women grew dizzy with excitement, and as the debate lengthened and proceeded the interest did not flag, but, if possible, increased and grew more intense. "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence."

Mr. Lincoln's logical reasoning and humorous attacks were so well directed and his exposures of the iniquities and untruths of Mr. Doug-

las' legislative action were so convincing and overwhelming that the "little giant" knew that he was worsted, was beaten by the power of honest thought, made into honest words and delivered by an honest man. Thus the little giant was defeated and thus he retired, promising to speak no more during that campaign.

Mr. Lincoln was beaten in his contest for the seat of Mr. Douglas in the Senate, but how it happened was quite a mystery to the ordinary person, for Mr. Lincoln's plurality was four thousand one hundred and forty-four votes over Mr. Douglas. Had the people been permitted to decide the question, he would have secured the Senatorial honors; but the State Legislature was the tribunal that was to pass finally upon it, and its decision was against Mr. Lincoln's election. There were fourteen Democratic members in the State Senate and forty in the House, thus it was that Mr. Douglas was reelected.

Abraham Lincoln was defeated after having passed through a powerful and persistent contest, a contest that had been fought by him, fairly, good-naturedly, magnanimously, and with a skill rarely if ever surpassed.

TOO BIG TO CRY

No doubt Mr. Lincoln felt disappointed at his defeat, for he was human, and to be human is to be ambitious; however, he made no further allusion to the matter than to give one of his characteristically quaint and humorous replies when he was asked how he felt, as the returns came in announcing his defeat. "Too badly to laugh," he said, and "too big to cry."

Though defeated in the senatorial contest he did not retire to the privacy of a "done-up politician." The admiration of the people for Abraham Lincoln was greater than ever, and the masses in the West cherished profound respect for the man, whose purpose had always been to serve the highest and best.

His masterly effort in handling the great and oncoming issue of the country; his significant and solemn words concerning the result if unwise or careless action should be employed, and his promises and vows

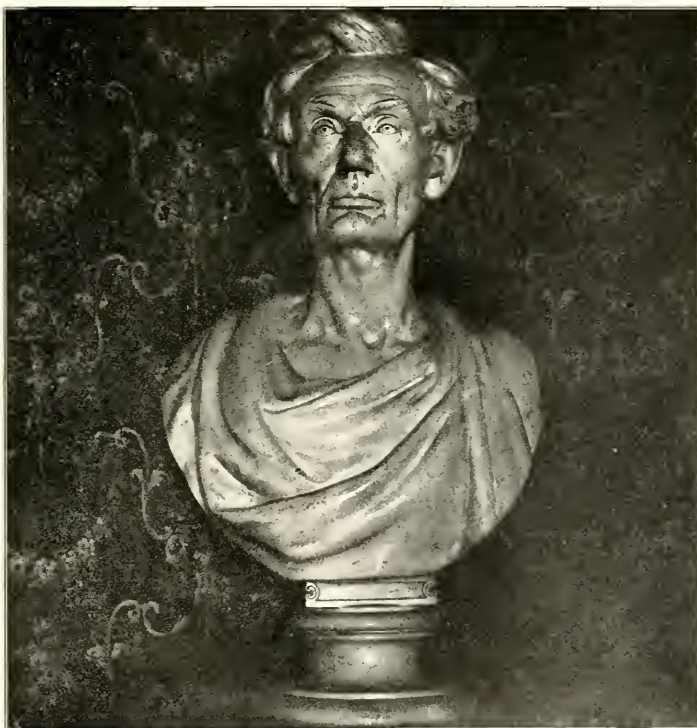
As I would not be a slave, so I
would not be a master. This ex=
presses my idea of democracy—
Whatever differs from this, to the
extent of the difference, is no
democracy—

A. Lincoln.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S IDEA OF DEMOCRACY.

A facsimile of the original written in his early Political Career.

This document was presented to an intimate friend of the author by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.



BUST OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This bust was made from life by Leonard Volk, the well-known sculptor of Chicago. The bust is now among the collection of relics belonging to the Lincoln Log Cabin Association.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This photograph of Lincoln was taken after he became President.
The original was presented to Judge James B. Bradwell
(through whose courtesy we here reproduce it)
by Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

to stand by the people in their hour of perplexity and doubt, built up for him a reputation that could never be overthrown and a love that could never be repudiated.

The year 1858 and the following one found Mr. Lincoln in comparative leisure, although he had all of the professional business that he could attend to. His enemies and many of his friends and acquaintances said, "Lincoln appears to be pretty quiet now-a-days," and many wise-acres shook their heads gravely, and solemnly declared that the contest through which he had recently passed and the defeat he had suffered had "completely used up Abe Lincoln."

It was not so, for the man towards whom these thoughts were directed and of whom these words were spoken was quietly biding his time, preparing for the struggle that he knew was coming to the nation.

After this period of rest and apparent lack of interest in national affairs, the silent man bestirred himself, and again appeared in the political arena.

THE WESTERN TRIP

His attention was turned to the people of that territory which was embraced in Mr. Douglas' proposed bill, and to that district he directed his course of action.

Westward, ho! he went, and the people of that land received him and made of him an elder brother; aye, even more than that, they welcomed him as the champion of justice and the hero who had fought their battles with such masterly ability and skill. On entering the principal towns he was met by large processions of people and escorted by them to the places of assembly. Dense crowds gathered upon the sidewalks that lined the passage, while windows, doors and porches were filled with women and children anxious to catch a glimpse of the man whose cry of warning had gone out and reached the people of this Western world.

The time arrived for his speechmaking. The halls were crowded to suffocation, and the audiences were wild with enthusiasm. When his Western tour was ended, he had gained the affections and secured the

trust of nearly every man and woman in Kansas and its adjacent territory.

Mr. Lincoln was now aroused to such a strong conviction of the coming struggle that he laid aside personal comfort, and went into the fight with all the determination and vigor of a soul that realizes the danger ahead and is preparing to meet the onslaught.

WHO SHOULD SAY HIM NAY

Mr. Lincoln may have had ambition for greater political honor than he had yet received. Be that so, the service that he was rendering his country was grand, powerful, honest and well-directed, and if he desired to hold the reins of Government who had the right to say to him nay? Who could decry his works? Who could defame his honor? Who could assail his intent? And who could question his purpose? What other man in the broad land could equal him in word or deed? What other man could stand side by side with him and deal as forceful blows for right and justice? What other man had so clearly outlined the perils that threatened the country? What other man had so boldly proclaimed the result that surely would come to a divided nation? What other man had the courage to antagonize a large and prosperous section because he believed that the wrong should be righted and the oppressed delivered? No one. Then why should not this man use his strength and exercise his power?

Abraham Lincoln had made a tremendous impression upon all who had heard him. His strange and peculiar influence was quietly leavening the whole mass, and many were watching his future with intense interest. He was now a central figure, an unique figure, that stood out boldly and defied the opinions of men.

WHO IS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He was a representative man, and already was regarded, by the masses of the new party, at the West, as the best man for the next Presidential campaign.

His masterly debates with Mr. Douglas had been talked about and

had been read; but still he was not much known among the people of the East.

His field of labor and speech was so distant and so peculiarly simple and plainly honest that the cultured politicians and their followers knew but little of the great Western giant. Had they been told that in so short a space of time, less than two years, that Abraham Lincoln would be elected President of the United States many, very many, would have said, "Who is Abraham Lincoln?" But at the West everybody knew "Old Abe." He was the friend of the people, "the champion of freedom and free labor." To look upon him was to look upon a lion. To shake hands with him was such a privilege that the favored one was boastful in the extreme.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HONEST LAWYER

THOUGH Mr. Lincoln had been intensely absorbed in and devoted to the political issues of the times, yet he had established an extensive law practice, although not a particularly lucrative one. Many of his clients were poor and unfortunate, and the "good man" had defended them without fees, for his generous heart could never refuse an appeal for help.

Mr. Lincoln's career as a lawyer covered a period of a quarter of a century, beginning in 1835.

When he began his professional life, he was an obscure and unpromising youth, with but little learning. Step by step, with patient industry and unflinching determination, he climbed the ladder of professional advancement, until he stood among the foremost lawyers of the West.

For the benefit of young men contemplating a legal profession, would it not be interesting to go over the ground covering Mr. Lincoln's life as a student at law and a practitioner?

No doubt an account of the hard and severe lines drawn around his earliest attempts and subsequent years of endeavor and effort will reconcile many a discouraged man to the lesser hardships of the present time. The history of his legal battles, the successes of his later years and the reputation that he established for honesty, fairness and achievement will urge the aspiring student to renewed effort and direct his thoughts into healthful channels.

The study of law with Mr. Lincoln had been long and tedious. He had picked it up at odd times, as he could secure, now and then, a few spare moments from duties that were often disagreeable and of seemingly no importance.

After having waited upon a customer in the little country store, he would turn to his book and snatch a sentence here and there. Then

again he would rise early in the morning or sit by the flickering light of a tallow dip late into the night striving to read and ponder over the words, and sentences, and phrases that made up the only law book that he possessed.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

How different from now-a-days, when the young student has all the advantages of a complete law library. He finds all of the books that he desires or needs in the offices of the lawyers with whom he is studying. Or, if combining the study of law with his means of a livelihood, he goes to the public libraries, which are always open, and spends his evenings and any other time that he may command as his own in the quiet and comfortable rooms, set apart for reference and reading. The poor boy has the same privilege to study and use the lore that his rich neighbor has, and thus he is denied neither books, warmth nor light.

Mr. Lincoln's struggle for an education, and especially a legal education, went on into the years of his manhood until at last he had acquired sufficient learning to admit him to the bar, but the unyielding struggle for a livelihood still kept up.

All the first years of his legal experience were hard and severe, and his lack of a thorough legal education was hard to overcome, but the man did not give up, though he may have lost heart oftentimes.

There were then, as now, great lawyers, scholarly men, deep and able, and these men Mr. Lincoln came in contact with. They did not dishearten or abash him, but gave him the incentive to strive more and struggle harder for the mastery.

This he could not fail to accomplish, for industry, energy and perseverance always succeed, and all those qualities he possessed.

Mr. Lincoln took whatever came to him, and put his best efforts into his work. It was soon discovered by his legal friends or opponents and his clients that his great common sense led him into a just and fair conception of a man's legal rights, and upon this principle all his suits were tried. This truth never went back on him, and thus from year to year his experience ripened and his education went right on.

Mr. Lincoln's legal career was remarkable because of the extreme

disadvantages under which he secured the right to practice law. It is an example that every boy should profit by, and see in it the possibility of accomplishing any result, no matter how difficult and thorny the path may be that leads up to it.

A POWERFUL ADVOCATE

This wonderful man had so won the esteem and admiration of the people of his own town and State that he was alluded to as the first lawyer in the State. Although not regarded by his legal friends and associates as a learned counselor, he was considered a powerful advocate.

Into all the years of his professional life he carried his principles of fairness, and never resorted to trickery or chicanery. He was shrewd to be sure, but never cunning; he was clever, but never dishonest. He always made it a point not to take a case in which he did not believe that he was on the side of justice. But before deciding in his own mind he employed every possible means to get at the truth, and if he then determined to reject the case he charged no fee for the work that had been done, no matter how laborious, nor how much time had been engaged. Upon the other hand, however, a cause once espoused he entered into the legal arena with all the force and vigor of an ancient Spartan. Mr. Lincoln used none of the legal tactics entertained by the ordinary modern lawyer.

He did not attempt to confuse or badger a witness. His questions were plain and practical, and ever had a direct bearing upon the point at issue, and never otherwise.

RIGHT MUST PREVAIL

Then the fairness that he was wont to represent was real and no mistake about it. Coming from the people, and having passed all the years of his life among them, he understood all their methods, manners and ideas, and it was this knowledge of their daily life and his sympathy in their affairs that made him so successful and popular.

Mr. Lincoln devoted himself to the real issue of the question to the rights of his clients, irrespective of himself or his distinction; therefore

he did nothing to dazzle the jury or to captivate the audience, the simple eloquence of justice and the divine power of equity were his armaments. So sure was he that right would prevail and that dishonesty and fraud would be their own executioners, that he merely led the unwary victim quietly and surely along the fatal plank which carried him to his just doom.

Mr. Lincoln's legal fees were regarded by the brethren of the "law craft" as ridiculously small, and more than once he was chided by lawyer associates, who taxed him with robbing the profession of its just dues. To these remarks it is said Mr. Lincoln replied, "The law permits no man to be robbed, and neither does it rob any man."

ARBITRATION VERSUS CONTESTS

He was the poor man's friend, the widow's adviser and the orphan's counselor. Their appeals and claims were never rejected. Unselfish attention was only given to their complaints, and such counsel administered as lawyers generally indulge in. Arbitration rather than contest was his motto, and upon this healthful and wise method were his decisions based.

It is the universal testimony of many of his old associates that more cases, by his advice, were settled without trial than were ever carried by Lincoln into the courts, and oftentimes without charge to his clients.

A biographer of Mr. Lincoln testifies to the use of his time and talent, and the fact that he was a poor man, in the following statement, "That with greater love of money and less sympathy for his fellows, he might have easily acquired a fortune."

Perhaps it would be rather strong language to say that Mr. Lincoln never tried a case for the money that was in it, but he was known to have conducted many cases without finding any money in them.

The poor and weak never applied to him in vain. He was ever ready to defend them, and often instead of receiving a fee for his services, paid out money to carry on the case.

In one instance, if not in more, he did not wait to be called upon, but offered his services without money and without price.

THE FAMOUS MURDER TRIAL

The son of a woman who had been kind and helpful to Mr. Lincoln, when a poor young man, had been held to trial for an alleged murder. The scene of the murder was some distance from Springfield, and Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of the merits of the case, but he knew that his old friend was in sore trouble. He wrote immediately to the distressed mother and offered his services, and they were thankfully accepted. The excitement attending the circumstance of the murder was so great that Mr. Lincoln felt that justice could not be secured at any price, therefore a postponement of the trial was secured, and then Mr. Lincoln took time to inquire thoroughly into the particulars of the case. He became convinced that the man was innocent, and in his own way he set to work to clear him of the foul charge.

A change of trial was obtained and the case came up at the appointed time. To all but Mr. Lincoln it seemed a hopeless affair, and everyone, without a single dissenting voice, declared that the man would be found guilty.

Mr. Lincoln's destruction of the evidence against the prisoner was wonderful, and his plea for the freedom of the accused was powerful. So completely overthrown was the damaging evidence and so convincing was the plea of innocence that the jury returned with a verdict of "Not guilty" in less than an hour.

The thankful mother and grateful son could not express their gratitude in adequate words. Mr. Lincoln relieved their embarrassment and anxiety by simply saying, "I have now discharged an old debt."

Abraham Lincoln never forgot a kindness, no matter how small or insignificant. He treasured the deed and ever kept it in grateful remembrance, hoping and longing for the day when he should be able to not only return the favor but add to it the interest of love and faithfulness.

VISITS CHICAGO

Though Mr. Lincoln's practice was, as heretofore stated, largely a country clientele, yet he now and then came to Chicago for the purpose

of attending such cases as he might have in the United States District Court.

Unlike most men who, having been brought up in the country, usually seek the ordinary street sights and evening pleasures of city life, Mr. Lincoln rather avoided them and rambled along the quiet shores of the great lake. His various homes had all been located in inland territory, and the vast expanse of water which greeted his vision at Chicago delighted him.

Spending an evening with a friend who resided on Michigan avenue, and from whose house an uninterrupted view of the lake was obtained, Mr. Lincoln remarked to his hostess, "I am sure there can be no more beautiful sight than this before us."

The moon was at its greatest brilliancy, and not a cloud obscured its splendor. A gentle breeze stirred the bosom of the lake, and the moonbeams played hide and seek with the frolicsome ripples. They lapped the shore in sportive play and their musical monotone fell on listening ears.

The man so unacquainted with other than plain and undiversified country was deeply affected, and said to his friends, "I hope some day to visit the beautiful and picturesque countries of foreign lands and view their wonderful scenery." Pausing a moment, then rising to his full height, he bent forward and scrutinized the scene. His face was aglow with delight. Turning to the little group of people he said with unusual enthusiasm, "I have always wanted to see the Bay of Naples, but can there be anything more splendid than this magnificent sheet of water?"

Mr. Lincoln possessed even at this period in his career a number of admirers among the then prominent citizens of Chicago, who recognized the man's sterling worth long before the outside world talked of him, and prophesied his future greatness.

AN ARRAY OF LEGAL TALENT

Though Mr. Lincoln was modest in the extreme, so far as his merits, worth or ability were concerned, yet when his self-esteem was touched

or his ideas of right and propriety attacked, he was as quick to resent such affronts as any other man.

An important suit, McCormick versus Manney, was pending in Cincinnati, and Mr. Lincoln had been engaged by the defense to make a speech, the fee for the same being one thousand dollars and paid in advance.

The day arrived and Mr. Lincoln set out for Cincinnati, where he arrived in a most deplorable condition. His tall, gaunt figure was encased in a long linen duster, soiled with the grime and dust of a long journey and streaked with perspiration. A high hat perched upon his head added to his unusual stature, and he did indeed present a ludicrous picture.

The verdict was given by the citizens of Cincinnati that the Western lawyer might, perhaps, be something of a speaker, but versed in legal lore—oh, no! never.

The array of legal talent upon either side was most brilliant: Hon. Reverdy Johnson, for the McCormicks; and the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, with several other lawyers equally as great, and Abraham Lincoln, for the defense.

THE WESTERN LAWYER

Mr. Lincoln's attire and Western manners attracted even more comment in the court room than they had upon the streets, and when he entered the halls of justice and took his seat with the other legal gentlemen his droll appearance created considerable amusement.

Mr. Stanton refused to speak if Mr. Lincoln did, giving for his excuse that he did not care to publicly associate himself with the uncouth Western lawyer.

Abraham Lincoln was apprised of the statement that Mr. Stanton had made, and though surprised and offended simply acquiesced. When it came Mr. Lincoln's turn to make the speech which he had prepared, and, without exposing Mr. Stanton, he quietly and dispassionately remarked, "I have nothing to say."

It was contrary to Mr. Lincoln's sense of right to accept remunera-

tion for unperformed service, and the man's reputation for honesty was so thoroughly established that his friends were not in the least surprised when they learned that he had returned the fee.

At this time Mr. Lincoln was a poor man, a very poor man, and to many another man, in the same situation, the temptation would have been great indeed, so great that no doubt the money would have been retained, claiming that it was no fault of his that he did not perform the service.

ABOVE RESENTMENT

Mr. Lincoln never forgot the slight, but did not allow the matter to interfere with an after conclusion that Mr. Stanton was the proper man to serve in his cabinet as Secretary of War.

With Mr. Lincoln's modest estimate of his own services and his friendly feeling to all of his clients it is not to be wondered at that he made no money, that he was not able to indulge in luxuries, and oftentimes lacked the modest comforts of daily life.

But what is wealth compared to his matchless character, to his manly deeds, to his kind and considerate thought, to his honesty and integrity, to his sympathy and tenderness, to his unflinching purpose and his glorious death?

The boy is father to the man. His childhood was pregnant with the possibilities of his wonderful future, his youth was prophetic of his manly character, his manhood was the realization of all loveliness, and his translation was the birth of an archangel.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FAMOUS EASTERN TRIP

THE latter part of 1859 and the first months of 1860 Mr. Lincoln had visited various portions of the United States and delivered a number of masterful speeches. His fame as a political speaker was growing, and now the Eastern cities were calling him.

It would be foolish to think that Abraham Lincoln was not flattered with the honor thus conferred upon him; that he should really be desired by the learned and cultured citizens of the older and more advanced section of the United States.

He was delighted at the prospect of so extended a trip, and also pleased that he had won the right to address such audiences as he would meet in the large and wealthy cities of the East. He hoped also that he might have the opportunity of meeting in debate his old antagonist, Judge Douglas.

The opportunity came at last through the press of New York, and an invitation was extended to him to speak in Brooklyn at Henry Ward Beecher's church.

On Saturday, the 25th day of February, 1860, Mr. Lincoln arrived in New York city, and learned that instead of speaking at Mr. Beecher's church, as heretofore announced, it had been arranged to have him give his address at the Cooper Institute in New York city. On learning that he was expected to speak in New York instead of Brooklyn, he went immediately to his hotel and spent the entire day in modifying and changing his manuscript thus making it the most elaborate speech of his life.

AGITATED POLITICIANS

On Sunday, Mr. Lincoln attended Mr. Beecher's church, and afterwards expressed himself as being highly pleased with the sermon and the church service in general.

When waited upon on Monday by representative members of the Republican Club, under whose auspices he was to appear, he surprised and rather mortified the elegant and prominent citizens of the great Eastern metropolis, for they found him attired in a new, cheap, unfashionable and badly wrinkled suit of black clothes.

The Western orator seemed to this committee of polished gentlemen an exceedingly curious, homely man, and when Mr. Lincoln, sensing their criticisms, talked freely of his unbecoming and common attire, and furthermore expressed, like a schoolboy, his delight at finding himself in a large city, the gentlemen felt great misgivings and feared the committee had made a grave blunder in inviting a man apparently so uncultured and uncouth to speak before so distinguished an assemblage as they knew would gather to listen to one who it was reported had so ably combated the little giant in the West.

Mr. Lincoln had prepared no copies of his speech, and this extreme ignorance of the methods of Eastern speakers, and his remark that he doubted very much whether any of the daily papers of so great a city would care to publish it entire, was fresh cause for alarm, and a number of the members were agitated and fearful of the outcome.

LINCOLN'S ESTIMATE OF WEALTH

Being at leisure all that day, he accepted an invitation to ride about the city. Some of the more important streets were passed through, and a number of large establishments visited. Mr. Lincoln was delighted with all that he saw, and expressed his pleasure in plain language, language which did not conceal his ignorance of city affairs, nor cover up the fact that he was a traveler of very small pretensions.

At one place he met an old acquaintance from Illinois. Mr. Lincoln addressed him after the manner of Western greeting by inquiring how he had fared since leaving the West. His acquaintance replied: "I have made a hundred thousand dollars since I came to New York, but have lost it all." Then questioning Mr. Lincoln, he said: "How is it with you?" The reply was characteristic of the man, but its sentiment surprised and amazed a wealthy New York banker, who was a member

of the committee and accompanied Mr. Lincoln on his tour of inspection: "Oh, very well," said Mr. Lincoln; "I have the home at Springfield and about eight thousand dollars in money. If they make me Vice-President with Seward, as some say they will, I hope I shall be able to increase it to twenty thousand, and that is as much as any man ought to want."

In a photographer's studio on Broadway, Mr. Lincoln was introduced to Mr. George Bancroft, the historian. The contrast which he presented to this cultured and polite gentleman was certainly not to his advantage, but there was an indefinable natural grace and kindness of heart, though rather brusque of manner and untutored in the ways of the polite world, that secured the respect and involuntary good will of all who knew or ever met him.

FEAR OF STAGE FRIGHT

Mr. Lincoln was now becoming oppressed with the unusual scenes about him. The studied politeness of the committee annoyed and fretted him. His own insignificance, which was the verdict of the people as he then supposed, and his anxiety over his important work for the evening, were beginning to tell upon him. Excusing himself, he went to his hotel and gave way to reflection and meditation.

It was acknowledged by Mr. Lincoln's associates that he afterward told them of his misgivings and almost sheer despair, and in referring to the state of mind he was in at that time he said, "I suppose I was suffering from that unpleasant and disagreeable disease, 'stage fright.'"

It was a strange fact but it was quite true, that Mr. Lincoln was very apt to be oppressed with a sense of his own insignificance, and equally as true that while he had exalted aspirations and ambitions, and was ready to undertake high and difficult tasks, yet he always bore about with him a sense of his imperfections and experienced a sort of surprise at every success. Indeed, his triumphs became the subjects of his study. They really puzzled him, and in frequent conversations with others he betrayed his desire to find the secrets of his own power.

THE SECOND FAMOUS SPEECH

The evening arrived, and when Mr. Lincoln entered the hall he found the room filled; there had arisen a great and widespread curiosity to see him. That subtle and mysterious means of communication from mind to mind had sounded the tocsin and a multitude had gathered.

Mr. Lincoln had not entirely recovered from his depression and anxiety, and when he mounted the platform and passed to the front the cynosure of all those elegant men and accomplished women seated thereon he made no visible sign, but his fine intuition and mental alertness told him that his unusual height, his gaunt form, his awkward manner and his ordinary clothes were the subjects of much criticism.

He was somewhat relieved of his embarrassment and annoyance by the graceful manner in which the venerable William Cullen Bryant introduced him.

Mr. Lincoln began his speech in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, but as his embarrassment wore off and also discovering that his audience were giving him most respectful attention, he warmed up to his subject in his own way, and, as though addressing an open-air audience, his voice took on the familiar tones and rose loud and clear, until every one in the vast gathering caught every word.

His speech contained words of profoundest wisdom, and as he broke down the statements of falsehood and upset illogical reasoning, the crowd broke into "sudden and hearty" applause, not so boisterous or demonstrative as the applause of his Western audiences, but fully as enthusiastic and genuine.

THE DYING INJUNCTION FULFILLED

Here the backwoods orator found one of his most appreciative audiences, one which gave abundant testimony that it was listening to a masterly effort.

In this gathering of cultured and distinguished citizens of New York city "Honest Abe" had struck a responsive note, the chord of harmony vibrated, and set up an answering sweetness of melody that returned to the great soul, in the future years, over and over again.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln's boy had become a great man. Her dying injunction to the child, "Be kind to your little sister, to your father and grow up a good and great man," had all come true. This was a moment of triumph. Why should not the mother descend from the shining court and bend in loving tenderness and holy benediction over her obedient son?

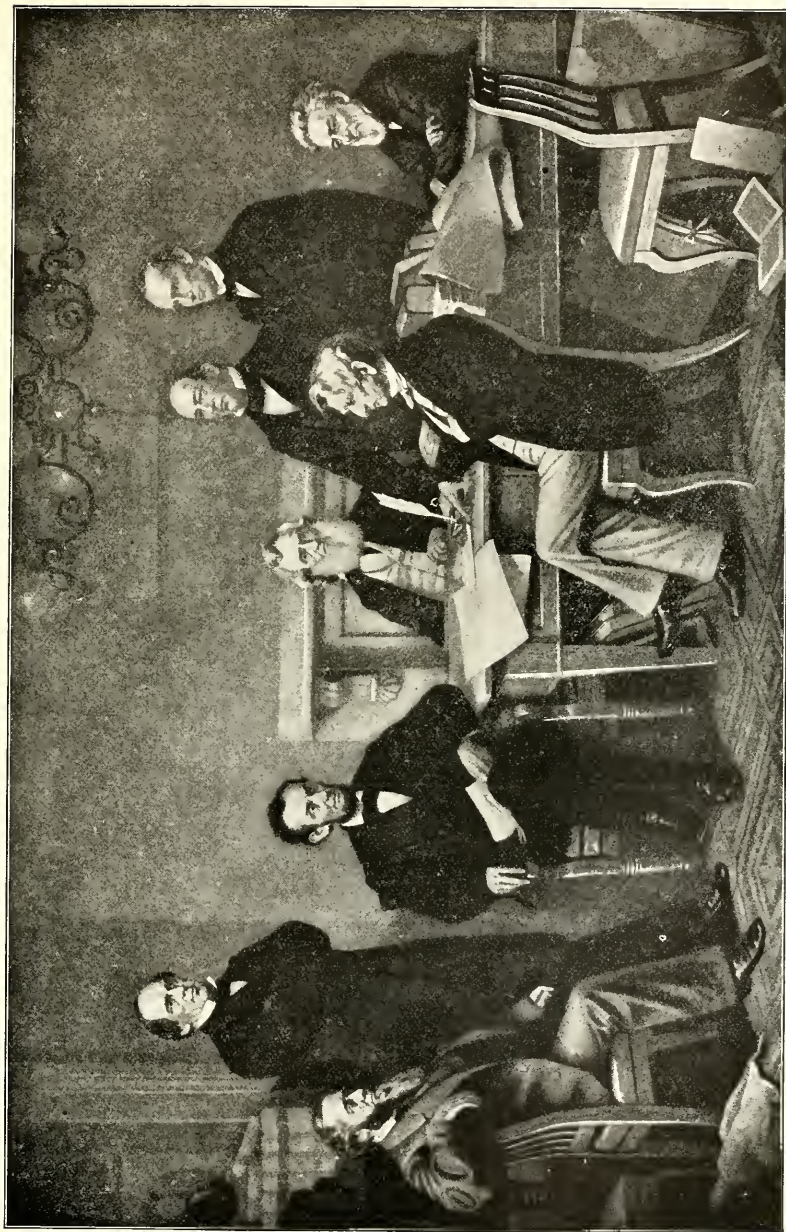
Mr. Lincoln had finished his wonderful speech, so wonderful and so full of facts and statements concerning unexplored fields that the gentlemen who prepared his speech for an after campaign document were surprised by the amount of research that it required to be able to make the speech, and the time that it took for the purpose of verifying the statements contained in the address.

THE FIRST CLUB DINNER

At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Lincoln was invited to supper by some of the most distinguished gentlemen in New York. The party adjourned to the Atheneum Club, and among these friends Mr. Lincoln opened his heart and talked like a boy. He had been successful and he knew it. He was full of humor, and entertained the company with peculiar jokes and quaint stories till a late hour, and when Mr. Lincoln parted with his new friends they were as much charmed with his natural and inborn grace of character as they had been instructed by his wonderful speech.

The city papers were filled with his speech, and favorable comments upon it. The Western rail-splitter was a lion. "Critics read the speech and marveled at its pure and compact English, its felicity of statement and its faultless logic."

The boy born and reared in a cabin, with almost absolutely no advantages, had become a peer. His days of manual labor, hardships and privations were over, but days of greater suffering and toil were before him. The intellectual giant stood before the world, the gentle and tender man was in their presence; but the great emancipator, the struggling gladiator and the dying martyr appeared in the hazy distance and was fast approaching.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

SALMON P. CHASE,
Sec. of Treasury.
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Sec. of War.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GIDEON WELLES,
Sec. of the Navy.
CALEB B. SMITH,
Sec. of the Interior.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Sec. of State.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR,
Postmaster General.

EDWARD BATES,
Attorney General.



MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Photograph taken after the death of the President.

A VISIT TO THE MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL

Mr. Lincoln spent several days in New York city viewing the wonders, most of his explorations being made alone and unattended, and he was thus free to seek what interested him most.

In relating afterwards his experience to a personal friend, he remarked that his visit to the Sunday school at Five Points Mission was exceedingly interesting. Mr. Lincoln's peculiar and unusual appearance always attracted attention wherever he went, and as soon as he entered the Sunday school the teachers and pupils noticed the stranger. His interest in the boys, who had been gathered from the streets, was so noticeable that the superintendent invited him to speak to the children. As usual, his audience was so greatly pleased that when he stopped the boys insisted that he tell more stories. He did not announce his identity until he was leaving the building, and then, in answer to the superintendent's inquiry as to whom the boys were indebted for the kind and pleasant address, he merely said, "I am Abraham Lincoln of Illinois."

Invitations were now sent to Mr. Lincoln from all parts of the New England States, and he always spoke to immense audiences.

A VISIT TO SON ROBERT

Mr. Lincoln was heard to remark, after his return home, that his trip had been exceedingly pleasant and beneficial, for he had combined pleasure and duty.

During his engagements in Massachusetts he had taken the opportunity of visiting his son Robert, who was then a student at Harvard, and here Mr. Lincoln had the pleasure of meeting many distinguished professors. In alluding to his son's standing in college, he said, "If reports are true, the boy already knows much more than his father."

Mr. Lincoln had always impressed it upon his friends and acquaintances that they should give to their children all the educational advantages that were possible, for, as he said, "My own lack of schooling has been a source of mortification to me and the hard labor of older years

to secure what little education I have, I would not impose upon a dumb brute." Carrying into his home life the same advice that he gave his friends, he bestowed upon his children a thorough educational training.

No doubt the young readers of this book will be interested to know that the young Harvard student, Robert Lincoln, whom Mr. Lincoln referred to as knowing more than his father, is now a prominent and distinguished attorney in the city of Chicago.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT"

Mr. Lincoln returned to his Western home exceedingly gratified by the kindness and attention that had been extended to him in the East, by the expressions of good will and by the praise and adulation bestowed upon him. He did not receive all this extraordinary approval and commendation with a spirit of pride and arrogance, but appeared more full of humility than ever, and declared that he was quite unworthy such tribute.

Mr. Lincoln was still a simple-hearted, ingenuous man, and his triumphs were an enigma to himself. All this seemed wonderful to Mr. Lincoln, for he really had no anticipation of such extravagant success among the learned and literary men of the Eastern States. He had learned, however, that the people of the United States judge a man by the same unfailing rule, "What he is, and what he can do. Not by the clothes that he wears, nor the wealth that he possesses, nor the blood that flows in his veins."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

ANOTHER year of a Presidential campaign, with its excitement and election, had been reached, and the people recognized that the issues were tremendous; that the course of action involved serious thought, that the leader must be wise, strong, faithful, brave, heroic and trustworthy.

The Eastern world advanced its claims as to age and superiority, and presented its strongest and ablest candidates. The people of the Western section rent the air with cries for a "man of the people," and presented their claims. Vigor and strength belonged to the new country, and the populace clamored for its honest and faithful candidate, a son of the soil who possessed courage, firmness and wisdom.

A KANGAROO PARTY

This adulation for the "uncouth Westerner" was embarrassing to the political leaders, who felt that it would be suicide to put up such a candidate, and yet were convinced that some kind of political honor would be demanded for this man, Abraham Lincoln. Accordingly, a Cameron and Lincoln club was organized in Chicago and a committee appointed to wait upon Mr. Lincoln and ask him to run on the Republican ticket as Vice-President with the Hon. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, as the Presidential candidate.

The chairman of the committee found Mr. Lincoln a vastly different man than he had expected to meet, just the reverse of a coarse, unpolished, rude backwoodsman. A quiet, dignified gentleman received him. Mr. Lincoln listened to the gentleman from Chicago with perfect composure and unconcern, and to the surprise of the gentleman from the Windy City Mr. Lincoln did not appear to feel honored by the compliment that the politician flattered himself he was paying him.

The committee waited in surprised silence at Mr. Lincoln's delayed reply. The great man meditated, then looking directly into the faces

of the committee, displayed in his brief reply the shrewdness of the most astute and diplomatic politician by saying: "Gentlemen, wouldn't that be a sort of kangaroo ticket, with the heaviest part on the tail end?" The distinguished gentlemen from Chicago quietly withdrew, "sadder but wiser men."

Shortly after this the movement towards making Mr. Lincoln the Republican candidate for the Presidency took form. Many "wise heads" looked unutterable things, but the enthusiasm and love of the common people created a sentiment that could not be overlooked.

THE RAILSPLITTER

The State Republican Convention was held at Decatur, Ill., on the 10th of May, 1860, and though Mr. Lincoln was present only as a spectator, yet when he entered the hall he was greeted with such enthusiasm as few men are favored with. He had hardly taken his seat when it was announced "that an old Democrat from Macon desired to make the convention a present." The offer was accepted, and two old rails were borne into the convention, gaily decorated and bearing the inscription, "Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, candidate for the Presidency in 1860."

The effect upon the audience was instantaneous, and prolonged cheers made the very roof vibrate. Mr. Lincoln was called upon to explain the matter of the rails. This he did, telling of his first work in Illinois, which was felling trees, splitting them into rails and fencing his father's little farm. Mr. Lincoln said: "I have no doubt but that splitting rails is a commendable and necessary occupation, but still I cannot see how rail-splitting is in any way allied to the duties of the Presidency."

The West clamored for the national convention, and the East supposed that there was no other place on the continent than the territory lying between the Atlantic ocean and the Alleghanies.

The shuffle was lively and interesting. Were there ever such claims presented? Now one district was considered for its accommodations and conveniences, now the other for its access and freedom, and so the shuttle flew back and forth until, weary of its struggles, it stopped and

rested upon the destined place. The inter-ocean city had harbored the toiler; the chosen place of convention passed into history, and Chicago took on a new and more important attire.

CHICAGO AND THE WIGWAM

The city, young and ambitious, lay along the western shore of Lake Michigan. It felt its honors and was in gala day attire; every house and building was decorated with bunting and flags. The delicious breezes, laden with the aroma of wild flowers, and filled with the strength and energy of freedom and space, came rushing along over the Western prairies and caught the nation's insignia, swirling and whirling and tossing it till the air was a sea of colored harmony. Red, white and blue flaunted their brilliant colors against the somber gray of the buildings, and mingled with the pale green and sapphire tints of the great lake, stretching out against the distant horizon.

The railroad trains were constantly discharging their loads of human freight and the city was filled with eager spectators. Many were in some way connected with the convention; more had merely come out of curiosity. New delegations were arriving, banners were flying, and bands were playing. The hotels were filled with distinguished men and the streets were full of sightseers. Women and children were out in large numbers, and they made a gay appearance with their bright-colored dresses and gay decorations.

THE MOMENTOUS OCCASION

The Republican convention assembled at Chicago on the sixteenth day of June, 1860. Everybody knew that a severe political storm was ahead, and consequently there was an unusual excitement attending the Presidential nomination. An immense crowd had gathered in Chicago, and a huge building called "The Wigwam" had been erected for the sessions of the convention. From the first it became evident that the contest for Presidential honors lay between the Hon. William H. Seward, of New York, and Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.

The morning of the seventeenth arrived, and the air was full of greater and more intense excitement than on the preceding day. The

hotels and private houses were crowded to suffocation, and "The Wigwam" was taxed to its uttermost. The streets were literally jammed with men and women from the outlying districts, who came in on the early morning trains and left on the late afternoon trains—men and women who represented humble homes, evidently "hewers of wood, drawers of water and tillers of the soil." These were the populace, and the people's choice was bravely and fearlessly defended by the faithful champions.

The chiefs of the Eastern delegations looked on with contempt and derision, and were more than self-confident that a candidate, backed by such a motley crowd, could never secure the vote of the convention. The sights and sounds of the streets beggar description, so says an eyewitness.

"ABE LINCOLN IS NOMINATED"

The proceedings of the convention were carried on under unusual excitement and interest, and when the final ballot was announced and the people realized that their favorite had been chosen, for a moment a deathlike stillness prevailed, then a storm of wild and uncontrollable enthusiasm rent the air. The news was communicated to the guard stationed on the roof, who sang out to the surging crowds in the streets below, "Abe Lincoln is nominated." When the cheering inside the wigwam died away the roar on the outside began again and the enthusiasm reached such a tumult of excitement that the thundering salute of the cannon was unheard by many in the convention hall.

The entire city of Chicago was wild with delight, guns were fired and decorated and illuminated rails were carried about the streets. The news spread over the country like wild fire. Brazen tongues and iron throats added their praise to the multitude of human voices that echoed and re-echoed the glad tidings.

THE TELEGRAM AND WHAT BECAME OF IT

In the little city of Springfield, two hundred miles away from the scene of the boisterous tumult exhibited in the city of Chicago, Abraham Lincoln sat quietly awaiting the news. It was an awful moment.

He would soon be the commanding figure of a great nation, or a cast-off politician, with his hopes and ambitions forever blighted. Suddenly, in the midst of a silent and anxious waiting, the telegraph messenger entered and excitedly announced the wonderful news. One of the gentlemen present who had been keeping Mr. Lincoln company, jumped upon a table and shouted, "Three cheers for Abraham Lincoln, the next President of the United States." The message was then handed to Mr. Lincoln, who read its contents silently, then aloud. After the excitement had in a measure subsided he rose from his sitting posture, pocketed the telegram, calmly remarked that there was a "little woman living on Eighth street who had some interest in the matter," and immediately went to his home.

THE RED-LETTER DAY

This was a red-letter day for Springfield, the citizens thronged his house and expressed their joy in enthusiastic congratulations.

On the following day, which was Saturday, the President of the Republican convention, at the head of a committee, visited Springfield to apprise Mr. Lincoln officially of his nomination. His friends in Springfield had presented him with hampers of wines and liquors in order that he might extend to the committee the usually expected hospitality. This matter troubled Mr. Lincoln sorely, but true to his convictions of right and wrong he returned the gift, and made ready for the reception according to his own ideas of hospitality. If the gentlemen wondered at the total absence of stimulants no one heard any remarks concerning this unusual proceeding.

The chairman of the committee presented to Mr. Lincoln the official announcement of his nomination. Mr. Lincoln's reply to the chairman of the committee was saturated with a sad gravity. There was no pride in his manner, no exultation in his speech. The pressure of a new and great responsibility weighted his spirits and was clearly noticeable in his reply to the gentleman who had announced his nomination.

ACCEPTING THE NOMINATION

On the twenty-third day of June Mr. Lincoln penned his letter of formal acceptance and sent it to the committee.

Abraham Lincoln was now placed before the nation a candidate for the highest honor that it is possible to bestow upon man.

Born in the humblest of dwellings, of obscure parentage, and living for fully thirty years in an environment of severe and homely conditions, he had raised himself by his own exertion and force of manly character into national recognition. A popular and unique personage, he commanded the affectionate solicitude and curious interest of thirty millions of people in his own country and a host of nations throughout the civilized world.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CAMPAIGN

A NEW and entirely unknown life was now begun, and could not be stayed. Its import and greatness oppressed Mr. Lincoln, not because he feared to stem the criticism of his new associates in regard to his manners and habits; not because he dreaded the ceremonies and fashionable life at the capital; not because he feared defeat, but because he had measured the length and breadth of the tortuous and dangerous way that lay before him if he should be the people's choice.

The summer and fall months of this eventful year rolled by. The campaign had no parallel—the enthusiasm of the people was like a great conflagration, like a prairie fire before a tornado; it was a crusade against oppression. In every city in the Northland wigwags were built, eloquent addresses were delivered by the great men of the land. Every hamlet and every burg had their rousing stump speeches from ambitious and loyal aspirants, wide-awake processions were formed, and men, women, boys and girls turned out and joined the noisy and enthusiastic processions.

It was universally conceded that Mr. Lincoln would be elected and he was treated as one already having the reins of government in his hands, yet he remained the same kind-hearted and simple-minded man as heretofore; in fact, he was more humble and sympathetic than ever. He extended the same kind and helpful consideration to all and maintained the same friendly intercourse with those who had shared his poverty and obscurity. He took pains to prove to them that no change of circumstances could make him cease to love them or cause him to neglect them. None of his old heartiness or simplicity left him. The old and the new friends who entered his home expecting to find him changed or conscious of the great honor conferred upon him, were surprised to find him the same honest, affectionate, true-hearted and gentle-minded man that he had always been.

TOO MUCH COMPANY

The Lincolns did not engage help, and Mr. Lincoln answered the bell and accompanied the visitors to the door when they left. As the domestic duties increased, and Mrs. Lincoln could not attend to them all, a relative of Mr. Lincoln's was sent for, and the young woman assisted in the household duties. As one family they worked together for several weeks, and until necessity demanded experienced help.

As has previously been said, the Lincoln establishment was still, as well as at all future times, run upon the same unpretentious and simple methods. Mr. Lincoln continued to personally attend to certain domestic affairs, and Mrs. Lincoln did not hesitate to call him from the parlor and away from distinguished callers whenever she saw fit.

To the "young relative," who had, in response to Uncle Abe's request, come to Springfield to assist in the housework, I am indebted for the following humorous and homely incident:

Before beginning the recital of the story proper, Cousin Sarah told me that she had visited her distinguished relative a few years previous, and had enjoyed her sojourn exceedingly; but with such honors conferred upon Uncle Abe she feared that she might find him changed; therefore accepted the invitation with considerable reluctance. Her fear was unfounded when the same unostentatious relative greeted her.

It seems that the particular time to which Cousin Sarah referred was an occasion when Mr. Lincoln had invited an unusual number of callers to stay for supper, and the decided increase of guests taxed the household larder beyond its capacity. Mrs. Lincoln called her husband into the kitchen and made the fact known to him.

Without saying a word, Mr. Lincoln put his hat on and went to the store for an additional supply of food, soon returning with his arms full of parcels.

His wife undid the packages and was quite displeased with the butter, which she declared was frowsy, and again called Mr. Lincoln out into the kitchen and told him to change the butter for something "fit to eat."

DOES THAT SUIT YOU, MARY?

To quote verbatim, this country relative said: "Uncle Abe did not say a word, but picked up the butter, plate and all, and seemed to throw it out the door. Then he put on his hat and went again to the grocer. In a few minutes he came back with some more butter, and after his wife had smelt of it, he said, 'How does that suit you, Mary?' She was satisfied with this lot of butter and told him that it was all right.

"Cousin Abe then looked at me with a funny smile and kinder whispered, 'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.'

"I didn't have a chance then to ask Cousin Abe what that meant, but the next day I said to him, 'What did you mean when you said that it was foolish to be wise.' He laughed fit to split, and told me that there would be many times in my life 'When knowledge of certain things would make me very unhappy.'

"I never quite knew what it was all about, but somehow I sort of think Uncle Abe fooled his wife."

A DIVIDED HOUSE CANNOT STAND

The common, everyday incidents in Mr. Lincoln's home life would fill many a chapter, and the lessons of patience, forbearance and loving thought and deed would benefit the neglectful and complaining man of to-day. A study of his gentle tenderness and forgiving nature would establish harmony and joy in many unhappy households by leading men to an appreciation of home duties and an effort to assist in the character building of their little children.

The home is not a one-sided establishment, and cannot be so managed. As Mr. Lincoln said concerning national affairs, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The saying is as applicable to the family's home as it is to the nation's home. The training and care of the children are as much a part of the father's duty as the mother's, and so thought Mr. Lincoln. His boys were his companions, his comrades and his friends from their boyhood till his death.

It is a mistaken idea that the future career of a child, whether good, bad or indifferent, depends altogether upon the mother's training and

influence. Such an opinion is entirely illogical, and is so proven by the child himself, who demonstrates sooner or later, that he inherits equally with the mother's, the father's characteristics. At an early age the child accepts its father's example and advice, whether good or bad, and not always outspoken, however, but an actual demonstration, which is a more powerful object lesson than ten thousand audible words.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN LOVED CHILDREN

Mr. Lincoln's affection for and devotion to the little people was not entirely confined to his own children, but embraced all little ones alike. Children understood his real nature, and a strange baby would yield to his caresses as readily as to those of its own mother, while many children were heard to say, "Why, Uncle Abe isn't a homely man?" The mother of a little girl who lived in Springfield related to me the following simple but tender little incident:

In going to the store, on an errand, the lady's little daughter met Mr. Lincoln. He took the child up in his arms, kissed her curly head, gave her some pennies, and said to her, "Poor little girl." Upon returning home little Fanny asked her mother why Mr. Lincoln had called her a poor little girl. Not comprehending Mr. Lincoln's reason, the mother so told the child, who crept into her lap and asked her "Why she had called Mr. Lincoln ugly?" The mother replied, "Because I think he is a very homely man." The child was silent for a moment, then getting down from her mother's lap, said in a very decided voice, "Well, I think Mr. Lincoln is a very handsome man."

Mr. Lincoln did not allow his new life and its increasing demands to interfere with his children's comfort or pleasure. He kept up the old habits, and his boys were permitted to go about with him as heretofore—to and from his office, and in fact, whether in the house or in his office or elsewhere in the town, his children were at his heels. Sometimes he was talking and laughing merrily with them; at other times he was striding along while the youngest one was having a hard time to keep pace with him. So intent was he upon his thoughts that oftentimes the children's questions were unheeded until their imperious

demands brought him to his senses. Then the heretofore silent and abstracted man would in many pleasant ways make amends for his forgetfulness and inattention.

SUFFER LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME

Mr. Lincoln was criticised in his town by his older friends for giving so much time and attention to his children. It was also said by some of his fellow-citizens that he possessed a great weakness in not being able to correct his own children, and also in his avowed charity for other children's misdemeanors.

Some of the severe critics called him childish and dubbed his familiarity with children "schoolboy pranks." How little these people understood the great man's tender and loving nature that so sweetly recognized God's greatest boon to humanity—the children. They are gifts that keep men's hearts green, they are the pledges of God's beneficence, they are the instruments which turn men from sin and despair, and their translation is the means that lead many a bitter and desperate man to the truths of glorified immortality.

It is not the weak man that loves children and mourns for them, but it is the strong and loving nature that yields to their infantile prattle and delicious caresses.

When the children were chided for pressing close to the Master, Jesus rebuked the older folks and said to them, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

MRS. LINCOLN AND THE BOYS

Mrs. Lincoln and the young members of the family entered into the excitement of company and the anticipation of removal to the White House, but Mr. Lincoln did not share their enthusiasm. He knew what was before him.

From now until the moment of his death, Abraham Lincoln had not a leisure hour. Friends came from far and near to tender congratulations upon his nomination and to express their hope of his election.

The certainty of his election was, from the first, a foregone conclusion, the conditions that were then existing and the fear of serious

trouble, made the people of both parties in the North turn to the man whose life had been filled only with deeds of kindness, words of love, and acts of honor and responsibility.

The universal belief in his election gave him a unique position, and no other Presidential candidate was ever before beset with such "place-seekers or lion-hunters." The sanctuary of the home was invaded at all hours, and the family were becoming weary with the incessant coming and going, and it was fast becoming apparent that extra help must be secured, therefore a colored servant was engaged to wait upon the door. The faithful domestic was a great addition to the family, and relieved Mr. Lincoln from his excessive labor. But the cordial man could not entirely divest himself of the old habits, and still continued to give many of his callers his personal attention.

The summer passed and the throng of visitors did not diminish. They still poured in from distant parts of the State.

Among them were many old neighbors and acquaintances of former years. To these poor and humble people Mr. Lincoln gave particular attention, and he did not fail to bring out every incident of his life with which any of them were associated, thus making them doubly happy.

MORE HONORS

The interruption of his domestic life and family affairs became intolerable, and it was decided by the citizens of Springfield that Mr. Lincoln should hold his receptions and also receive all visitors at the State House. Accordingly the executive chamber was set aside for this purpose.

Here he met strangers and friends alike, and the procession of daily visitors kept up its incessant appearance until his departure for Washington. From morning until night he was busy, either satisfying the curiosity of strangers, giving friendly greeting to his associates or listening to the claims of office seekers. Mr. Lincoln performed these unpleasant duties with conscientious care and unwearying patience.

There were a thousand humorous incidents connected with this promiscuous calling, and a recital of them would fill a book. There

were young men coming to see him in order to compare their height with his. There were old women coming who brought up days long past, and trembled lest the great man should forget that he had partaken of frugal meals in their humble homes; there were young girls wanting his autograph; there were mothers bringing their children to be named by the distinguished man; there were men coming to talk over the various public questions that had now taken on grave conditions, and so the days went by,—joy, pleasure, humor, pathos, and anxiety intermingled.

The future was very dark and portentous. Events were beginning to array themselves in a manner that boded trouble, and Mr. Lincoln realized that he was entering upon a path full of danger. With the added cares of his new life, the anxieties that beset him, and the burden of the nation already upon his shoulders, he was often bowed down with deepest despondency.

WORK TO DO FOR THE MASTER

Mr. Lincoln was often known to remark to intimate friends that he believed he was an instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of a great purpose.

It was a fact beyond dispute that Abraham Lincoln had many enemies, not only in the ranks of the opposing party but enemies in his own party; enemies at a distance and enemies in his State; enemies among the citizens of his own town; enemies among his old associates, and enemies among his supposed friends.

Mr. Lincoln became so convinced of treachery among the citizens of his own town, that some friends secured for him a canvass of Springfield. A list of his opponents was thus furnished him, and as he examined it, leaf by leaf, he could not cover up his feelings. He found among them the names of nearly all the ministers of Springfield, and, drawing a Testament from his pocket, he remarked to a friend standing near, who watched his examination of the list with amused interest, "With this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I do not understand

it all." Giving way to another burst of indignation, he fell into a mood that but few of his friends ever witnessed.

In a manner tiresome and tedious to Mr. Lincoln, the months dragged along. In the meantime his political opponents had given up the contest, but at the same time took every means to insult the man. Mr. Lincoln was called the Illinois ape, a clown, and a boor, and all manner of false representations were made against him. But no abuse could provoke him to utter a word in self-vindication. He held his tongue, and calmly awaited the result. Mr. Lincoln was a wise candidate.

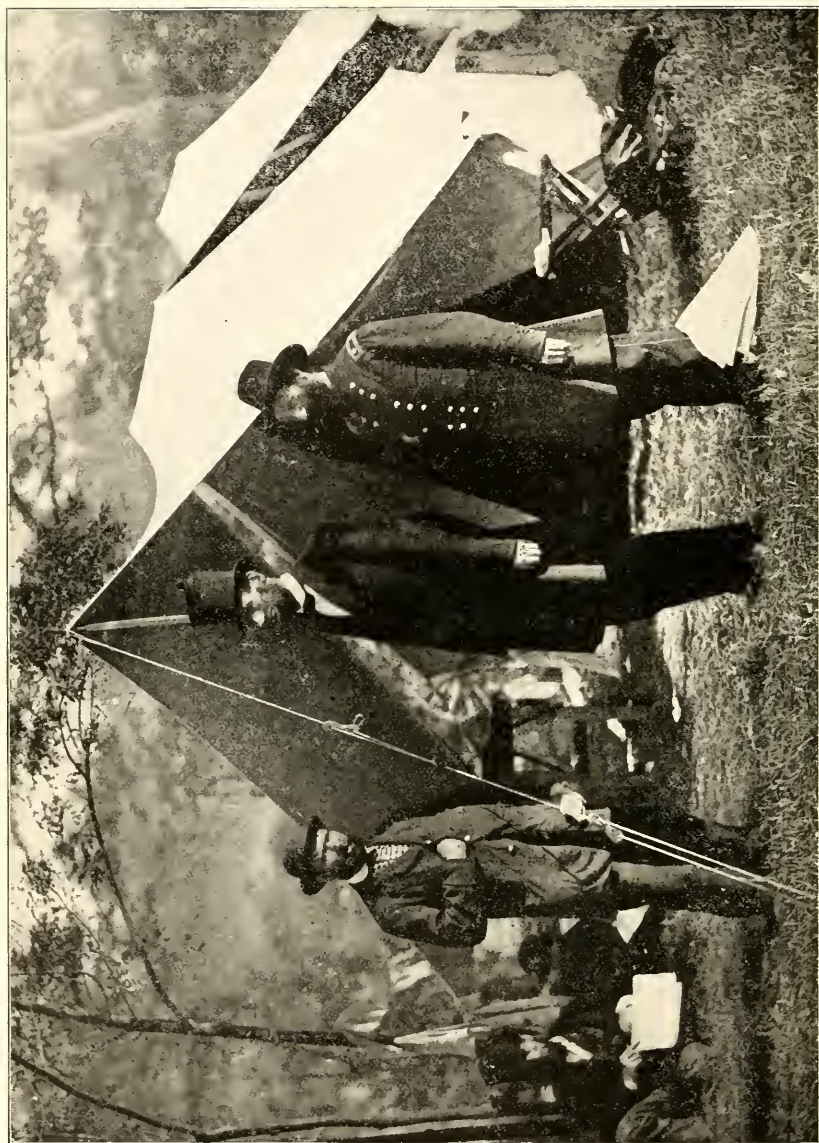
During all this period of anxious waiting, Mr. Lincoln carried a calm exterior, but the trend of affairs gave him intense anxiety, and filled every leisure hour with painful thought. He saw the gathering storm, and felt that upon him it would expend its wildest fury. Yet he had no censure for the men who were vilifying him and leading the nation into dishonor and destruction. He wrapped them in the mantle of charity, and simply called them mistaken men.



NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT.

(By courtesy of H. W. Fay, Historical Portrait Collector, DeKalb, Ill.)

This statue, which was unveiled Oct. 15, 1874, at Springfield, Ill., represents Lincoln as holding with his left hand the Emancipation Proclamation and in his right hand the pen with which it had just been written.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM, 1862.

Major Allen Pinkerton.

Gen. John McClelland.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOURNEY TO THE CAPITOL

THE sixth of November, 1860, arrived and the voice of the people was heard. A tremendously wonderful verdict announced a magnificent triumph for Mr. Lincoln.

The result of the election was cause for great rejoicing at the North, and the people were fairly mad with the intoxication of success. Fires burned fiercely, bells clanged, flags waved and the voice of rejoicing was heard.

Mr. Lincoln had now become the most important man on the continent. The entire nation was agape with curiosity as to the man's career at Washington. His enemies predicted that a buffoon could not grace the executive mansion. His friends were anxious that he commit no grave blunders of etiquette, and the nations across the ocean smiled at the idea of a rail-splitter holding the reins of power over 30,000,000 people.

None of this anxiety or derision troubled him. Though he had known nothing of drawing-rooms or social functions in his youth, he did not let this fact alarm him; "though his hands were large, they had never taken bribes;" though his feet were heavy, they had been willing and trusty messengers; though his frame was huge and homely, yet within it beat a heart so loyal and strong and true that it had never wronged a single person. If he could not win admiration for his personal graces, he had won love—and plenty of it—for his personal goodness.

Mr. Lincoln was now the lion of the day, and wherever he went he found a royal welcome awaiting him. Chicago extended a magnificent greeting, parties and receptions everywhere were given in his honor. Still he retained his modest demeanor and greeted everyone in the old unaffected and cordial manner.

PREPARING FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

The confusion and discomforts attending moving were about him. Mrs. Lincoln and the boys were making constant demands upon his time and pocketbook. Tailors were clothing him and his family in fashionable garments; photographers were taking his pictures; reporters were interviewing him; politicians were selecting his cabinet, and friends in general were giving him copious advice.

Through it all Mr. Lincoln retained his usual placid manner, and kept his own counsel. These trivial affairs of receptions and dress, of picture-taking and cabinet making were of small moment, for graver things were troubling him.

During all that anxious period of waiting, from the time of his election to his departure from his modest home at Springfield, Mr. Lincoln wore a calm exterior, though portentous events were transpiring that gave him the most intense uneasiness and filled every leisure moment with painful apprehension.

Silently and with sad forebodings he waited in Springfield the opening of the approaching storm. He saw it coming. Business was depressed; the North was affrighted; the South was seething with excitement, and Washington itself was full of treason.

THE DEPARTURE FROM SPRINGFIELD

On the eleventh of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln bade adieu to all that had been most precious to him, and started on his journey to the capitol.

There is no doubt but that he dreaded to go, for already hints of assassination had reached his ears. His enemies had openly bragged that "Old Abe" should never be inaugurated as President of the United States. He did not fear any of these threats, but an anxious dread disturbed the sweet serenity of his soul, for he knew that oppressive duties awaited him.

The morning of the eventful day had arrived, and although the weather was exceedingly unpleasant, a cold and drenching rain having set in, yet a large concourse of curious folks gathered at the depot hours before the schedule time for departure.

The President-elect was escorted from his house to the railroad station by friends and neighbors and the general public. From the rear platform of the train he bade the large gathering an affectionate farewell. The following brief description of the final moments preceding the departure of the special train by an eye witness are here recorded:

"Mr. Lincoln having slowly and with almost a reluctant and halting gait ascended the steps of the car, faced about and gazed over the sea of upturned faces. For fully a minute he remained silent before uttering a word, then with a manner and voice that betokened extreme sadness and regret, he spoke to the waiting crowd." The exact words were not remembered by the lady who gave me the interview, but nearly coincided with the following printed remarks taken from one of the many histories of Mr. Lincoln's life, and are as follows:

"My friends:—No one—not in my position—can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived for more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine blessings which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell.' "

These brief and rather commonplace remarks were tinged with gratitude to, and sweet remembrance for, the people who had stood by the man through all the strange and weary years of his life; with a recognition of great responsibility and impending danger, and with supplication for higher aid and guidance than human wisdom can offer or grant.

The cars pulled out of the station amid the loud and continued cheers of the people, who fairly kept pace, for some distance, with the

moving train. The distinguished party consisting of the President, Mrs. Lincoln, the three sons, Robert, Willie and Tad, and a number of prominent citizens, among them Governor Yates of Illinois, Dr. W. M. Wallace, Judge David Davis, Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, and Messrs. John M. Hay and J. G. Nicolay, settled themselves comfortably, each after his own particular fashion.

The two younger boys, Willie and Tad, were wild with delight, full of boyish pranks and bubbling over with innumerable questions, which the father throughout the entire journey was never too wearied or pre-occupied to answer. Tad was an especial favorite with all. His bright and winning ways relieved the journey of much of its weariness and pressure.

The route was now mapped out and the special stops designated and the various ceremonies arranged and discussed. Mr. Lincoln was now given full information concerning the elaborate programme which had been so planned, with the understanding that the President should address the people at certain stations through which the special train passed and at all of the larger cities where receptions were to be given and the parades announced.

Mr. Lincoln felt that the most difficult task of his life was now before him for the entire Northland was hanging upon the words he might speak to them on his journey to the National Capitol. Thousands were waiting to criticise him, while as many more were fearful lest he should say something that might disappoint his friends and supporters, that would please and further antagonize his enemies, or that should inflame the South.

Mr. Lincoln said to a member of the party: "I feel unequal to this task, for I have never acquired and never can acquire the faculty of uttering graceful nothings." It was afterwards related that one of the party who accompanied Mr. Lincoln remarked that "the man who won the profound admiration of the gifted and learned at the Cooper Institute, when on the platform of a railroad car or before an august committee of city magnates, was as much at a loss as a school boy would have been."

TRIUMPHAL TRIP TO WASHINGTON

The ovation that Mr. Lincoln received along the entire route was extraordinary. Expressions of good will abounded, and the people pledged the President their faithful support.

On, on sped the train bearing the Presidential party, passing slowly through the smaller towns and villages, but stopping only at the large cities—Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Albany, New York and Philadelphia.

Indianapolis was the first stopping place, but Mr. Lincoln was called to the platform at several places en route.

On arriving at Indianapolis the party found the city ready and in order. Business was suspended, flags were floating everywhere, and when, at five o'clock, the train rolled into the station, a salute of thirty-four guns announced the arrival of the distinguished party. The Governor of Indiana gave the address of welcome, and Mr. Lincoln and his friends were escorted through the principal streets by a procession composed of both Houses of the Legislature, the municipal authorities and the firemen. Upon arriving at the principal hotel, Mr. Lincoln addressed the assembled crowd from the balcony.

On the following day the Presidential party left for Cincinnati. An immense concourse of people gathered at the depot, and as the train moved the crowd cheered lustily.

The special train passed en route the burial place of General Harrison, who had occupied the Presidential chair, and here the family of the dead patriot was assembled. Mr. Lincoln bowed his respects to the group and to the memory of his predecessor.

SPEECH AT CINCINNATI

The specially decorated train steamed into Cincinnati on the afternoon of the twelfth. The crowd at the depot was immense, a distant cannon announced the approach of the train, and then there went up from the people such a cheer as only an enthusiastic multitude can give. "Honest Abe" was in their midst, and the people clamored for a sight

of him. It was with great difficulty that the police forced a passage through the surging crowd.

Six white horses drew the carriage in which Mr. Lincoln sat. He was surrounded by a detachment of police, who were constantly busy trying to keep the people from actually climbing into the carriage. As it was, one stout German broke the ranks, and, taking up a little girl in his arms, succeeded in holding her so near to Mr. Lincoln that he was able to take the flower from the little child's hand. The thoughtful man acknowledged the child's pretty act by stooping and kissing her.

The hotel was reached and Mr. Lincoln appeared upon the balcony and addressed the people. His speech was received with warm applause. The crowd called for an expression touching his public policy, but Mr. Lincoln begged to be excused from such expression, and said, "I deem it due to myself and the whole country, in the present extraordinary condition of the country and of public opinion, that I should wait and see the last development of public opinion. I shall give my views at the time of my inauguration, and I hope at that time to be false to nothing you have been taught to expect of me."

SPEECH AT COLUMBUS

The morning of the thirteenth the party started for Columbus, the capital of the State. The scenes of the previous day were repeated all along the route. As the train approached the station, the crowd became almost unmanageable, and Mr. Lincoln was obliged to appear in order to appease the people. On alighting and entering a carriage, the scenes at Cincinnati were re-enacted.

Mr. Lincoln was received in the hall of the House of Representatives, and the Governor introduced him to the Legislature. The President of the Senate gave the welcoming address, and Mr. Lincoln's response was exceedingly agreeable. At the conclusion of the formalities, Mr. Lincoln went to the western steps of the capitol to say a word to the people. It is said by an eye-witness that the hand-shaking was really fearful. The man who always made himself master of every circumstance took in the situation, and with a cordial and enthusiastic man-

ner extended both hands and allowed the crowd to seize them at their will.

Mr. Lincoln at last escaped, and took refuge in the Governor's residence. Although he was greatly fatigued he held a levee at the State House in the evening, where he met the citizens of Columbus in a more quiet way.

RAIN BROUGHT DISAPPOINTMENT

On the morning of the fourteenth the Presidential party left Columbus for Pittsburg. The train did not arrive in the latter town until quite late in the evening, and a drizzling rain had set in that greatly interfered with the preparations.

At the hotel Mr. Lincoln addressed the assembled people, but his more formal remarks were deferred until the next morning.

The rain continued all night, and when morning came had not abated. The unpleasant condition of the weather interfered with the ceremonies, and the programme was considerably curtailed.

The most noticeable remark of his address here was his advice to the people in regard to the anticipated trouble. He said, "My advice is to keep cool, and if the great American people will only keep their temper on both sides of the line, the trouble will come to an end, and the question which now distracts the country will be settled just as surely as all other difficulties of like character which have originated in this Government have been adjusted."

RECEPTION AT CLEVELAND

The next place to be visited was Cleveland, and the party set out for the beautiful city in a hard shower of rain. There were the usual incidents along the road, and at four o'clock the train arrived at the station, where a large escort waited to conduct Mr. Lincoln to his hotel. Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, the streets were crowded, and the enthusiasm was as great here as elsewhere.

Early the next morning the party took leave, but already many had assembled at the depot, and Mr. Lincoln departed from Cleveland amid the cheers of the crowd and the flutter of waving handkerchiefs.

SPEECH AT BUFFALO

The next public reception was at Buffalo, where the party arrived late in the afternoon of the sixteenth. On the arrival of the train at the station, Mr. Lincoln was met by a large concourse of citizens, with Ex-President Fillmore at their head. After being conducted to his hotel, the formal welcome was made, and Mr. Lincoln responded with hearty thanks.

From Buffalo to Albany was a long stretch, but all along the route the train passed through enthusiastic crowds, thankful to catch even a passing glimpse of Uncle Abe.

Mr. Lincoln was now very tired, as were also the members of his family and the accompanying party. This respite from formalities and actual contact with crowds was a genuine relief and all were grateful for this brief but much-needed rest. Even the young boys were tired of the repeated scenes, and remarked that they "didn't see why the people should make such a fuss over their father, for he seemed to be just the same as he ever was."

SPEECH AT ALBANY

Mr. Lincoln was met at Albany by a delegation headed by the Governor of the Empire State, and here again he was conducted into the presence of the Legislature, where he had another formal reception.

In response to the welcoming address, Mr. Lincoln said, among other equally characteristic phrases, "It is true that, while I hold myself, without mock modesty, the humblest of all the individuals who have ever been elected President of the United States, I yet have a more difficult task to perform than any one of them has ever encountered. When the time comes, according to the custom of the Government, I shall speak, and speak as well as I am able, for the good of the North and of the South—for the good of the one and of the other, and of all sections of it. In the meantime, if we have patience, if we maintain our equanimity, I still have confidence that the Almighty Ruler of the universe, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent

people, can and will bring us through this difficulty, as He has heretofore brought us through all preceding difficulties of the country."

GREETINGS AT NEW YORK CITY

On the nineteenth the party left Albany for New York city, and again Mr. Lincoln was in the great metropolis,—not as before, the mark of criticism,—but now as a chieftain, while the prominent citizens of the proud city paid him homage and tendered him a mighty welcome.

Places of business were generally closed, and the streets presented such an appearance as only the streets of New York city can present. The Mayor received the Presidential party and made the address of welcome.

Here, again, this man, a son of poor and humble parents, was the cynosure of a great concourse. His homely figure and awkward gait were overlooked, his ignorance of polite society was ignored, and his poverty and obscure origin were forgotten; only his loving words, his tender deeds and his strong personality were remembered. The nation was looking to this humble and common man for advice, for support and for protection in her hour of coming sorrow.

Again his angel mother bent over him, and the words of the dying woman were repeated, while no one heard them save the man who was looking towards his long journey that leadeth into pleasant paths.

Mr. Lincoln was beginning to realize that the least said about his policy the better, and therefore he confined himself almost exclusively to the impulse of the moment in his public utterances.

In his remarks at New York, in response to the address of welcome, Mr. Lincoln overlooked every allusion to his policy and contented himself with declaring his faithfulness to his country. He said, "In my devotion to the Union, I hope I am behind no man in the nation. In the wisdom with which to conduct the affairs tending to the preservation of the Union, I fear that too great confidence may have been reposed in me; but I am sure that I bring a heart devoted to the work."

END OF TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY

On the twentieth Mr. Lincoln left New York for Philadelphia, stepping at some of the intermediate places. Upon his arrival at the City of Brotherly Love, he was received with great enthusiasm and many demonstrations of popular regard.

Here ended the triumphal procession. A private detective at that point furnished Mr. Lincoln and his friends with such irrefutable evidence of a premeditated assault upon the incoming President that both Mr. Lincoln and the gentlemen of his party were convinced that a cowardly attack was contemplated. It was believed that violence would be committed upon Mr. Lincoln as the Presidential train passed through Baltimore. After consultation between the detectives and his escort it was arranged to have Mr. Lincoln abandon the special train and proceed to Washington upon the regular express, but not until, however, Mr. Lincoln had met certain obligations that he had assumed for that day.

To the gentlemen who tried to persuade Mr. Lincoln to cancel the day's programme he said: "I have promised to raise the American flag on Independence Hall on the morning of the 22d of February, Washington's Birthday, and have accepted an invitation to a reception by the Pennsylvania Legislature for the afternoon of the same day. Both of these engagements I will keep," said Mr. Lincoln, "if it costs me my life; for the rest of my journey you may make such arrangements as you think best to insure my safe arrival in Washington."

The ceremonies at Philadelphia were very significant and brought together a great concourse of people. The Western giant stood within the room where the Declaration was framed and signed, and pledged himself anew to its principles. Then in the presence of the great throng he ran up the glorious Stars and Stripes, the nation's symbol of freedom and liberty. Old Glory proudly floated and the people rent the air with prolonged cheers.

THE SECRET ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at Harrisburg, the cap-

ital of the State, Mr. Lincoln retired to his rooms at the hotel to remain over the night, as the people supposed, and then to leave for Washington on the morning of the next day. A different arrangement, however, had been planned, and at six o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he passed unobserved from his hotel to a carriage and was driven rapidly to the railroad station, where a special train was awaiting him. The moment the train left the depot the telegraph wires were cut. Upon the arrival of the party in Philadelphia the regular train was boarded, and Mr. Lincoln and his escort retired to their sleeping berths. Passing directly through Baltimore the distinguished party reached Washington without change of cars, and Mr. Lincoln and his escort arrived at the capitol city unannounced at six o'clock the next morning. Mr. Lincoln went directly to the Willard Hotel, and a few minutes later was talking over his adventure with the Hon. Mr. Seward, the future Secretary of State.

It was indeed a shameful fact that Abraham Lincoln, a man who was destined "to lay anew the cornerstone of the Republic; baptize it with his own blood and then leave it to the nation as a perpetual memorial," who declared "that the government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from off the earth," should be obliged to enter the capital of the United States like an escaped fugitive from justice.

The City of Washington was thrown into a flutter of excitement by this unexpected arrival. Mr. Lincoln's foes ridiculed the idea of assassination and his friends were angry that he had consented to "sneak" into the city, but the sequel conclusively shows whether the fears of those who advised Mr. Lincoln to take the precaution of secret and unexpected transportation were groundless or not.

Mr. Lincoln immediately proceeded to make himself at home in the city. He conversed freely with his friends and gave himself up to the pleasures of the occasion. He called at the capitol, and visited both Houses of Congress, and on his way back to the hotel went into several other public buildings.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL

On the twenty-seventh the Mayor and the municipal authorities gave him the formal welcome of the city. Mr. Lincoln's reply was brief, but he took this occasion to say to the Mayor and the other gentlemen present, that he should treat them with the same consideration that he had always shown his neighbors, and confidently believed that the better they became acquainted the more they would like each other.

Here was the supposed buffoon, of the Western wilds, assuring the elegant gentlemen that they would be treated with consideration and respect. The very first circumstance in Mr. Lincoln's new life was colored with his natural thoughts. He was not thinking of how other people should treat him, but how he should treat other people. He was always in his own mind a giver and not a receiver.

On the second evening after his arrival, the Republican Association tendered him the courtesy of a serenade, which attracted a large crowd of friends and curious spectators. Mr. Lincoln appeared upon the balcony of the hotel and made a few pleasant remarks.

The days that preceded the inauguration were rapidly passing away. In the meantime, although General Scott had been busy in making efficient military preparation for the occasion, many were fearful lest scenes of violence would be enacted upon that day.

It was a fearful time of uncertainty. The leading society of Washington hated Mr. Lincoln and the principles he represented. There was probably not one man in five in the capital city who, in his heart, gave Mr. Lincoln a welcome.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE INAUGURATION

THE fourth of March was looked forward to with nervous dread by the entire North. The morning of that day was beautifully clear and bright. The usual ceremonies attending the occasion were observed, and Mr. Lincoln was safe within the capitol building.

There was a great desire to hear Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address. At an early hour, Pennsylvania avenue was a scene of unusual activity, and throngs of people were bending their steps towards the capitol.

The incoming President, his escort and the carriages containing the participators in the ceremonies had passed. The grounds about the capitol building were a mass of moving human beings; flags were flying, bands were playing, and the air was full of the hum and stir of excited demonstration.

Prominent men and fashionable women were seated upon the platform; and the immense, surging crowds were standing about waiting to see the new President and his escort of distinguished gentlemen. Among them were many strangers to Mr. Lincoln, some of his friends and a number of his political antagonists.

TRUE POLITENESS

One of the most notable and significant details connected with the occasion was the fact that the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln's old antagonist, stood at his side during the entire reading of his address and politely held the President's hat.

There was not a very hearty welcome accorded to the new President as he passed out to the front balcony of the capitol to deliver the inaugural address, for his enemies were many and his friends were too wise to exasperate or further antagonize by a too fervent demonstration.

The inaugural address was given the closest attention by all who could hear, and the patriotic allusions to the Union were as patriotically received, the people in the standing crowds cheering vociferously.

The address delivered and the oath administered, the august ceremonies of the occasion were concluded. Passing back through the Senate chamber, the President was escorted to the White House, where Mr. Buchanan, the ex-President, took leave of him, and where the people were received by the new President in large numbers.

One of the callers asked Mr. Lincoln if he was frightened while delivering his address, in consequence of the threats of assassination. His reply was as characteristic of the man as in the old life. He told the curious inquirer that he had experienced greater fear in addressing a dozen western men on the subject of temperance.

THE NEW HOME

Abraham Lincoln and his family fitted into the White House as if they had always lived there, or at least as though they belonged there. There was no confusion shown, no argument made and no authority exhibited in the selection of the different apartments.

Mr. Lincoln chose for his office and informal visits a room whose outlook particularly pleased him. The view from this room was exceedingly beautiful, a well-kept lawn had spread its velvet carpet down the gentle slope, while its delightful verdure stretched away in the distance and the eye followed the broad emerald ribbon till it rested upon the then unfinished Washington Monument, with the Smithsonian Institute near by. The beautiful scene continued and increased as the historical Potomac revealed itself, with Alexandria in the distance and dear Mount Vernon further on. Just across the Potomac were Arlington Heights and Arlington House, the ancestral home of General Robert E. Lee.

OLD GLORY

The beautiful hills about on which the President delighted to look were in a short space of time dotted with the encampments that surrounded Washington. The green of the forest, the white tented cities, the brilliant colors of the national flag, the purple haze of the distant clouds and the golden splendor of the setting sun was a panorama that

constantly claimed his attention and a color picture that never grew tiresome to him.

Here with this view ever before him the President received his visitors. Here he received every one, from the Chief Justice and Lieutenant-General to the private soldier and the humblest citizen.

Custom had established certain rules of procedure and the order in which officials should be received, but Mr. Lincoln transgressed all former rules and regulations and received the people as they asked for admittance. They came to him as children come to their father. He saw every one and all classes approached him with familiarity, while many no doubt wasted his precious time. Here in this room, day after day, often from early morning till late at night, the President sat, listened, talked and decided. To all he was patient, just, considerate, and hopeful.

A RETURN TO OLD HABITS

During the first few weeks of his life at the White House Mr. Lincoln, for the sake of his wife and family, tried to adopt some of the expected conventionalities, but at last gave it up as a bad job and fell back into his old simple ways. His native sweetness and straightforwardness of manner served to disarm criticism and impress the visitor that he was before a man, "pure, self-poised, collected and strong in unconscious strength." To the men and women worth knowing he was in mind and heart, the very highest type of soul-development; and by these he was admired and loved for his true worth.

THE NATION IN PERIL

The great and masterful work of Mr. Lincoln's life was begun. The humble boy, born and reared in a wretched log cabin, was now the most prominent and important man in the nation, and at a time in the most perilous period of the nation's history.

His first duty was the formal designation of a cabinet, and when the entire cabinet was completed, no one for a moment doubted that Mr. Lincoln had settled his choice of secretaries before he left home.

The men brought into his cabinet were prominent candidates for the presidency at Chicago. To the Hon. Wm. H. Seward, the man who had

kept in the race for Presidential honors, neck and neck, with Abraham Lincoln until the final impetus overthrew him, was assigned the highest position in the cabinet.

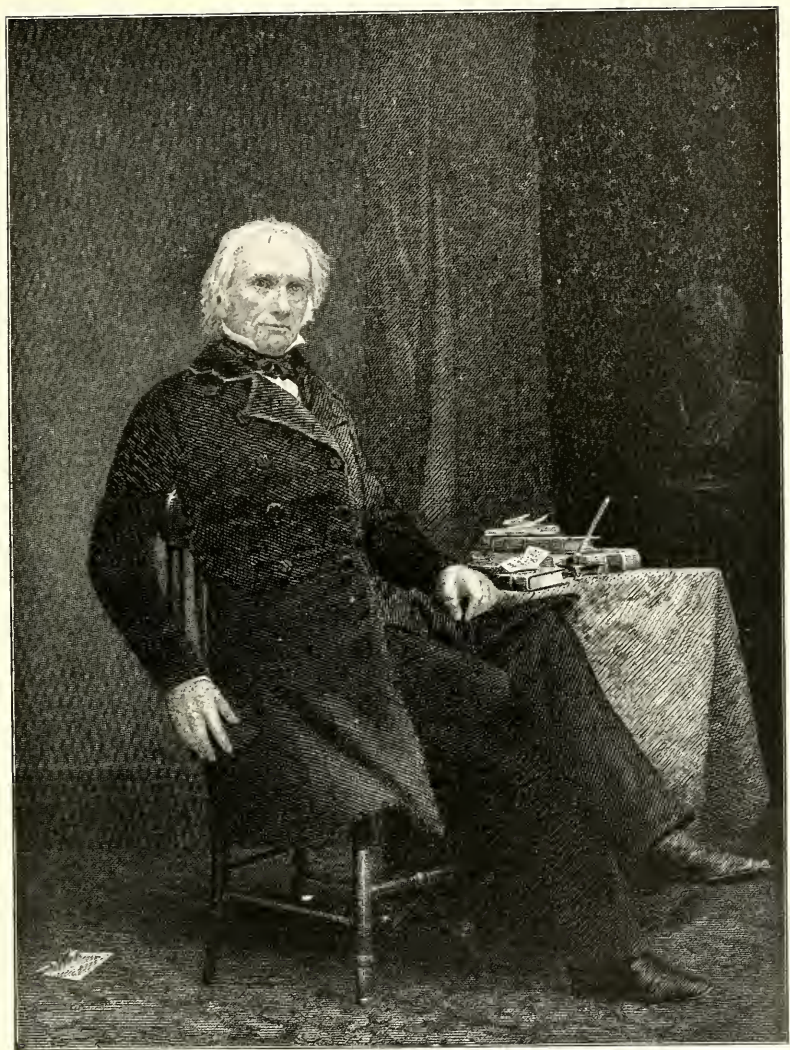
And now came the sifting process. Mr. Lincoln was determined to retain only faithful and efficient men; men whose integrity could be relied upon; men whose country was to them a sacred trust; men whose hearts beat with loyalty and patriotism, for the Government was betrayed every day by its own agents. The task was an herculean one, for Mr. Lincoln could not take a step that some spy in the departments, or some traitor in his confidence, did not report to his enemies.

GLOOMY DAYS

The days were dark and gloomy for Mr. Lincoln. The South was determined to force him to do something that would justify the Confederacy in declaring war. The press and his supporters were clamoring for something, too, hardly knowing what, and for the sake of calling their impatient and unjust criticism by some name, they called it Mr. Lincoln's "inactivity." But all through the portentous years of his administration Mr. Lincoln's usual characteristics—judgment, prudence, foresight and honest, thoughtful conviction—carried the nation safely through its awful carnage of war and desolation and restored the Union to a mourning and mistaken people.

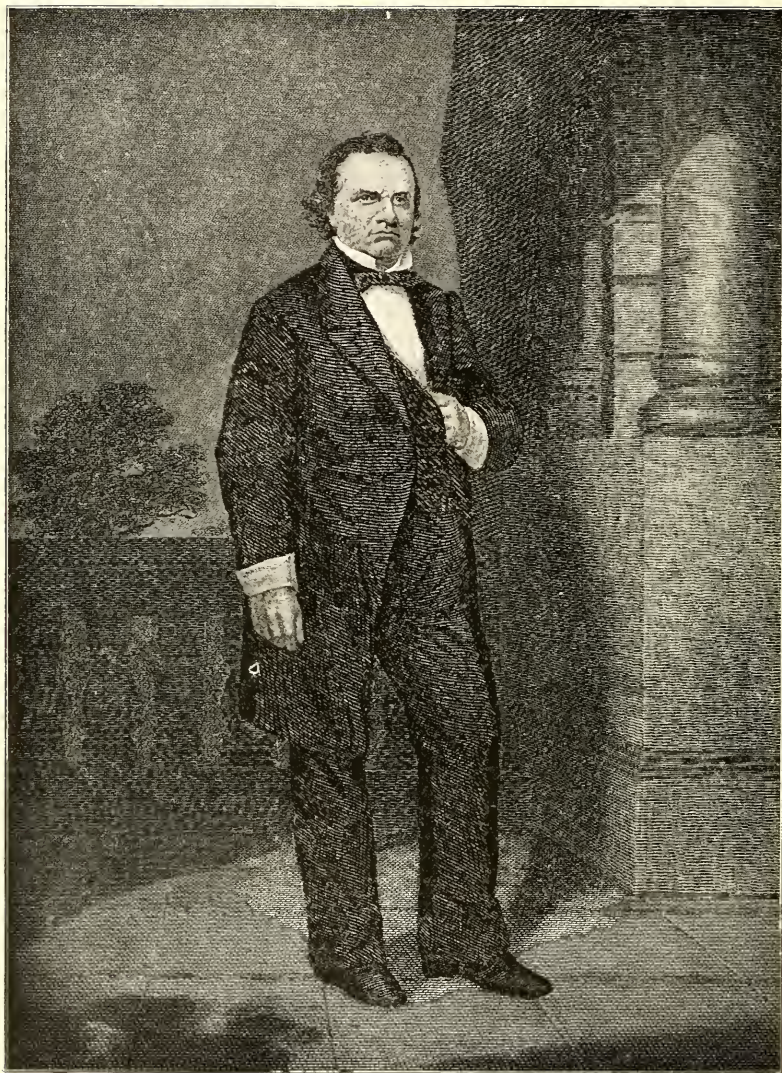
There was neither time nor opportunity for enjoyment of domestic life, for Mr. Lincoln's days, hours and minutes were full of distracting anxiety and desperate worry. There was treason everywhere. His foes, North and South, were busy with their schemes for the destruction of himself, his party and his country. He was thronged with office-seekers, to whose claims he gave his personal attention. He was in almost hourly intercourse with prominent men from every section of the country; he was holding protracted cabinet meetings; he was performing the most exhausting labors.

His only hours of recreation were in the early morning, when seated on the veranda or in the beautiful grounds around the White House, he called his boys about him and entered into all their youthful con-



HENRY CLAY.

From a portrait in possession of his family. The greatest compromiser of the anti-slavery era.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.
Lincoln's greatest political opponent.

versation with a sympathy that lacked neither interest nor enthusiasm. Then he threw aside business and anxiety, and in his old simple way entertained his boys and friends with genial story and cordial manner.

SOCIETY AT WASHINGTON

The society ways of Washington did not embarrass him, in fact he did not allow them to enter into his life. The presence of cultured and elegant callers did not interest him, and the array of servants did not surprise him, but the fine music which soon became a notable feature in Washington thoroughly pleased him. The bands were his especial delight, and it became his general custom throughout his entire administration to personally thank the serenaders.

A few weeks after the President's arrival in Washington he was the recipient of an exceedingly fine serenade. Upon this particular occasion the music was so entirely acceptable that he wished to make a more than ordinary demonstration and in order to show a full appreciation he sought out Mrs. Lincoln and invited her to join him in acknowledging the delightful pleasure. Mrs. Lincoln acquiesced and the two appeared together.

As usual any ludicrous situation struck him so irresistibly that he was always compelled to entertain it in some way, peculiarly his own, and without explanation or preface he simply said, "The long and the short of it thank you," turned about and went back into the house.

WHAT TROUBLES YE, ABE ?

The recital of the above very funny incident recalls a story that was told to me by Dennis Hanks, but well-nigh forgotten.

The year was 1843, the scene Charleston, Illinois, and leaning against the side of the old court-house was Abraham Lincoln; his attitude was dejected, his air melancholy, and his face expressive of trouble and deep thought.

Dennis Hanks came across his relative, and as usual his curiosity asserted itself. Accosting his cousin with the usual greeting of "Howdy," he continued by saying: "What troubles ye, Abe?" Mr. Hanks had of course noticed my anxiety to learn the remainder of the

story, and pausing intentionally, he waited for me to ask of him Mr. Lincoln's answer. I promptly did so, and received the following information:

"Wall," said Uncle Dennis, "Abe jest looked at me with one of his peccoliar expressions and told me that he was 'worrying about his little baby Bob.'

"'What's the matter with him?' ses I. Ses Abe, 'Nothing now, but I was wondering what I should do if the child grew up with one leg short and the other leg long. Mary is low and I am tall, you know, and that's the long and short of it.'"

I could not control myself and laughed so long and immoderately that Mr. Hanks looked at me in perfect contempt, and said, "Wall, 'twa'n't no laughing matter to me, I ken tell ye." And "Why not?" said I.

Mr. Hanks' manner indicated that he considered me the most perfect ignoramus that he had ever met, and, metaphorically giving me the cold shoulder, replied, "Wall, I reckon ye ain't ust to Abe's ways. When he wanted to get rid of a feller he'd think of the blaimdest things to say that ever ye heerd of. I tell ye there wus no mistakin' his meanin'."

AN ORDINARY CITIZEN

Mr. Lincoln did not change his habits in any way. He was genial and humorous, without being immoderate or clownish; he was grave and dignified, without being solemn or impressive; he was cordial and sympathetic, without being extravagant or obtrusive.

The days came and went, and yet his high position did not endow him with an air of importance.

He was interested in other people's affairs. The most trivial thing claimed his thought, and he gave as much attention to the child's complaint or delight as he did to the sorrows or joys of older folks.

He walked about the city and greeted friend, neighbor or stranger with the same familiarity and freedom that he always exhibited in accosting his associates or chance acquaintances in the West.

Had it not been for his unusual stature and strange personality, he would have passed along the streets of Washington as unnoticed as any ordinary citizen.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REBELLION

MR. LINCOLN was determined that no hostile act on the part of the Government should commence the war, for which both sides were preparing; although an act of open war had already transpired in Charleston harbor, for which the South was responsible.

On the twelfth of April the surrender of Fort Sumter was demanded. The city of Charleston was full of troops, and for months batteries had been in course of construction. Major Anderson, who was in command at Fort Sumter, had seen these batteries going up, day after day, without the liberty to fire a gun. He declined to surrender. He was called upon to state when he would evacuate the fort. He replied that on the fifteenth of the month he would do so, unless he received other instructions from the Government. The response which Major Anderson received was, "that the Confederate batteries would open on Fort Sumter in one hour from the date of the message." The date of the message being "April 12, 1861, 3:30 A. M."

"At half-past four the batteries opened upon the fort, which, after a long and terrible bombardment and a gallant defense, was surrendered the following day."

This was practically the initial act of the war. Mr. Lincoln, by his determined forbearance, had thrown the responsibility of the actual commencement of war upon the Confederate Government. "Never by word or deed or concealed intention," he declared, "had he wronged the South, or denied its right under the Constitution." By no hostile act had he provoked war. From the time he began his career as President of the United States, he had breathed none but pacific words.

THE FALL OF SUMTER

On Sunday, the fourteenth of April, all Washington was alive with excitement over the news of the fall of Sumter. Churches were forsaken and the opening of the war was the only topic of conversation.

"The fall of Sumter was the resurrection of patriotism." Such a universal burst of patriotic indignation as ran over the North under the influence of this insult to the national flag had never been witnessed. It swept away all party lines as if it had been flame and they had been flax. All disloyalty was silenced. It was worth a lifetime of indifference or discord to feel and to see a nation thus once more united in thought and purpose.

DOUGLAS OFFERS ASSISTANCE

A personal friend of both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas said to the latter: "Go to the President and tell him that you will sustain him in all needful measures."

Mr. Douglas demurred and then replied: "I don't know as he wants my advice or aid." The mutual friend insisted. Mrs. Douglas came into the room and added her affectionate influence. Mr. Douglas could not withstand the influence of his wife, and his better nature gave way to her appeal. He relinquished all his enmity, and declared his willingness to go to Mr. Lincoln and offer him his earnest and hearty support.

It was nearly dark when the two gentlemen started for the President's house. Mr. Lincoln was alone, and on learning their errand gave them a cordial welcome.

Mr. Lincoln opened his heart and plans to Mr. Douglas, and read to him the proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops. When he had finished Mr. Douglas said: "Mr. President, I cordially concur in every word of that document, except that instead of the call for seventy-five thousand men I would make it two hundred thousand." He then enlarged upon the firm, warlike course which should be pursued, while Mr. Lincoln listened with earnest interest, and the two old political foes parted that night perfectly united in a patriotic purpose.

Mr. Douglas devoted the remainder of his brief life with unwearied devotion to the calls of his country.

Mr. Lincoln felt his death as a calamity, for he had been of great service to him, especially in bringing to the support of the Government

an element which a word from him at a favorable moment would have alienated.

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

Now was the time for Mr. Lincoln to act. If he had raised an army earlier that would have been an act of hostility.

On the fifteenth of April the President issued a proclamation calling upon the loyal States for seventy-five thousand men. "I appeal," said Mr. Lincoln in this proclamation, "to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our national union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured." This proclamation was received by the people with great excitement, but it was a healthy excitement.

In glancing back over the history of the great rebellion one reverts to the first proclamation and it is with a sense of grim humor, almost, that one again reads that famous document and actually realizes that, not only the President, but nearly the entire North believed that seventy-five thousand men could quell in a short space of three months the tremendous uprising.

The fight was not between alien races or nations, but brother against brother; the blood that is aroused to drink its own blood knows no surcease. It cries for more and more until the reservoirs are dry and useless.

That the new generation may appreciate the document and its intent, that the call included sufficient number to suppress the insurrection and cause the laws to be duly executed, a true copy of the original proclamation is herewith reproduced:

PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States.

Whereas, the laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordi-

nary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law; now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several states of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured. I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union; and in every event the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with, property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens of any part of the country; and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are, therefore, summoned to assemble at their respective chambers, at twelve o'clock noon, on Thursday, the fourth day of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

By the President.

Abraham Lincoln.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

The South knew that war must come, and they were prepared. When, therefore, Mr. Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men, they met the proclamation with a howl of derision.

MASSACHUSETTS FIRST TO RESPOND

Massachusetts was the first State to respond to the call for troops. The marching effect of the Massachusetts Sixth was very great. The hearts of the people were stirred all along their route by the most powerful emotions. They were fed and applauded at every station. Women thronged around the cars, and presented them with Bibles and other gifts, and gave them tearful blessings. New York City was greatly impressed when the soldiers marched through the great metropolis. Men forgot their business and gave themselves up to the excitement of the day. They praised the men for their prompt and gallant action and bade them godspeed and a quick return.

On its way through Baltimore the Sixth Regiment was attacked by a mob carrying a Confederate flag, and several of its members were killed and wounded. This outrage added new fuel to the fire. The North was growing angry; that a loyal regiment could not pass through a nominally loyal city on its way to protect the national capital without fighting its way, aroused a storm of indignation that swept over the whole of loyal America.

Four days after Mr. Lincoln's call for troops he issued a proclamation declaring a blockade of the ports of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. "This call for troops and the establishment of a blockade were the preliminaries of one of the most remarkable wars that have occurred in the history of the human race—a war which for number of men involved, the amount of territory traversed, of coast line blockaded, of material consumed and results achieved, surpasses all the wars of history."

THE WAR A REALITY

No one seemed to doubt that the rebellion might be crushed in a few months at most. The people did not comprehend the detail of a war, and patience was a virtue which it took four years to teach them.

Every loyal man had a direct interest in the war; and he judged every movement and every delay as if it were his own private enterprise.

There were many inconveniences and much annoyance in this; but in this universal interest lay the secret of those four years of devotion to the war which so astonished the people of other lands and made victory an ultimate success.

Two days after the issue of President Lincoln's proclamation President Davis replied. In his proclamation he stated it as a fact that the President of the United States had declared his intention of invading the Confederacy, and thereby subverting its independence. The Confederate President invited all who were willing to aid the Government in resisting such aggression to apply for commissions or letters of reprisal.

TROOPS RESPONDING TO CALL

The first troops to reach Washington were six hundred Pennsylvanians, who arrived on the nineteenth of April, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

States were seceding, and every day brought its startling events. On the third of May President Lincoln issued another call for soldiers. By this time the Government had gained some idea of the sort of task before it, and the volunteers were required to enlist for three years, or for the war.

Washington and the country about was full of troops, and the whole country, both North and South, was in a turmoil of excitement.

A secession flag floated over a building in Alexandria, in sight of the capitol at Washington, and the Confederate forces were massing close to the nation's home.

THE PRESIDENT'S BRAVERY

There was considerable suspicion, and with good reason, too, that there were men in the National Capitol who would not hesitate to take the life of the President, and government officials were determined to surround Mr. Lincoln with an armed bodyguard. He had an extreme aversion to anything that savored of imperialism, and positively declin-

ing the protection of a personal guard, remarked: "It would never do for a President to have guards with drawn sabres at his door, as if he fancied he were, or were trying to be, or assuming to be, an emperor." At last, however, a cavalry guard was placed at the gates of the White House for awhile, and it is stated that he said privately he "was worried until he got rid of it."

Finally intimate friends remonstrated, and to them he expressed himself as follows: "If they kill me, the next man will be just as bad for them; and in a country like this, where our habits are simple, and must be, assassination is always possible, and will come, if they are determined upon it."

Mr. Lincoln, during his entire administration, resisted all efforts to place about him military guards, and would often ride alone in an open carriage to and from his summer home, near Washington. He was also constantly seen about the streets of the city, even after night-fall, unattended by either servant or associate.

ELLSWORTH'S DEATH

On the twenty-fourth of May the gallant and lamented Colonel Ellsworth was sent with his regiment of Zouaves to Alexandria. Colonel Ellsworth, on landing at Alexandria without resistance, went personally to the Marshall House, and mounting to the top, pulled down the secession flag with which the proprietor of the hotel for weeks had been insulting the authorities at Washington. On descending, the owner shot him dead.

Ellsworth's death affected Mr. Lincoln with peculiar sorrow. He had known the young man well. At one time he was a student in Mr. Lincoln's law office, and had accompanied the President to Washington. The body of the young martyr was borne sadly back to Washington, and received into the White House itself, where the funeral took place, Mr. Lincoln himself assuming the position of chief mourner.

FIRST BATTLE OF THE REBELLION

On the tenth of June occurred, at Big Bethel, the first battle of considerable importance. It was badly managed on the part of the Union

forces; and, in the excited and expectant state of public mind, produced a degree of discouragement all over the North.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY

The nation's birthday had again rolled around and wonderful sights were presented. The bells rang out and the cannon thundered, but not in commemoration of that Declaration of Independence which eighty-five years previous had stirred the hearts of our forefathers with wild enthusiasm, as "high in the belfry the old sexton stands" and under the impetus of his trembling hands the little messenger rang out the glad tidings—freedom, liberty, and equal rights.

The occasion was akin and the silent ranks of the old Continental troops looked down upon twenty-five thousand boys in blue. Their muskets were flashing, the bands were playing, the national insignia was streaming away down the long line of marching troops; men were hurrahing, women were waving their handkerchiefs and children were clapping their hands.

Everything was excitement and confidence and exultation; but the President stood with head bared, a silent spectator, profoundly sad. To him this was no gala day. He was anxious and troubled, for his intuitive perceptions mirrored broken ranks and sorrowing hearts.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

A few days later all the troops in Washington crossed the long bridge and marched straight out toward the enemy.

The large army on the Virginia side of the Potomac was determined to push forward and engage with the Confederate forces, which had been gathered at Manassas.

The battle began on the nineteenth day of July, and ended on the twenty-first in a most terrible rout of the Union forces. The whole army, upon which the President and the people had rested such strong hope and expectation, was broken in pieces, and came flying toward Washington, panic-stricken, worn out, disorganized and utterly demolished.

The loss of this battle cost the country a fearful amount of sacrifice. The loyal masses were put to such a test of their patriotism as they had never before been subjected to. The work had all to be done again under the most discouraging circumstances. Among all the millions to whom this event brought sorrow there was not one who suffered so keenly as the tender-hearted and patient man, who, walking back and forth between the White House and the War Department, felt the great burden of it all upon his own shoulders.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROMISES

A few days after this terrible and awful mistake, when Mr. Lincoln had somewhat recovered from his depression, he made a personal visit to the army in Virginia. It is said by his biographers and many eye-witnesses who are still living that he tried to cover his real feeling by an attempt at pleasant raillery, and to General Sherman, who was at that time connected with the army of the Potomac, he said: "I have heard that you have got over the big scare, and I thought I would come over and see the boys."

The drums beat the "assembly call" and the different regiments were so arranged that Mr. Lincoln could address them. Upon this occasion, as well as upon all similar ones, he promised the soldiers all that the law would permit him to give them, and urged them to appeal to him personally in case they were wronged.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONTINUATION OF THE WAR

THE war had now assumed vast proportions. Young men, old men, men in their youth and vigor, men older but patriotic to the core, had been sacrificed. Love and loyalty were extended as freely as the gifts of Heaven, money was expended with a lavish hand, and yet there seemed no surcease.

The great octopus of war was reaching out and crushing and slaying the flower of the country, and how was it all to end? Nothing had been gained; the path ahead was long and dreary, and the nation sorrowed and waited.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS

The President's proclamation called for an extra session of Congress for July the fourth. The great men composing this body came together and received with profound interest the President's message.

The opening portions of the document were strictly historical of the events of the rebellion up to the date of its beginning. Then the principles that govern the rights and privileges of the people were set forth, and their duties outlined. The question was presented whether a government of the people by the same people could maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foe. It also put the question whether discontented individuals can, upon the pretenses made in the case, or any other pretense, or arbitrarily, break up their government and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth.

It recommended Congress to make the contest a short and decisive one, by placing at the control of the Government four hundred thousand men and four hundred million dollars.

The document had the old metallic ring of the western orator, and Congress was ready to do all that the President desired, and even more. Instead of four hundred million dollars, they placed at his disposal five hundred millions, and instead of confining his levy of troops to

four hundred thousand, they gave him liberty to call out half a million. They also legalized all steps that he had so far taken for the suppression of the rebellion, and labored in all ways to strengthen his hands and encourage his heart.

The session closed, having lasted a month, and the President found himself abundantly supported and the means in his hands for carrying on the great contest.

EFFECT OF LINCOLN'S MESSAGE

Mr. Lincoln's message accomplished what he had intended it should, although it was criticised by the public printer as not being a campaign document or stump speech, but an important state paper that would become an historic record for all coming time.

Mr. Lincoln's days were too busy, and his thoughts so entirely directed to the pressing needs of the hour, that he had no time to prepare his speeches or writings with the same care that he had previously given to them. When a duty was upon him and a principle needed elucidating, or a burden called for removal, or a sorrow pleaded for sympathy, or a wrong sought justice, then this man was at the head of his cohorts and the first battalion was used; he did not go searching among the gold lace and feather-decorated officers for his support; the rank and file were good enough for him. These he seized upon and pressed into service. They did not respond with laggardly action, but freely and speedily they came to the rescue. He had no desire to look up elegant diction; he had no use for high sounding words, and he had no time to make a choice and symmetrical arrangement of his sentences.

The need of the awful hour was upon him, and he must command the necessary forces; he must secure them in the shortest possible time, and he intended to use only the handiest and the most useful tools.

The phrase to which the public printer called Mr. Lincoln's attention consisted of the two following words, "sugar-coated," and when the man of typography suggested that they were not entirely becoming or dignified for the President's use, Mr. Lincoln good-naturedly replied

to his no doubt kind but foolishly punctilious friend, "If you think the time will ever come when the people will not understand what sugar-coated means, I will alter it; otherwise, I think I'll let it go." To make people understand exactly what he meant was his grand and only aim. Beyond that, he had not the slightest ambition to go.

Congress had taken the most vigorous and effective measures for the suppression of the rebellion, having clothed the President with even greater power than he had asked for in the prosecution of the war, and avoided with just fidelity all points which could weaken the loyal sentiment of the country. The people responded with hearty applause to the patriotic action of their representatives, and the universal temper of the country was one of buoyancy and hope.

ANXIOUS DAYS

Anxious days were now again upon the people. Sanguine expectations of prompt and decisive victory had been universally entertained, and the general belief of the country was that the war would be of short duration. But recent reverses had demonstrated the fact that the enemy was well equipped, and its forces were a host of bold and determined soldiers. While the Union army was composed of equally as good men, whose hearts were filled with loyalty and patriotism, yet they knew that they had no common foe to deal with. Neither army had any idea of submission, and thus there was the prospect of a long and bloody war.

There were a number of engagements of greater or less importance, and the nation was in mourning, for thousands of brave men had given up their lives in desperate struggle, striving to maintain the honor of their country and restore the Union. Three times the number of the dead had been wounded, maimed and crippled for life, and many had been taken prisoners.

Winthrop, Ellsworth, Baker, Cameron, Slocum, Ballou, Haggerty, Lyon and Johnson, brave men they, had responded to the last reveille and had gone on to bivouac beside the still waters in pastures green and fair. The ranks did not close up, for the vacant places were quickly filled with other brave men who feared neither danger nor death.

The hundreds of thousands of troops were pressing forward, and yet the dogs of war would not let go their hold. Mr. Lincoln, who had a long time before so plainly and prophetically seen and declared the present condition of the country, suffered in silence. Suffered because of the terrible destruction of human life; suffered because mothers were agonized; suffered because wives wept; suffered because children were fatherless; suffered because contumely, criticism and censure were heaped upon him.

THE DEAD AND DYING

He heard the voice of wailing in the land, but he too was agonized and unreconciled and had no words of comfort for the bleeding hearts; he heard the unjust words of condemnation, but would not retaliate. He had an abiding faith in the well-doing of all things, that the blood of the martyrs would enrich the hearts of the afflicted and in the days to come the memory of the brave and departed dead would stimulate the people to a renewed and an everlasting love for freedom and liberty; that the intent of his thoughts and the cause of his acts were pure, unselfish and wise; that vindication would come; that the Union would be restored.

Congress met in regular session on the second day of December, 1861. On the next day the President sent in his annual message, which was a statement of the condition of the country and the progress of the war; an exact and detailed account of the expenditures of the year, which of course were enormous; of the interference of foreign nations; of the rights of labor, of the rights of capital, and of the preservation of the nation.

THE WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION

The reception given at the White House on New Year's Day, 1862, was a brilliant and memorable affair—not because it was conducted with pomp and ceremony, but because it was attended by distinguished army officers, whose gorgeous uniforms lent unusual brilliancy to the scene; not only because beautiful and accomplished women

were present in gay and rich attire; not because famed savants were in attendance; but because everybody was there, the rich and the poor, the millionaire and the pauper, the young and the old. In fact the populace mingled and touched the elbow of the exclusive; the plebeian and the patrician, the priest and the peasant, pushed and jostled each other. It was a motley and never-to-be forgotten throng; some had come for the purpose of curiosity, others to sneer and scoff; but more to touch the hand of the good man and to receive a personal greeting, if but a single word.

This usual custom of the New Year did not conceal the fact that an awful struggle was going on, did not for a moment palliate the sorrow, the agony and death that had come to thousands upon thousands therefrom; did not conceal the stern facts, nor lessen the President's anxiety and apprehension. It was given merely in accordance with the ceremonial custom of previous years and because the people demanded it.

IT WAS SLAUGHTER

The new year 1862 came, but not with the rejoicing of previous years. The land was filled with blood and tears, and the people could not see ahead for the rivers of mist, for the mountains of sorrow and for the doubt of expectancy.

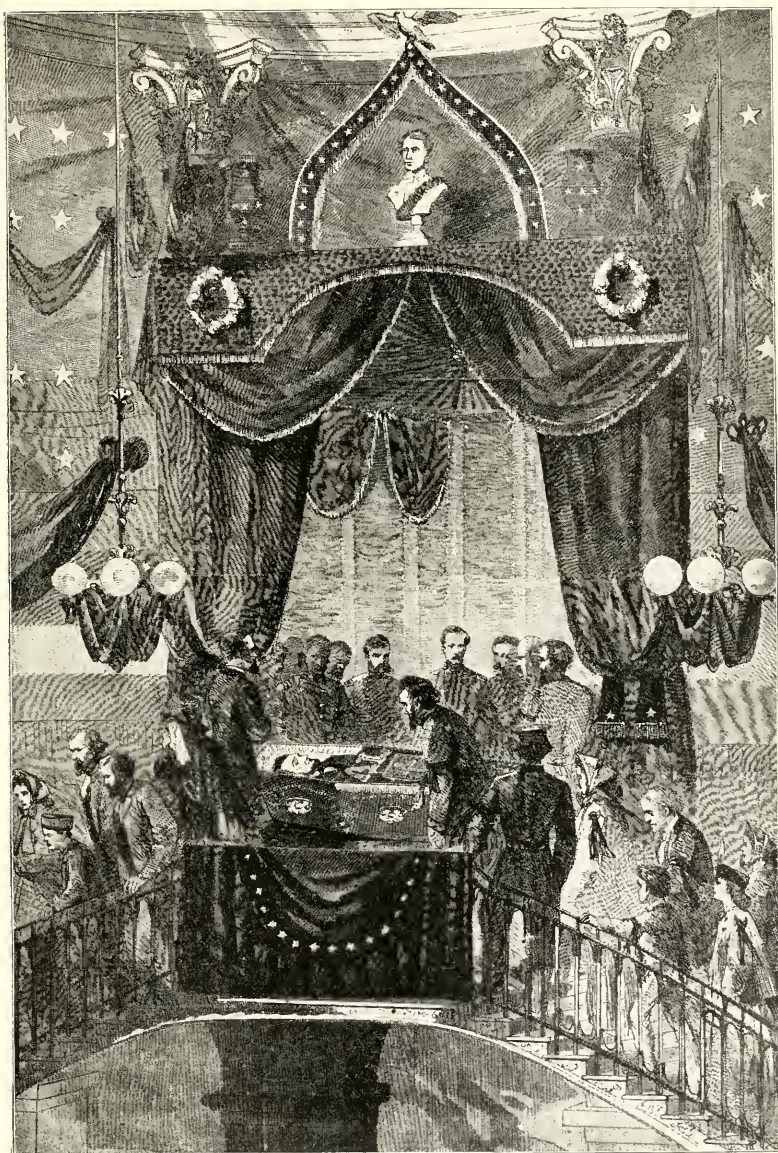
Still the battle raged and the opposing forces attacked each other with greater violence and stronger determination. It was not fighting, it was slaughter. Slaughter on land and on sea. The country both north and south were sending their brave men and good citizens, and both were struggling with the desperation of a dying man, one fighting for the restoration of the Union and the other fighting for a cause that its people had been led to believe was just and righteous.

The North was meeting with reverses and the South was confident.

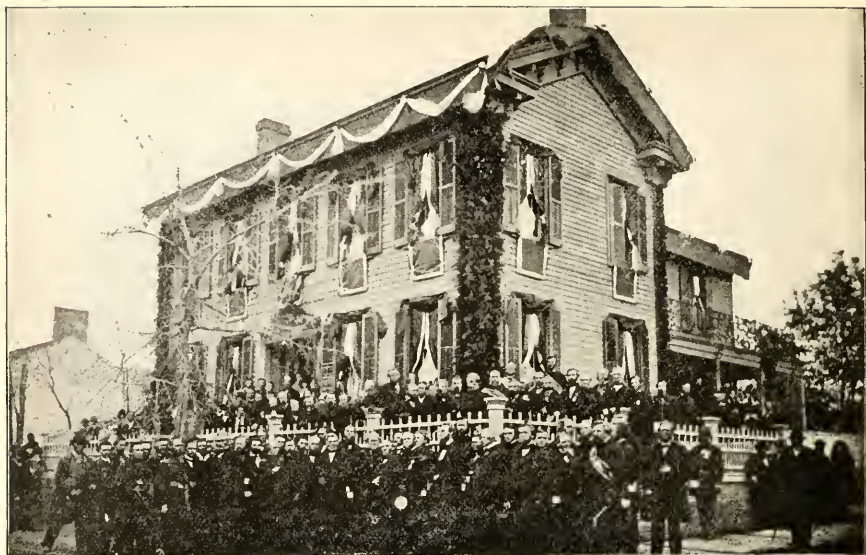
The horrors of the situation were increasing daily. The dead and the dying were everywhere, and to the country the hurt was well nigh mortal.

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL GRIEF

In February, 1862, Abraham Lincoln was engulfed in a personal



VIEWING LINCOLN'S REMAINS.
City Hall, New York City.



LINCOLN'S HOME—SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

This photograph was taken at the time of the President's funeral. The group represents 100 prominent citizens from Chicago, who accompanied President Lincoln's remains to their last resting place. The following is a list of the distinguished gentlemen:

Hon. N. K. Fairbank,
Judge James B. Bradwell,
Judge Gary,
Judge Van H. Higgins,
Hon. Matthew Laflin,
Hon. John V. Farwell,
Chief Justice M. W. Fuller,
Rev. Dr. Tiffany,
Ex-Mayor Benj. W. Raymond,
Ex-Mayor Isaac L. Milliken,
Ex-Mayor J. H. Woodworth,
Julius S. Rumsey,
Charles M. Gray,
John C. Haines,
Alexander Lloyd,
Alson S. Sherman,
Charles Randolph,
T. J. Bronson,
John C. Dore,
John F. Beaty,
Stephen Clary,
C. T. Wheeler,
J. Maple,
S. S. Hayes,
Mancel Talcott,
N. W. Huntley,
Aaron Gibbs,
Judge E. S. Williams,
Judge Van Buren,
Hugh T. Dickey,
Harvey D. Colvin,
Thomas Hoynes,
S. Anthony,
Ira Y. Munn,
Oramel S. Hough,

Charles H. Walker,
David R. Holt,
W. D. Houghtelling,
Gurdon S. Hubbard,
R. McChesney,
Iver Lawson,
B. E. Gallup,
J. K. Botsford,
A. B. Johnson,
J. M. Wilson,
W. H. Brown,
Mark Skinner,
John Alston,
G. P. A. Healey,
James H. Goodsell,
George M. Kimbark,
William Wayman,
H. E. Sargeant,
Chas. G. Hammond,
George C. Boles,
Samuel Hoard,
Peter Page,
Wm. H. Bradley,
Laurin P. Hilliard,
Dr. Wagner,
J. Gindele,
George Anderson,
Uriah P. Harris,
Dr. James V. Z. Blaney,
Joshua L. Marsh,
J. H. McVicker,
W. F. Tucker,
Dr. J. P. Lynn,
Edwin Burnham,
James Miller,

Benj. F. Patrick,
Dr. D. Brainard,
John B. Turner,
Silas B. Cobb,
W. W. Boyington,
Isaac Speer,
W. Sheahan,
Robert Hervey,
M. L. Sykes,
John B. Drake,
John L. Wilson,
Luther Haven,
George Schneider,
Samuel Howe,
W. I. Church,
John A. Wilson,
Jacob Rehm,
H. W. Bigelow,
A. H. Blackall,
Joseph Medill,
A. C. Hessing,
J. H. Field,
E. W. Blatchford,
T. S. Blackstone,
Julius White,
Capt. James Smith,
Robert H. Foss,
L. Brentano,
Wm. James James,
Long S. Goodwin,
J. M. Van Osdel,
M. John B. Rice,
John Jones (colored),
John H. Kinzie.

grief in the loss of his beautiful son, Willie. Striving to overcome this personal heart sorrow, all his own, but being unable to reconcile himself to his precious child's death he cried out in agony, "I need the sympathy and prayers of my people in this, the hardest trial of my life." He did not plead in vain, for devout supplication ascended to the Throne of Grace, and the nation sorrowed.

The nation needed his every moment, and he could take no time to indulge in the luxury of grief. His lesser and more personal grief must give way to the larger and more agonizing sorrow. His son had been carefully nursed through his hours of sickness and pain by a loving mother and a tender father, but the brave and faithful boys of other fathers and mothers had lain upon the battlefield uncared for, with the life-blood ebbing away. Cold, wet, hungry, wounded, dying, lips parched with thirst, heads throbbing with pain, their hearts had cried out for succor and comfort, while strong men with the dew of death upon their brows had wept for a sight of the old home, a touch of the tender hand and a sound of the dear voice ere they left the earthly scenes. Lads with the death rattle in their throats were wailing and sobbing in their agony for the tender care and gentle, loving words of the dear mothers at home, who were watching and praying for their boys' safe return.

All this agony and sorrow cost the President so much, his faith was nearly exhausted, his heart was almost broken, and his head was throbbing with the intensity of thought.

RIGHT MUST CONQUER

Mr. Lincoln had now another great question to grapple with. It had been an ever-present one during all the operations of the year. The question of slavery arose, and on March 6, 1862, the President sent to Congress a message which indicated very clearly the tendency of the President's reflections upon the general relations of slavery to the rebellion.

The President had upon many occasions tried to convince the people of the Southern States that if they persisted in their efforts to overthrow the Government of the United States, the fate of slavery would

sooner or later inevitably be involved in the conflict. The time was steadily approaching when, in consequence of their persistence in the rebellion, this result would follow, and Mr. Lincoln tried in every way to make them understand what it would mean when this question was settled.

The people in general were in harmony with Mr. Lincoln's views upon the question of slavery, and with him exhausted every means which justice would sanction to withdraw the people of the Southern States from the disastrous war which they were now engaged in.

Though the more radical and hot-headed men insisted upon immediate action, Mr. Lincoln did not believe the time was ripe for an emancipation proclamation and resisted the demand of the agitators, going so far as to say that if the time had come for the liberation of the slaves by proclamation, "the act of Congress to the contrary would not stand in my way."

The people were denouncing Mr. Lincoln for his lack of backbone, but that did not concern him, for he was determined to take no steps which he should be obliged to retrace, or a step that would in any way interfere with the Constitution of the United States. What he did or did not do was because he had the welfare of the nation at heart, and in one of his public documents he said, "What I do, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

GOD ISN'T DEAD

Among those who pressed Mr. Lincoln to a sudden and final issue of the slavery question was Frederick Douglass, the distinguished and brilliant colored orator.

Mr. Douglass had called upon the President and had been admitted. The interview between the representative of the colored people and the Chief Magistrate of the United States had not exactly suited the man who had gone to Mr. Lincoln for the purpose of urging him to strike a quick and decisive blow; to break the shackles of an oppressed race and to liberate an enslaved people.

He had left the Executive Mansion and was just emerging from the grounds when he met Sojourner Truth, the black prophetess. The unusually tall and gaunt figure of the giant Ethiopian towered above the stalwart form of Frederick Douglass, and their greeting over, Douglass said to Sojourner, "Mr. Lincoln is not inclined to heed the cries of the children in bondage." The uneducated black woman looked at her talented colored brother and quietly remarked, "Why, Frederick, honey! God isent dead."

SOJOURNER TRUTH AND THE PRESIDENT

A short pause, and then the aged negress passed on and entered the President's house. Telling the custodian that she wished to speak to "Uncle Abe," she seated herself and prepared to wait her turn.

The usher recognized that she was no ordinary colored woman, and so told the President, who said, "Send her in; these everyday fellows," meaning the constant stream of office-seekers that persistently sought him, "can wait."

The dignified and uncommon appearing black woman entered and approached the President. He recognized her rare character and saluted her with an air that conveyed the truth of the fact that he was meeting a superior woman.

In response to his graceful salutation, Sojourner Truth said, "May God bless you, Abraham Lincoln, and help you to do His holy will."

Mr. Lincoln was so impressed with this extraordinary black woman that he continued their conversation for some time.

As she was departing he took from her hands a small Testament, which she was carrying, and wrote his name in it. This graceful and unasked courtesy was greatly appreciated by Sojourner Truth, who always exhibited to her many callers the President's signature, each time repeating the story of her interview with Mr. Lincoln, as she did to me when I saw her in 1880. She was then one hundred and six years old.

THE DELEGATION OF MINISTERS

The pressure concerning the slavery question was getting to be

almost unbearable, but Mr. Lincoln was holding on to his convictions, and was more determined than ever to do nothing that could precipitate further trouble or bring about more disastrous results.

The clamor and insistence became tedious and obnoxious, delegates from different parts of the country called upon him. Bodies of august men came to urge him to do that which his judgment told him was not best. A delegation of ministers called upon and almost demanded that he should act according to their dictates. After listening to their complaints and commands, he told them that he was extremely honored by a call from this delegation representing Almighty God, and he wished them well, but he would have to decline their advice.

And so the pressure was put upon the heart-sore man, who was more anxious than any other. In the meantime he warned the Southern leaders, he besought them, and advised them to get out of the way of an event that was sure to come. Personally and through his generals he assured the people of the South that he meant them no ill. No father ever dealt more considerately and carefully with erring children than he did with those who were determined to break up the Government.

Mr. Lincoln had tried faithfully, in accordance with his oath of office and his repeated professions, to save the Union without disturbing a single institution which lived under it.

Emancipation was a measure of ineffable moment. It was a measure which upon his knees he had presented to his Maker.

It was in mid-summer, 1862, without consulting his cabinet, or giving them any knowledge of what he was doing, he prepared the original draft of the Proclamation.

THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION

The Proclamation was written, and it was quite a month—the first part of August—before he called a cabinet meeting. None of the members knew the occasion of the meeting, and for some time they were unable to ascertain, for there was a delay.

Here was an august body of men, and Mr. Lincoln had before him a document which he knew was to perpetuate his name to all futurity; a document which changed the policy of the Government and the course

and character of the war—which revolutionized the social institutions of more than a third of the nation, and which involved Mr. Lincoln's recognition of the will of the Divine Ruler of the universe.

It is reported by Mr. Lincoln's biographers that instead of making known at once the cause of calling his cabinet together, Mr. Lincoln took from a shelf a volume entitled "*Artemus Ward—His Book*," and, reading an entire chapter of the humorous pages, gave himself up to hearty laughter, until some of the dignified personages were far more pained than amused.

This was Mr. Lincoln's way of getting up steam; getting ready for the occasion—and this was a momentous occasion.

A writer of Mr. Lincoln's life says, "On closing the trifling volume, the whole tone and manner of the President changed; and, rising to a grandeur of demeanor, he announced to them the object of the meeting. He had written a proclamation of emancipation, and had determined to issue it."

Mr. Lincoln had not called his cabinet together to ask their advice on the general question, because he had settled that himself. He merely wished "to inform them of his purpose and to counsel with them upon minor points."

The document was received with very little criticism, and was heartily endorsed, but, upon the suggestion of Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, the date of this measure was postponed until a somewhat later date than Mr. Lincoln had anticipated?

On the twentieth of September, Mr. Lincoln held another cabinet meeting, at which he declared that the time for the enunciation of his policy could no longer be delayed, and on Monday, September 22, the proclamation was issued. Though the real issue of slavery involved in the emancipation proclamation was voiced by Abraham Lincoln on this September day, 1862, yet from this sweeping measure he had left an opportunity of escape.

It was only a preliminary proclamation, for it declared free only the slaves of such states as should be in rebellion on the 1st of January, 1863.

It was Mr. Lincoln's idea only to save the Union, and in this prelim-

inary manifesto he hoped that the southern states would become loyal in the endeavor to save their pet institution.

The mistaken people of the South were not inclined to profit by the warning, and on the 1st of January, 1863, the final proclamation of emancipation was issued, and the great act was complete.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH

Both sides were feeling the exhaustion of war, for the large armies that had been put into the field were being rapidly decimated by death and disease, and the people at home were speechless with agony and despair.

Brave men and gallant officers were cut down by the sword, the bayonet and the cannon, while others equally brave and with willing hearts, though sure of certain death, stepped into the gap and faced the enemy.

McCulloch, McIntosh, Gladden, Ashley, Griffith, Williams, Bohlen, Taylor, Kearney, Stearns, Reno, Mansfield, Hackleman, Jackson, Terrill, Bayard and Sill, with their hosts of faithful followers, had passed on into pleasant paths and joined the silent and peaceful army of which their former comrades were now sanctified volunteers.

With all this weight of sorrow upon him, the President was well nigh distracted. He could see no immediate release; there was no way of retreating; the war must go on; the Union must be restored.

The President received the anathemas of those who disbelieved that his methods were wise; of those who were urging him to acts that were unwise; of those whose dear ones were dead, dying and wounded, and thus they heaped upon him censure, vilification, and reproach.

Mr. Lincoln had now no hours of leisure. His work and his anxiety were pressing, crowding and racking the man.

Consultations with the wise men of his cabinet were held daily, plans were formulated, new methods were tried, armies were increased, better and wiser service was demanded, personal inspection of the army was made, and the best and truest thought of the now wearied and troubled man was given to all conditions of complaint, and yet the aspect was not very materially changed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PRESIDENT'S KINDNESS

MR. LINCOLN'S habits at the White house were as simple as they were in his old Illinois home. He never alluded to himself as the President or as occupying the Presidency, and he requested his associates to call him simply "Lincoln." "Mr. President," he said, "has become very tiresome to me." He would walk the streets, even at night, unprotected, talk with the newsboys, and in his old way enjoy his Western friends, and when with them always fell into his old habits of homely talk. The great burdens that he was bearing, the terrible anxieties and perplexities that were overwhelming him, seemed to vanish at these times and the peaceful scenes of his Western home would sweep across his memory, bringing back all his childlike tenderness, and then he would tell them of his longing to return to the old life and old labor. To an old associate who once said to him, "When this cruel war is over, the Union restored and yourself vindicated, you will be glad as long as you live," it is reported that the President bowed his head, and, with a look of unutterable sadness, exclaimed, "I shall never be glad any more."

Mr. Lincoln had been so accessible and so generally a father of his people that they came to him with their troubles. Every man seemed to think that Mr. Lincoln could settle his difficulty, or provide for his little wants, whatever they might be. It was the story of his younger life re-enacted. He had always been a reconciler of difficulties between men; and, while in the Presidential chair, he remarked, "that it seemed to him as if he was regarded as a police justice, before whom all the petty troubles of men were brought for adjustment."

A TRIVIAL REQUEST

Some of the matters that were brought to him for consideration were so trivial, when compared with the momentous affairs that he handled, that they seem really ludicrous; for instance, an old woman applied

to him to have a sum of money reserved from the wages of a clerk in one of the departments, that he might pay her his bill for board. To this class of complaints he always had a funny story to relate, and if he did not settle their affairs for them he certainly could send them away feeling happy.

Though Mr. Lincoln continued to tell stories, they were always told for a purpose. The natural trait and the fixed habit could not be eradicated. When he was in the deepest trouble and anxiety; when he had been subjected to humiliation, he found relief in this peculiar practice. He could tell a quaint or humorous story in one breath, and in the next melt into tender and sympathetic words for the distressed.

INTERVIEWS WITH THE PUBLIC

The thousand and one incidents that transpired at the White House during the years of Mr. Lincoln's administrations would fill books and books simply devoted to this subject.

The President's meetings with distinguished diplomats; his introductions to aristocratic and accomplished men and women; his interviews with men of learning—poets, scientists, authors, clergymen, physicians and great generals have been the topics of hundreds of magazine and newspaper articles; they have been the groundwork of nearly all the histories and biographies of Mr. Lincoln and his administration.

Foreign journals made vile and senseless caricatures of Mr. Lincoln's long, thin face, and its anxious and oftentimes pained and wearied expressions, and to these disgusting pictures add further insult to injury by incorporating foolish and false sayings.

Every fop and fool and aspiring journalist in Washington felt at liberty to make a jest at the expense of his "want of dignity and personal awkwardness," as they pleased to call it.

He was sneered and scoffed at by the aristocracy, both at home and abroad, who rated him beneath their recognition because he did not employ their particular code of etiquette. "His methods of thought, expressions and action," they said, "had not the stamp of any old

aristocratic tradition," and thus they labeled him a plebeian and put upon him the stamp of their disapprobation.

He was criticised and censured and reviled by the army of men who called themselves the arbiters of the nation's honor and destiny, and these, too, put upon him the stamp of their dissatisfaction, and the leaders reported their interviews as consisting of funny stories, which in their opinion proved him weak and incompetent.

Military men dubbed him ignorant and incapable of understanding or planning a war campaign, because he sometimes compared their suggestions and actions with the small operations of the Black Hawk War.

His cabinet did not altogether understand his peculiar and wonderful nature, and some of the members had the weakness to accuse the President of levity.

To all of this class of incidents and anecdotes I have no contemplation of going into detail. It is of Mr. Lincoln's everyday life with his family and his intercourse with the common people that we have to do; the private soldier, sick and wounded and discouraged, that came to him for comfort and succor and pardon; the agonized wife and mother who besought him to end the carnage and slaughter of the unholy war. To the distressed and disturbed men and women of the land, who sought him in their hours of disquiet and unrest and begged him to give them some sort of comforting assurance, these are the incidents and pathetic interviews that should interest every man and woman, every boy and girl, and inspire a desire to read and reread them; that should enlist sympathy and love for Abraham Lincoln, the man who for four long weary years bore censure and criticism and yet repined not.

EVERYDAY FOLKS

It was the constant intimacy, from his infancy till the day of his death, with the world of "everyday folks" that developed in Mr. Lincoln a strong sympathy for their individual rights and a knowledge of their recognition of general truth.

He recognized their unfailing sense of justice, and during his entire occupancy of the presidential chair he relied upon the popular feeling and expression of the common people, to a great extent, for his guidance. He was a sign upon the earth—the sign and the leader of a new order of events, in which the power and prestige should be in the hands of the plain, simple, common people, and not in those of the privileged order.

Mr. Lincoln believed, as all other wise people do, that the common people—the masses—are the brawn and brain of a great commonwealth, and when this class of humanity let go of the rudder or indifferently steer public affairs, then the country must look for a general decline.

Lower the moral standard of the common people and the nation will die and rot, and its eternal cesspool is forever sending out its infection to other weak and degenerate communities. But keep up the moral standard of the common people and the nation will rise to sublimest heights, sending forth healing rays of divine goodness and glorious power; a beacon light inviting all other nations to bathe in its healthful effulgence.

THE PARDON

His sympathy for the young soldier's peccadillos was marked in the extreme, and these or even graver acts he could forgive and forget.

It is related that a friend from Illinois called to plead for the life of a soldier boy, a soldier who was on his way with his regiment through Washington, and, falling out of the ranks, entered a drinking saloon, was overcome with liquor, and failed to join his regiment before it left the city. He was arrested for desertion, and sentenced to be shot.

The President heard the explanation of the case, and remarked, "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under the ground," and without further speech wrote the pardon.

THE PRESIDENT'S PHOTOGRAPH

Mr. Lincoln could not endure to employ the rigor of the law in regard

to desertion. He always tried to find some excuse for the accused, and if there were any extenuating circumstances he took advantage of them.

There are several stories related in regard to this peculiar action of Mr. Lincoln that, though hackneyed, are good enough to be rehearsed again. Mr. Lincoln had just written a pardon for a young man who had been sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post, while on guard, and when questioned why he pardoned him, he said, "It was not to be wondered at that the lad went to sleep, for he was raised on a farm, and was probably in the habit of going to bed at dark. I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act. I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of the poor young man on my head."

It is further related that the dead body of this same young lad was found among the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, wearing next to his heart a photograph of Mr. Lincoln, beneath which was written "God bless President Lincoln."

I WON'T DO IT

An army officer also relates the following, which is also told to show how loth the President was to inflict punishment or pain. He says, "The first week of my command, there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their executions were sent to the President to be signed. He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said, 'Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.' He replied, 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.'"

TOO BUSY TO SEE BOYS

A little drummer boy came to the White House one day and asked to see the President, but was told by the usher that Mr. Lincoln was "too busy to see boys." Whereupon the lad went out and sat down at the gate, not knowing what to do.

The President some time later passed out of the grounds about the

Executive Mansion at the same gate, and there found the boy looking very pale and appearing to be faint and feeble.

Suspecting that he might have called to see him and had been refused admittance, for the purpose of learning the truth a question was propounded, and the little fellow in response said, "Yes, sir; I wanted to see you, but the man at the door said you were too busy."

The President questioned the boy still further and discovered that the colonel of his regiment had become angry with him and turned him off; also that the boy had been quite sick and that the surgeon at the hospital had discharged him before he was able to go about, much less do any work.

The President told the little drummer boy to go home to his parents, but this advice brought out the facts that the boy, who was so very small and frail that he seemed a mere child, had no home, no parents, and in fact no one that he could go to for succor.

Mr. Lincoln took from his pocket a card and wrote upon it. It was directed to a high official, and contained the following message, "Interest yourself in the bearer and find a place for him." Then putting some money into the boy's hand he bade him go at once.

Immediate assistance was rendered, and later, work was given to the fully recovered boy. To-day he is an efficient and valuable clerk in the government employ—a position he has held since the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

A BABY'S INFLUENCE

The soldier and his sorrows were ever Mr. Lincoln's care and solicitude. He could not refuse a request or demand that came from them in any way, and to the mothers of the "boys in blue" he could not withstand their pleadings. If they were seeking their boy's release he must grant it.

A very pathetic story was told me of a woman who came to the White House to ask for her young son's release, on the grounds that she needed his personal care and support, the father having been killed in battle some months previous, while she herself was ill and had a young babe which was born after her husband's death.

The woman had called at the White House three days in succession, and was still unable to see the President. Crowds of people, who undoubtedly were bent on similar errands, thronged the outer rooms.

The hot, sultry afternoon was drawing to a close, and the usher had told her that in all probability she would have to come again the next day. This information completely unnerved her, the tears coursed down her cheeks, and when she attempted to walk she staggered like a drunken woman. The baby, who had been fretful for some time, set up a pitiful wail, thus adding to her further discomfort.

The child's moans caught Mr. Lincoln's attention, and he sent a messenger to inquire into the matter. The servant investigated, returned to the office and reported. He was immediately dispatched again with an order requesting the woman to come in at once. Faint and trembling she went into the President's office. Mr. Lincoln, upon witnessing the distress of the mother and child, arose, gently assisted the woman to an easy chair, and took the child in his strong arms.

He gave his entire attention to the baby, and under his soothing influence the child soon fell asleep. Still holding the infant, Mr. Lincoln turned to the mother and said, "My good woman, what can I do for you?"

Her story was hastily and tearfully told. Having gathered all necessary information, a letter was written to the young man's commanding officer, demanding the soldier's release, and then turning to the woman Mr. Lincoln said, "I will forward this immediately."

The woman had become so intensely excited that now her nervousness caused her to anticipate all sorts of delays, and she begged to be allowed to carry the message herself. As usual Mr. Lincoln could not say nay to woman's pleading, and he gave orders to have her properly equipped with the needed documents. Thus the mother became the bearer of her son's release.

The woman took her baby from the President and attempted to thank him, but he stopped her, and pointing to the infant said, "The little one did it."

TAD AND HIS FATHER

During the campaign of the Army of the Potomac in the vicinity of Washington, Mr. Lincoln made frequent visits to the front.

One of these occasions was after a desperate fight on the Peninsula, and the dead and dying were being carried from the battlefield. As stretcher after stretcher was passed the moans of the dying were distinctly heard. The wounded were crying out in their agony. Lips, parched and dry, could scarcely utter the single word water. Hands were clasped in prayer; eyes were strained for a last farewell, and whispered sounds came floating along on the evening breeze. Mother, sister, wife and sweetheart were called in vain.

Mr. Lincoln bore it as long as he could. His face was ashy white, and he staggered with the weight of horror that was upon him.

A friend who accompanied the President told me that he leaned upon him heavily. Then bursting into tears, exclaimed, "My God, how much longer must this slaughter go on? I cannot endure it. I cannot endure it. My heart is breaking."

The President was completely overcome, and immediately left the battlefield. Not a word was spoken by either until they parted an hour later, when he said, "I can never be glad again."

Washington became one great hospital of wounded soldiers, and these places, so full of human agony, were daily inspected by the President. He visited them all. The sanitary conditions were most carefully looked into, and the sick and wounded were greeted, each one separately, with some personal message. He shook hands with those who were well enough, and to those who were desperately ill he smoothed the fevered brow, brushed aside the damp locks or tenderly pressed the limp hand, bidding each one to take courage and try to live. Those whom he knew could not recover he bade be brave, thanked them for their service, and told them that to die for one's country was the greatest privilege that could come to man.

In these visits to the camps and hospitals Tad invariably accompanied the President. He was his father's comrade and companion, and his presence among the homesick and wounded soldiers was as

welcome as that of his father's. The boy was also a great favorite with the inmates and visitors at the White House, and it is said by those who had daily access to the grounds and the house that Tad was the only bright figure in the otherwise tragic picture.

He possessed something of his father's wit and humor, and this, coupled with a vivacious spirit, made him an unusually bright and interesting child. Both young and old, men and women, soldier and civilian, paid homage to Tad Lincoln.

Those who witnessed the boy's grief at the time of his father's death describe it as actually uncontrollable, and it is said that the few after years of his life were tinged with the horror of that tragic death.

Tad Lincoln joined his father some years later, and thus the love and companionship established on earth were renewed and will continue throughout eternity.

HALLO ABE, HOW ARE YE?

It was the custom of Mr. Lincoln during the years 1862, '63 and '64 to open once a week the doors of his office and let each caller approach him in turn.

Mr. Lincoln said, "These brief interviews, stripped of even the semblance of ceremony, give me a better insight into the real character of the person and his true reason for seeking one."

On these occasions the most curious, amusing and strange things happened. Upon one of these eventful days an old friend from Illinois stood in line for almost an hour. At last he was so near to the President that his voice could reach him, and calling out to his old associate, he startled every one by exclaiming, "Hallo Abe; how are ye? I'm in line and hev come for an orfice too."

Mr. Lincoln singled out the man who possessed the stentorian voice, and recognizing a particularly old friend and one whose wife had befriended him in a peculiarly trying time, the President responded to his greeting in a cordial manner, and told him "to hang onto himself and not to kick the traces. Keep in line and you'll soon get here."

They met and shook hands with the old fervor and renewed their friendship.

His "New Salem" friend began at once to state his desire, but Mr. Lincoln quieted him by sending him away with a friend, who should look after him until he was at liberty to give him more attention.

The informal reception over, Mr. Lincoln sent for his old friend, and after a more personal greeting the man began to urge his claims.

After having given him some good advice, Mr. Lincoln kindly told his old associate that he was incapable of holding any such position as he had asked for. The disappointment that the Illinois friend felt was plainly shown, and with a perceptible tremor in his voice he said, "Martha's dead, the gal is married, and I've giv Jim the forty." Then looking at Mr. Lincoln he came a little nearer and almost whispered, "I knowed I wasent eddicated enough to git the place, but I kinder want to stay where I ken see Abe Lincoln."

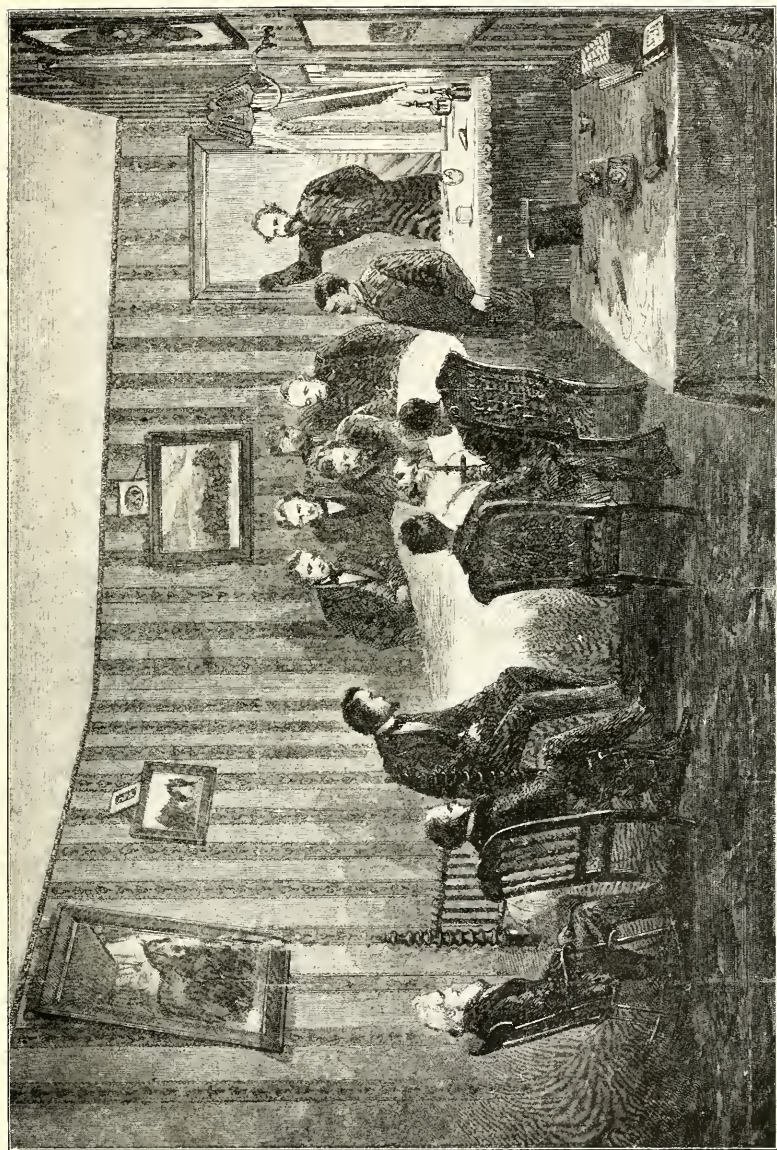
Mr. Lincoln was much affected by this homely display of affection. The friend was invited to stay at the White House for a few days, when he was assigned to some easy and unimportant work in the capitol grounds.

A book could be filled with Mr. Lincoln's acts of kindness. He made no show of doing. What he did and what he said was just the thing to do or just the thing to say.

There were no high-sounding words in his advice or sympathy; there was no ostentation in his proffered aid or unrequited service, and there was no announcement of his gifts to charity.

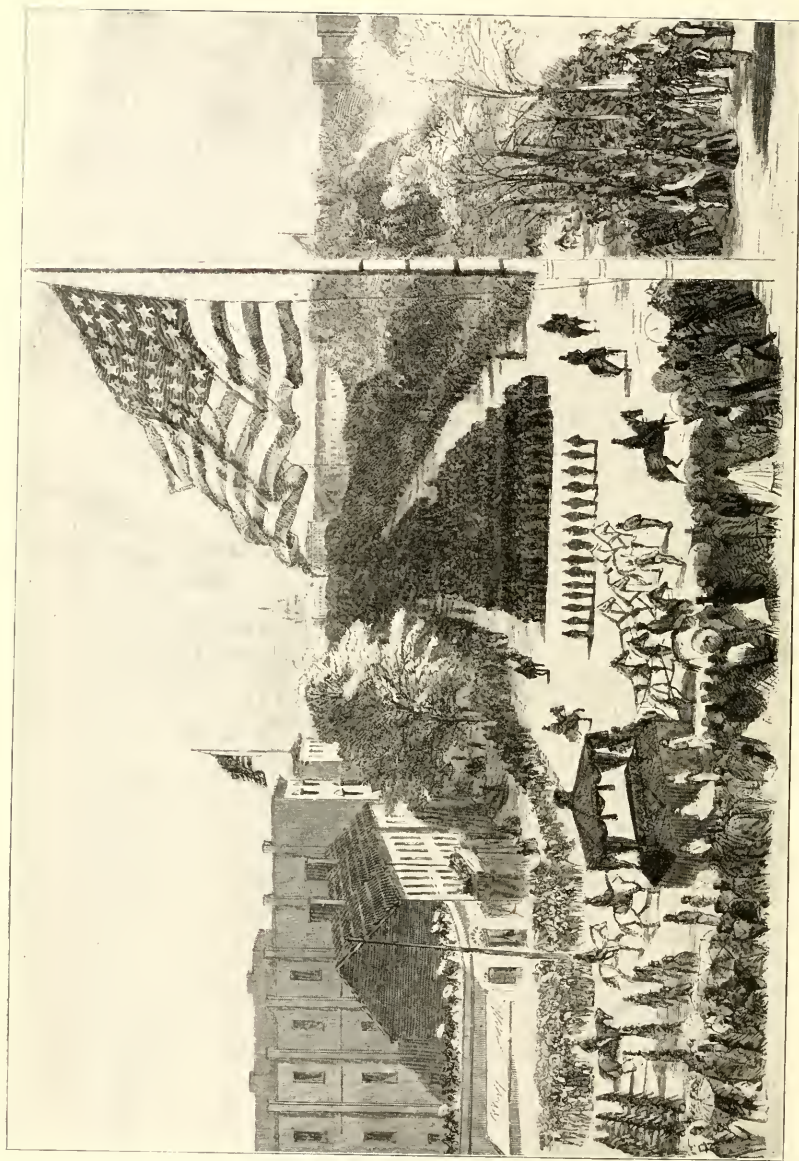
It was as easy for Abraham Lincoln to give and to do and to make happy the hearts of the afflicted and oppressed as it is for the sun to shine, and make warm and beautiful the earth.

Charity, pity, mercy, sympathy, these were virtues that reigned at the White House during Mr. Lincoln's occupancy of it.



Secretary Welles Secretary Stanton Dennison Charles Sumner Robert Lincoln Private Secretary Hay Gen. Meigs
 Surgeon-General Barnes Gen. Halleck

DEATH-BED SCENE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.
Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAR CONTINUES

THE war still continued, the horrors grew apace and another sad New Year was ushered in. It was a wretched beginning, reverses were again demanding more men, another call for troops was made, and the flower of the country responded. There was no abating of patriotic desire; there was no delay; the swift-winged messengers answered the bugle's call; platoon after platoon filed by and the dissolving panorama of blue faded away toward the gray mist of the distant horizon.

The national and military affairs of 1863 were momentous; nine hundred millions of dollars had been borrowed, and the United States issued four hundred millions in treasury notes bearing interest and a hundred and fifty millions without interest; and now, in addition to the calamity of war, the nation was burdened with debt,—a debt so great that it seemed well nigh impossible to ever lift it.

MAGNITUDE OF REBELLION

When Congress adjourned, it left the President strong in power and with unquestioned means necessary for the successful prosecution of the war. He had financial support, power to arrest and hold suspicious persons, and the authority to call out the State militia.

The military events of the year were stupendous, and the people had come to realize that the heretofore prosperous and peaceful nation was steeped in blood and carnage. The list of dead was long and it was terrible. All other wars sank into insignificance.

The magnitude of the rebellion was almost beyond belief; the area of territory covered by the armies was tremendous, and the loss of human life incomparable with that of any other nation while engaged in warfare.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three was the year of battles. The

heavens reverberated with the roar of cannon and the discharge of musketry. The air was filled with the lament of the sick, the wail of the wounded, and the moan of the dying. The very foundations of the earth trembled with the heavy and irregular tread of the tired and exhausted campaigners, the double-quick of the excited and eager battlemen, and the slow and measured step of the funeral march. It was the tramp, tramp of the soldier host.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

The battle of Gettysburg had been fought,—that fearful battle, that raged with terrific energy for three days. That battle will pass into history as the most horrible massacre and slaughter that human souls have ever endured and that human eyes have ever looked upon. More than sixteen thousand were killed and wounded on the Union side, while the loss to the Confederate forces was much greater.

The battle of Gettysburg will live forever. The blood that moistened that earth enriches and brings to perfection the beautiful flowers that grow thereon; the mists that hang over it pulsate with an agony yet untold; the skies that bend over it are bluer than elsewhere; the clouds that float softly across it discharge their pure waters in pitying showers, and the sun sheds upon it his warm and gentle rays in tender benediction.

On the nineteenth day of November of the same year, the battlefield was dedicated to the memory of the slain.

The camp of the dead was put in order, and above the silent bivouac, where the blue and the gray had gone down in mortal affray, Abraham Lincoln dedicated the sacred spot with his immortal words:

LINCOLN'S IMMORTAL WORDS

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final

resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

RIGHT VERSUS WRONG

Upon the Fourth of July, the day after the battle of Gettysburg, the President sent the news flashing over the country, that the Union army had "covered itself with glory," and in the victory at Gettysburg there was a "promise of great success to the cause of the Union."

Other news of great importance also on that day went rushing across the country, carried by the electric messenger into every city and every hamlet. The capture of Vicksburg, the stronghold of the Mississippi River, by General Grant, was announced, and now the hearts of the loyal people took on hope and expectancy. The Confederacy was cut in twain, and from this hour its cause was doomed.

Poor, unhappy South, with its load of sorrow and agony, with its beautiful homes destroyed, with its multitudes of weeping mothers and wailing children; with its brave hearts still struggling courageously, but knowing, full well, that further death and complete disaster were before them.

This terrible year was drawing to its close, and the national Thanksgiving day was approaching. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation for the

observance of the day breathed a tender pity for those bereft and a sad gladness for those who rejoiced.

THE ROLL CALL

The year and its terrible record had passed and the brave and gallant dead re-formed into silent ranks and answered the roll-call :

Berry, Whipple, Reynolds, Weed, Zook, Farnsworth, Garnett, Blakesdale, Semmes, Lyttle, Preston, Smith, Deshler, Helm and Malone.

For nearly four years the most unholy war had been waged; men were drawn up in battle array, while cannon thundered their awful deadly missiles; the blue and the gray went down in slaughtered heaps; the ranks were thinned, and still the awful holocaust went on. "Uncle Abe" continued to call for more "defenders of the true faith," and his call was answered by the tramp, tramp of grim warriors shouting their battle-song, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more."

Mothers sent their precious sons, wives their devoted husbands, and children gave up their loving fathers. But the struggle went on, the nation wept, and the tender pity and unbounded love of the President's great heart went out and fell like a sweet benediction upon his sorrowing people.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SECOND PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

AFTER four years of mighty events and wonderful changes, the year of the Presidential election had come again. During the four years of administration, Mr. Lincoln had made many enemies among those who had supported him originally. Some thought he had been too slow, some said he was too severe, others that he had not been slow enough, while many criticised or denounced the President for issuing the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Lincoln himself said in alluding to it, "What I did, I did after a very full deliberation, and under a heavy and solemn responsibility. I can only trust in God, I have made no mistake."

The country was feeling the terrible distress of the war. Call after call had been made for more men, taxation was burdening every man, and still no end appeared. There were many leaders who either believed or made themselves believe that a change of administration was necessary to the wellbeing of the nation and so announced themselves, but the masses of the people were in favor of Mr. Lincoln. His modest character and honest purpose had won their confidence. Though the future looked dark, the people were satisfied that Mr. Lincoln's war policy was right and if continued would bring ultimate success.

A WISE CONCLUSION

It had never seemed to be Mr. Lincoln's aim during his Presidential life to look far ahead, and if he did or planned in his own mind a re-election, he was as silent as the Sphinx, and gave no intimation of further desire than the present moment.

He had done his best, and was entitled to the full approval of his countrymen; then why should he not receive their appreciation, and why should they not still trust him? It is a pleasant thought to harbor, that one shall receive the plaudits of a great commonwealth, and Abraham Lincoln was human.

When he was approached by the leaders of the party in regard to his inclination concerning a second term it is true that he said, "If nominated and elected I shall be grateful to my friends; but the interests of the country must always be first considered." Then with characteristic frankness and humor he suddenly wheeled about and faced the committee with an apparently new and unthought of conclusion. The gentlemen were struck with the evident wisdom of his statement, and Mr. Lincoln's manner was so irresistibly quaint when he said, "It is not best to swap horses while crossing a stream," that they quickly withdrew and began operations upon Mr. Lincoln's suggestions.

UNJUST CENSURE

The more thoughtful and conscientious men were reluctant to change leaders and rulers, and so the verdict of the wise men prevailed and Mr. Lincoln was again chosen the Presidential candidate. For some unaccountable reason, however, though the campaign was opened with perfect confidence concerning the results, yet a feeling of uncertainty and distrust came over many of Mr. Lincoln's former stanch admirers—even the press attacked him. Attacks from either personal enemies or the public press did not affect Mr. Lincoln. It is said by many of Mr. Lincoln's biographers "that he did not read the newspaper attacks and therefore many failed in their object in abusing and vilifying the President by his refusal to read the scurrilous attacks."

It is related by an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, that after a particularly abusive and offensive attack had been made upon the President, this friend alluded to it, expressing his indignation over the affair. The President said to his friend, "That matter troubles me very little. Indeed I feel a good deal about it as the old man did about his cheese, when his very smart boy found, by the aid of a microscope, that it was full of maggots. 'Oh, father,' exclaimed the boy, 'how can you eat that stuff? Just look in here, and see 'em wriggle!' The old man took another mouthful, and, putting his teeth into it, replied grimly: 'Let 'em wriggle!'"

To the criticism directed against him relating to his disregard of peace propositions, and when leading men wrote to him that "a bleed-

ing, bankrupt, almost dying country, was shuddering at the prospect of further wholesale devastations and of new rivers of blood and that he and his supporters did not improve opportunities to secure peace," Mr. Lincoln replied: "I should be false to my oath and to the American people who have poured out life and treasure to save the nation, faithless to an oppressed race to whom emancipation has been pledged, if I entertain any proposition not based upon sectional unity and freedom to the blacks."

To all communications sent to him, charging him with lack of action or disregard of opportunity, he invariably replied: "If any person can be found, anywhere, professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him that he may come to me."

There were so many unpleasant incidents connected with the Presidential canvass that Mr. Lincoln's friends urged him not to issue another call for men until after the election had taken place, but his call for six hundred thousand men went out just the same, and to his cowardly advisers he said, "The men are needed, it is my duty to call for them, and I shall call them, whatever the effect may be upon my election."

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The important and significant day arrived, and Abraham Lincoln was again the people's choice by an overwhelming majority.

It was an election that demonstrated the abiding confidence in Mr. Lincoln and his administration. Every state but three—New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky—gave him its electoral vote. It was in fact almost an election by acclamation. "While the votes were being counted in New York city late at night," says Harriet Beecher Stowe, "and this great victory became apparent, the vast surging assembly, at the motion of one individual, uncovered their heads and sang a solemn Doxology—an affecting incident, which goes far to show what sort of feelings lay at the bottom of this vast movement, and how pro-

foundly the people felt that this re-election of Lincoln was a vital step in their onward progress."

Mr. Lincoln would have been more than mortal not to have been gratified with the result. To a company of gentlemen who called upon him on the night of the election to tender him their congratulations, he said: "I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but, while I am deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. * * * I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

CLOSE OF THE WAR

The military affairs of 1864 were of tremendous import and the war was hastening to a momentous crisis. With the advent of the next year the beginning of the end was seen. General Sherman was marching to the sea, the rebel hordes were fleeing before his advancing army, fleeing northward, where they must inevitably meet Grant's hosts who were pressing toward the Confederate capitol. The grand but awful campaign was drawing to a close. Early in April, Lee, with his shattered ranks, had evacuated the Confederate capitol and Richmond had fallen.

The rebellion was overthrown, President Lincoln had gone to the front, the North was in a frenzy of excitement. From the Atlantic to the Pacific men, women and children shouted the loud hosannas. The cruel war was over, and the sun of peace had fairly risen. The sorrow and agony of the four long, weary years were lifted and anthems of rejoicing were heard. They reverberated from mountain height to mountain height; the valleys caught up the descending praise and sent it aloft. Messengers of love gathered the hallelujahs and flung them again earthward, while the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Mr. Lincoln, casting aside all fears of personal danger, took with him his boy "Tad" and left on a man of war for Richmond. He entered the city in a humble and modest manner, no brilliant escort accompanied him, but on foot and with no guard he and his young son entered

the fallen city. His presence, however, soon became known and the liberated people followed him, shouting in their ecstasy of joy, "Glory! Glory to God! May dear Jesus bless President Lincoln!"

LIBERTY IS YOUR BIRTHRIGHT

The streets seemed to be suddenly alive with the colored race. They came from every direction, and surrounded Mr. Lincoln so that there was no escape. It was suggested that if he would make a short speech to these people they would no doubt be satisfied and allow him to pass on.

Quoting from a history of Mr. Lincoln's life, the remarks made by President Lincoln that day to the colored people were as follows:

"My poor friends, you are free, as free as air. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others. You must try to deserve the priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Learn the laws and obey them, obey God's commandments and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things."

Then the President passed slowly along with a hurrahing crowd at his heels. The windows of nearby houses flew open, and all conditions of men and women gazed upon the strange sight.

On Sunday, April 9, Mr. Lincoln returned to Washington, and there he heard the thrilling news that Lee, with his whole army, had surrendered to General Grant.

Mr. Lincoln was happy; the war was terminated and the Union restored. He gave himself up to the luxury of joy, and took part in the demonstration that the city of Washington had prepared. The greatest excitement and enthusiasm prevailed; flags were flying everywhere, cannons were booming, bands were playing and the people suspended business and gave themselves up to the pleasure of the joyful occasion.

Crowds surrounded the White House and called for the President. He addressed the populace twice that day, in the afternoon and evening.

In this man's administration the world had seen and wondered at the great sign and marvel of our day—a plain workingman of the people, with no more culture, instruction or education than any man may obtain for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great nation through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

THE great rebellion was ended, General Grant reached Washington on the thirteenth of April, 1865, and held an interview with the President. The people were glad and happy. Washington was illuminated, and Mr. Lincoln was the one man who now received the adulation of a thankful people. His motives were vindicated and his name had been given to the safe keeping of a grateful people. He was the savior of his country and the liberator of an enslaved race.

Mr. Lincoln had now reached the pinnacle of human fame. From the humble frontier home to the Executive Mansion, he had climbed the ladder of renown and success by his own indomitable purpose and honest intent.

WARNINGS

The President had, from the time of his departure from Springfield, in 1861, up to the present time, periodically received threatening letters. They did not, however, trouble him, although they did his associates, and so much so that his absolute indifference to his personal safety alarmed his friends. They begged him to be watchful, lest he be attacked in an unguarded moment. Still he treated their anxiety with perfect calmness and composure and refused any official protection, going about the city and its environments alone and unattended.

The morning of the eventful fourteenth of April dawned. The people were jubilant, and the places of amusement were again thronged. It was announced by the Washington papers that the President and General Grant would occupy the State box at Ford's Theater that evening. The result of such an announcement packed the building from dome to pit. General Grant did not desire to go and Mr. Lincoln was also disinclined, but when such announcement had been made and his presence promised he was loth to disappoint the audience, and in his characteristically good natured way he concluded to attend the performance.

THE TRAGEDY

As the hour approached for leaving for the theater the President was engaged in talking with some unexpected arrivals, and he seemed loth to leave them. His delay caused some surprise, and Mrs. Lincoln came into the room and said to her husband, "We shall be late, it is now nine o'clock."

The President arose, asked his friends to accompany them to the theater, and upon their refusal Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln immediately entered the carriage alone and ordered the coachman to drive them to the house of Senator Harris, where they were to take in some invited friends, who were quite surprised to have had the President delay his appointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were accompanied by two young friends, Major Rathburn and Miss Harris. When the party passed into the private box the entire assembly cheered the President with unusual enthusiasm, and Mr. Lincoln acknowledged the outburst with a more than usual warmth of manner.

Order was restored and the play proceeded. An excited stranger entered the passage to the President's box, presented his card to the servant in waiting, and said, "The President has sent for me."

Forcing his way into the box and before anyone could understand or prevent his terrible purpose, the madman, J. Wilkes Booth, fired at the President. The awful messenger accomplished its deadly work, the bullet had penetrated the President's brain. The great man was desperately wounded. He made no outcry, he did not move, but now, how was the assassin to escape? His entrance was blocked by the surging and maddened crowd. Major Rathburn sprang upon him, the audience was in a tumult of terror and excitement, women shrieked and fainted, men with awful threats of vengeance added to the noise and confusion. The murderer, parting the starry flag that had draped the front of the President's box, sprang, with a desperate leap, upon the stage; his voice rising loud and clear above the babble and horror, rang out: "*Sic semper tyrannis.*"

In frenzied desperation the assassin paused for a moment in his

mad career, and again his voice pierced the din of distraction. "The South is avenged," he shouted, and dashed from the theater. Mounting his waiting steed the assassin fled into the darkness and the night.

Miss Laura Keen, the actress, begged the audience to be calm, and entering the President's box tried to administer water and cordials, but the physicians who had already gathered about saw there was no hope and ordered the helpless form carried from the theater building.

Directly across the street from the theater Mr. Lincoln was tenderly borne and at seven o'clock the next morning his gentle spirit took its heavenward flight, and death was Lincoln's summons to promotion. The chapter closed, the bullet came, and fixed him in the niche of fame.

The long, sad morning was filled with the clang of tolling bells, and by common impulse every iron tongue in the broad land echoed the solemn requiem.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN

The nation was wrapped in the gloom of profoundest grief. Millions felt the loss a personal one, and the recently liberated black race expressed intense sorrow for their savior. The rich and the poor, the white and the black throughout the Northland were given the opportunity of viewing their beloved dead. The funeral train left Washington on the twenty-first of April, and the body of the martyred chieftain was borne westward to the Prairie State, from whence he had gone to serve his country and his people. Bells rang out their mournful song and solemn dirges filled the sweet spring air.

The funeral pageant swept on through crowds of weeping humanity to Philadelphia, the cradle of American liberty, to New York, the proud city of the Atlantic coast, where the discharge of artillery, choirs of sweet singers, mourning trappings, solemn requiems and drooping flags all bore testimony to the universal grief. From the great metropolis, on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, the solemn procession departed. The funeral train was piloted by the same engine that bore Abraham Lincoln, four years before, on his triumphal journey to the nation's capitol. Albany was reached, then other less important towns

of central New York—onward to Buffalo. From the Empire State to the Buckeye State, Cleveland, Columbus, through to Indianapolis and thence to the welcome of the Prairie State, and to Chicago, the home of his adoption and the birthplace of his immortal renown.

AT THE CITY OF HIS ADOPTION

The funeral cortege arrived in Chicago at a late hour, and the casket containing the remains of the President was immediately taken to the city hall. At twelve o'clock a company of distinguished men and women gathered about the bier. The midnight bell tolled out its sad message, the corridors reverberated with the melody of chanted requiem, the prayer of supplication ascended and a holy hush was over all. The scene was solemn and impressive, and one that can never be erased from the memory of those that witnessed it.

The following day the general public was permitted to look upon the calm and marble features of the dead man. Thousands and thousands of men, women and children filed by the casket, paying silent and tearful homage to the nation's illustrious son.

On the morning of the third of May the funeral train reached Springfield, passing through a continuous line of weeping spectators. At the State House for a day and a night the steady procession passed the casket and would not cease its incessant tramp until the coffin lid was closed.

In Oak Ridge Cemetery, about two miles from the city of Springfield, all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln was consigned to mother earth. "There, surrounded by the sweetest scenes of nature, his tomb a shrine, his name the watchword of liberty," his memory hallowed by every American citizen, "the weary patriot was laid to rest."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

INDEPENDENCE DAY AT THE OLD LOG CABIN

ANOTHER day of torrid weather was upon us and so oppressive was the excessive heat and sultry air that I spent the day in reading, retrospection and quiet meditation. My life for the past two weeks had been filled with the memories and incidents of the early life of the martyred President. So filled indeed it seemed to me that, rehabilitated, he had assumed again his earthly fashion, and so real was his presence that I lived with him the life of adversity, hardships, toil and severe penury. His struggles became mine, his success and renown my pride, and his tragic death my personal grief. Night was upon us and again I besought Mr. Hall to favor me with further anecdotes of the illustrious dead. The boys gathered about and to my entreaties added their supplication, but their father still refused and declared that the boys must retire, "for there wus the crops to be cut to-morrer, and they must get up with the chickens." I interposed and informed my host that to-morrow was the nation's holiday, the glorious Fourth. But he turned a deaf ear to my appeals and still insisted that the boys must "up and to work" early in the morning.

THE PATRIOTIC STRANGER

At peep of day the family arose, but the hot weather and continued labor had made such inroads upon the general health and good spirits of our solicitous handmaiden that breakfast dragged, and it was quite six o'clock before we were called to partake of the morning meal. Every member of the family seemed to be possessed by the spirit of procrastination and we lingered at the table discussing the proposed events of the day, when Abe came leisurely sauntering in and calmly informed us that "paw was wanted at the gate by a man in a buggy, who had come all the way from Greenup to see him." The master of the house arose and went out to see the stranger. The remainder of the family precipitately left the table and peered through the door and the window.

The stranger seemed excited and his speech was loud and rapid. Mr. Hall's manner as he retraced his steps gave us no idea as to what the stranger wanted. We gathered about Uncle John and impatiently demanded "the news." After keeping us in suspense for a few minutes, in slow, drawling tones, he related the stranger's conversation. It was as follows:

A company of loyal friends and neighbors had come all the way from Greenup to celebrate "Independence Day" at the old log cabin. Mr. Hall, his family and his guests were cordially invited to join the party and dinner awaited their pleasure.

Wonderful events were crowding thick and fast, and the homely cabin was becoming an object of interest. Carriages were sent for us and we were driven by the main road around to the now famous old family homestead. Gathered in the yard was an enthusiastic and happy band of more than thirty souls, all bent on making the most of the day.

First in order came the dinner. A sumptuous repast was placed upon improvised tables put up in the west room. The intention had been to spread the feast out of doors, beneath the old locust trees which Grandfather Lincoln had planted, but swarms of minute and stinging insects drove the good people within. For several days the air had been filled with the little tormentors, and upon this occasion they appeared to be more than usually offensive and pugnacious. One of the party, a female preacher, a circuit rider, too, gave her opinion that the annoying pests were no doubt one of the same plagues that God had visited upon Pharaoh.

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING

At the conclusion of the bountiful meal an enthusiastic admirer proposed that the exercises should take the form of an experience meeting. The suggestion was cheerfully accepted and when the honest country folks, both old and young, paid their simple and loving tribute to the sterling qualities of Abraham Lincoln and his parents methought the angels for very joy paused to listen, and the "radiant witnesses" carried the offering up into the high and shining courts.

It was quite well known to the little company that the secretary of

the Abraham Lincoln Log Cabin Association was present and she was urged to give an outline of the society's work, which she did in a brief way. The object lesson which the association hoped to give the young people of the country, by removing the log cabin to Chicago and reconstructing it, was for the purpose of familiarizing boys and young men with the extreme homeliness and poverty and disadvantages of Mr. Lincoln's home and early life. To demonstrate to the youth of America that a man can rise superior to his surroundings, circumstances and conditions of his childhood, youth and even young manhood. To show the possibilities that may be achieved through honesty of purpose, perseverance and self-culture. To trace the life of Abraham Lincoln from the log cabin to the Executive Mansion, from a poor, illiterate boy, to a profound statesman, from obscurity to national honor, from common toil and hardship to national service, from humble birth to martyr death and glorious resurrection.

AN AMATEUR'S SPEECH

Without further explanation I paused and beckoning to Mr. Hall presented him to the interested group, by saying: This is the man that can tell you more about the President and his people than any other living person. The welcome extended to Abraham Lincoln's cousin was cordial in the extreme and the late owner of the "cabin" stepped upon the rude platform. Looking at the upturned faces of the little gathering, he said:

"I hain't used to speakin' no how, but I'll jest tell yer all how grandmarm used to stand and look down the road out of that air winder (pointing to the south side of the west room) and watch and watch fur Uncle Abe, and when she'd see him comin' she'd put her hands together and drop down on her knees and say, 'Thare comes my boy, my boy.' Grandmarm wus allers the first to see him comin' down the road or across the medder and she'd jest stand still and cry and cry and say, 'Thare comes my boy, Abe.' Oh it wus joyful to see those two meet. Wall, he never did stop comin' no how, and after he got to be a big man and wore a high hat he come jest the same, and it wus never mentioned between Uncle Abe and grandmarm that it wus strange or won-

derful that he should be so great and honored a man for she never thought that nothin', no how, wus tu great for him, and often said, 'There's no stoppin' for Abe,' and one time when she said so to Uncle Dennis Hanks he ses, ses he, 'Why, I larned Abe to write with a feather pen made from a buzzard's wing and that's what made him so smart.' But grandmarm 'ud jest smile, quiet like and say, "'Twas in the boy else it 'ud never come out in the man.'"

At this point in Mr. Hall's reminiscences Sis moved close to me, and in a whisper said, "Ask paw to tell about Uncle Abe when he come to the cabin after he got to be a President."

I now believed that a most favorable opportunity had arrived, and, taking advantage of the occasion, I called out to Mr. Hall in a rather excited manner and asked him to relate to the little gathering the story of the President's visit at the old log cabin. My words electrified the little audience, and the gathering insisted until Uncle John mounted the platform. Mr. Hall, in his own peculiar way, related the following circumstance:

THE PRESIDENT AT THE LOG CABIN

"Jest the day afore Uncle Abe come up, the chimney fell down, and I hed to take grandmarm over to my mother's house. She wus married ag'in and livin' down to Farmington then. Wall, that mornin' when I wus fixin' up the chimney who should drive into the yard and holler out but Uncle Abe, the President of the United States. He got out of the buggy jest as nateral and shook hands and asked after all the relations, but when he found grandmarm gone he said, ses he, 'Come boys, let's all get into the buggy and go over there,' which we did; but before we started Uncle Abe looked the house all over and said, 'It looks jest as it always did,' and then he called me to one side and whispered in my ear, and pointing up with his right hand he said, 'Oh, my God! John, once the old cabin, now the White House.' After a bit he went out into the yard and Uncle Abe picked up a piece of scantlin' and ast me for a axe. Then he chopped it in two and took out his pen knife and cut two large letters, 'T. L.,' and said, 'I'm going to drive these down at father's head and feet.' Then we went over to the graveyard about two miles

away where Grandpap Lincoln was buried and Uncle Abe placed them, one at the head, t'other at the foot. From there we druv over to Farmington where Grandmarm Lincoln wus and took dinner with the folks. When we went into the house and grandmarm seed him she begun to cry, and said, 'They'll murder you, Abe, and I'll never get to see you no more.' He brought grandmarm a present of a black woolen dress, alapacy I think it wus, and a pattern to make it by. I believe she kept it until she died, and wus buried in it. When the people heerd he hed come home, the neighbors and the old settlers all wanted to see him and the school wus dismissed. Uncle Abe talked with all of the folks and hed a laugh with every one. He talked to them in the house and I recklect one thing he told the women. Ses he, 'I will tell you what would cause a great deal of mourning all over the United States if it were to happen.' Some of them wanted to know what it wus. 'Well,' ses he, 'if the matches should all fail to go off some morning when you got up, there would be a great deal of stir about a fire because none of you know how to make a fire like we used to in the old times. And now I'll tell you how we made fire when I was a boy. If father got up on a cold morning and the fire was out in the fireplace, he would get a bunch of tow and put it down on a piece of plank, then he would take the powder horn and pour the powder on the tow and take the flint out of the gun or hunt a piece of flint out of doors and take his knife and shut it up and strike it against the flint, and then if any of the sparks happened to fall on the powder the tow would take fire and blaze up. Then there was no more trouble after that. So if all kinds of matches fail, don't forget the tow and flint.'

GRANDMARM'S ESTIMATE OF A BOY

"Ye can jest believe that wus a big day for us, but nobody would have knowed he wus any more than he used to be. Why, grandmarm allers said he wus the best boy that wus livin' and that he wus allers gentle and kind and good and patient, and I knowed he never would no how hurt nothin'. He'd never shoot a bird nor rob a bird's nest, nor step on a worm; and allers at hog killin' time he'd go away."

After thanking the speakers, the little company reformed into line

and departed. The band wagon headed the procession. The Stars and Stripes floated in the evening breeze, and, as Old Glory rose and fell in undulating waves of tricolored harmony, the little company responded, and three cheers were given for the restored Union and Uncle Abe.

Reaching the four corners the procession turned into the opposite direction from whence it came, a circumstance which aroused our curiosity. Dispatching one of the boys "cross lots" we bade him intercept the retinue and learn the cause of so strange a proceeding. Abe Hall returned and told us that "the folks was goin' over to the graveyard to put some posies on the graves of Grandpap and Grandmarm Lincoln." We uncovered our heads and remained silent, while tears coursed down Uncle John Hall's cheeks. Presently he said, "How I wish Uncle Abe knowed them strangers did so good a deed."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FAREWELL TO THE LINCOLN HOMESTEAD

THE day was done, and when the excitement of the eventful occasion had worn off we found ourselves too weary for further conversation. Morning dawned. It was the Sabbath day. The very air was filled with a solemn stillness. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air took upon themselves the restfulness of the holy day. All nature was hushed, and the ennui of languidness o'ercame us. During the forenoon again we visited the cabin and passed hours in talking of the departed inmates. Still I continued to call upon my host for more information, and after gazing about in a thoughtful mood, Uncle John Hall shook his head and slowly replied: "I hain't any heart fur telling yarns when I think of how they killed Uncle Abe. I never could make out what fur they killed him. He never did no man no harm, and if he hadn't freed the black folks somebody 'ud come along purty soon and done the deed anyway, 'cause it hed to be. When grandmarm heerd how that Uncle Abe wus killed she jest put her apern over her face and cried out, 'Oh, my boy Abe! they've killed him, I knowed they would, I knowed they would.' She never hed no heart after that to be chirp and peart like she used to be." Again the voice of mourning rent the air. Rachael weeping for her children and will not be comforted because they are not. A mother's heart stricken with bitter, poignant grief for which there was no present balm.

THE LEAVE-TAKING

The eventful sojourn at the old log cabin had been one of peculiar interest and unusual pleasure. To-morrow would be full of leave-takings, parting words, and the final gathering of tangled pen pictures and family relics.

In order to encompass the day's duties and pleasures, my companion and I retired early that we might secure a restful night, but the joyful expectation of again seeing home and friends filled our hearts

with nervous anticipation, and we tossed restlessly about until the dawn of morning.

At an early hour we heard the tramping of hoofs and the roll of wheels. My young companion and myself exchanged nervous, excited glances and rushed, pell mell, out into the morning air. We were not mistaken, for our friends, who had come down with us from Chicago some three weeks before, had arrived bringing with them other friends.

There were several carriages filled with interested people, photographers, architects and contractors. Among the newcomers was Mr. J. W. Root, the well known photographer of Chicago, who accompanied the party in order to superintend the series of photographs which should include every possible view, both as to exterior and interior of the old Lincoln homestead.

Arriving at the cabin we found a motley crowd assembled—neighbors, friends and relatives. 'Twas a gala day for the inhabitants. They had come from far and near. Every one was in the best of spirits and this Monday, July 6, 1891, will long be remembered by the people of Coles County, Illinois.

We stayed at the cabin till quite the hour for departure. Measurements were taken, groups of the old neighbors and relatives were photographed, reminiscences, stories, and sayings of Uncle Abe and the old folks were related by the more intimate acquaintances. Each and every spot in the cabin or on the grounds about, where Uncle Abe had stood or sat or lain or worked, was pointed out and rails and rafters and beams were reverently touched, while the good people paid tribute to the sacred dead in a thousand tender ways.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we bade the family farewell, promising to come again before long, and left the cabin securely and safely guarded until it should be removed to Chicago. Our departure was a genuine source of unhappiness to the little family group.

GOOD RESULTS

My young companion had been an inspiration to Sis, and my accounts of the outside world had awakened a new train of thought in the minds of the boys. They had actually been traveling in wonderland,

and my commonplace descriptions of city doings were marvelous fairy tales to them. These country folks had lived all of their years so near (just across the Prairie State) to the great throbbing center of human life and its activities and yet so far from its influences and a knowledge of its wonderful intensities that primitive simplicity had marked their daily existence and rural joys had filled their "cup of happiness."

Our return trip to the railroad station at Mattoon would have been quite monotonous and uneventful save for one little episode. At the country graveyard we halted and here we found the withered flowers that had been placed upon the graves of Mr. Thomas Lincoln and his wife by the company that had spent Independence Day at the old cabin.

The modest and unpretentious shaft erected to the memory of Thomas Lincoln was photographed, and naturally the question arose, Did Abraham Lincoln erect the monument? If not, who did? A neighbor living across the way from God's acre had seen the carriages stop at the cemetery, and watched the inmates alight and pass into the graveyard; but as the gathering did not constitute a funeral procession the farmer could not restrain his curiosity and he had come over to see what "the doings was." When he heard the question propounded concerning the Lincoln monument he told the story of its placement after the following fashion:

"While Mr. Lincoln was President he gave money to a friend and asked him to erect a suitable tablet to the memory of his father; but the war coming on and so much care and trouble and anxiety crowding in upon him he had neglected to attend to the matter personally. His supposed friend proved false and failed to perform the commission. Some year's after Mr. Lincoln's tragic death, friends of the family raised a sufficient amount to buy the shaft which now marks the last resting place of Grandfather and Grandmother Lincoln."

THE RETURN TO CHICAGO

As darkness closed in about us our party again entered the town of Mattoon and at midnight left for Chicago, where we arrived in time for an early breakfast. The great city was astir and its noisy strife was

indeed grateful, after the monotonous quiet of my late simple, rural life.

The street cars whirled me through the crowded thoroughfares and out of the down-town traffic. A vision of loveliness burst upon me—Lincoln Park in all its wealth of beauty and fragrance and verdure was revealed, and at the entrance, guarding the lovely scene, stood the magnificent statue of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

Again my mind reverted to the old log cabin and I saw the panoramic career of the great soul as a living picture burned upon my very brain.

“Born as lowly as the Son of God in a hovel, of what real parentage we know not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light, nor fair surrounding; a young manhood vexed by weird dreams and visions, bordering at times on madness; without grace, natural or acquired; singularly awkward, ungainly, even among the uncouth about him; grotesque in his aspects and ways; it was reserved for this strange being late in life, without name or fame or preparation, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, intrusted with the destiny of a people.

“Glorious Martyr! Now he belongs to the ages. Blessed Martyr! Pass on! Pass on through the everlasting kingdom of peace and joy, but the world is lonesome without thee.”

When time has blotted out the pyramids, when it has obliterated the monuments of the world, a solitary shaft bearing the name of Lincoln will still be standing on the Appian way of history.

A FEW OF LINCOLN'S GREAT SAYINGS

This is a world of compensations; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot retain it.

If the union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States and to their posterity in all coming time.

I believe that this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.

I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided.

We shall not fail—if we stand firm—we shall not fail.

Even though much provoked, let us do nothing through passion and ill-temper.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it.

It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the

sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged.

I intend to point immigration to the gold and silver that wait for them in the West. We shall prove in a very few years that we are indeed the treasury of the world.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

I am struggling to maintain the Government, not to overthrow it.

God bless the soldiers and seamen, with all their brave commanders.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold.

So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom.

Thoughtful men must feel that the fate of civilization upon this continent is involved in the issue of our contest.

The world has never had a good definition of the word liberty, and the American people, just now, are much in want of one.

War has caused mourning among us until the heavens may almost be said to be hung in black.

The man who stands by and says nothing when the peril of Government is discussed, cannot be misunderstood.

I shall do nothing in malice.

I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. God bless the women of America.

My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery.

Whatever shall appear to be God's will I do.

What I did, I did after a very full deliberation, and under a very heavy and solemn responsibility. I can only trust in God I have made no mistake.

The fiery trial through which we shall pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation.

In a storm at sea no one can wish the ship to sink; and yet not unfrequently all go down together, because too many will direct, and no single mind can be allowed to control.

Labor is prior and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existence if labor had not first existed.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not earnestly earned.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual.

A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this.

The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Would an exchange be an exchange of rights upon principle?

I turn, then, and look to the great American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them.

The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am.

May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever prove false to the teachings of the Constitution of the United States and to the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

So reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.

LINCOLN

BY HENRY KEPPLER JOHNSON, RAVENSWOOD, ILL.

(Read before the G. A. R., May, 1900. Published here for the first time.)

And from the backwoods' shadows, with strides of mighty length,
Shouldering his axe, comes forward, in pride of conscious strength,
A man of giant stature, with awkwardness disarmed
By something noble in his mien, a soul by wrong unharmed.
Simple and strong and lowly, as trustful as a babe,
All knew him and all loved him, and called him "Honest Abe."
One story of his early life I rescue from the past,
To point a moral, tell the tale, and hold the legend fast.

THE BOATMAN OF THE SANGAMON

Ho! Boatman of the Sangamon!
The river rushes wild;
My farm's submerged, my house is gone—
I've lost my wife and child!
There's one chance. If to yonder point
You'll take me in your boat,
The shallows there—the narrow gorge—
Perhaps they're still afloat.
Now, Abe! I know you're mighty strong—
Your muscle's made like steel.
I've seen you wield the axe; I've had
Myself your strength to feel.
But they are all I have—great God!—
You'll not forsake me now?
It looks like death to dare this tide!
But I remember how
You've steered the rafts along this stream
When Death stood at the pole.
No other man in Illinois
Can help me out this hole.
I'll see what I can do,
Lincoln spoke up and smiled.
Jump in. They're off!—they're saved!—
Thank God! My wife, my child!

Ho! Boatman of the Sangamon!
Here's work for you to do.
The ship of state is sinking fast—
Deserted by her crew.
Scuttled and wrecked, her quivering form
Rolls on the tossing wave.
A nation's hopes are in her hold
With no man there to save!
It bears the freedom of mankind—
The fate of the oppressed.
It holds the hope of future time;
It carries peace and rest.
It floats the banner of the free
Its destiny to call—slaves to be men.
With malice none—and charity to all.
Up! Up! The nation cries for help—
The raging seas o'erwhelm.
All's lost! The ship of state goes down
Unless you take the helm!
Amen, the solemn voice responds;
I'll do what I can do—
Stand by me. With God's help and yours,
We'll pull the nation through.

The years have passed, and millions now
In happy homes at rest,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
And count themselves most blest.
A reunited country joins in love and sympathy
For all down-trodden men who dare
To struggle to be free.
To know what Illinois has done,
We need not name her place—
She gave our martyred President
An emancipated race.
And he who held the ship of state
His troubled voyage is o'er.
The Boatman of the Sangamon
Sleeps on the further shore.

